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BOOK THREE

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C

PREFACE

THE principles animating choice and arrangement of music for the preceding books of this course have been closely adhered to in making Book Three.

Only songs have been admitted which have charm and excellence of quality. A logical succession of technical problems has been presented, with an abundance of material for their solution. The age and development of young singers, their tastes and interests have been consulted with a constant desire to preserve the joy in singing which must underlie all technical progress.

While American composers have contributed largely to the book, it will be found to contain both folk-songs and songs in artistic form from many nations. The folksong which commends itself especially for study because of its simplicity, freshness and the universal quality of its emotional appeal, has been extensively used.

Technical points have in every case been made not with manufactured exercises, but with real music. That such a procedure should result in the improved taste and heightened interest in music of good quality would seem inevitable.

America to Her Children

LAURA E. POULSSON — N. P. HILLEBRANDT

mf *Tempo di marcia*

1. O my chil - dren! my own! When to man- hood you've grown, And your
2. All the good you have gained, All the bless - ings ob-tained, You, with
3. You must guard my do-main, Its de - spoil - ers re-strain, All its
4. See that truth points the way, Let not e - vil dis-may,—O my

mf

cres.

coun - try would grate-ful - ly serve; Let your task be to prove That they
oth - ers must lov - ing - ly share; Hap - py homes you must make, Wherein
beau - ties and won-ders re- vere; Learn my lan-guage to prize, In its
chil - dren, be brave for the right! Tru - ly great, tru - ly free, Will your

cres.

f

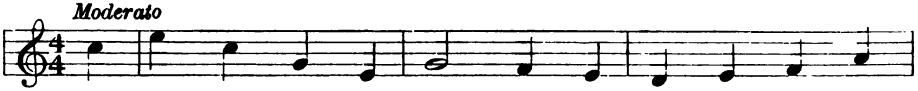
best show their love, Who from du - ty and truth will not swerve.
those who par-take Learn to help, to as - pire, to for - bear.
lore treas - ure lies; Keep it. no - ble and pure, hold it dear.
coun - try then be—Land of Prog - ress and Bear - er of Light.

f

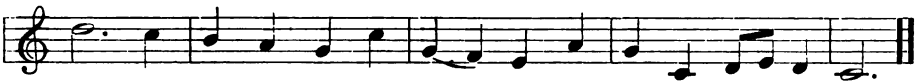
Morning

JAMES GEDDES

Moderato



1. Come, dawn, and tint the hill - side With morn - ing's ros - y
2. Come, blue - bells, gen - tly ring - ing, A - wake the feath - ered
3. Come, dew - drops, spar - kle bright - ly With sun's first gold - en

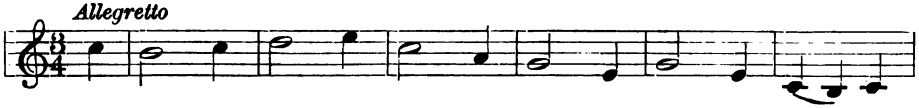


glow; Come, wind, and from the hill - side The grey mist soft - ly blow.
throng; Come, birds, be up and sing - ing, Your rest was sweet and long.
ray,—Then drop-ping downward light - ly, 'Mid grass - es sink a - way.

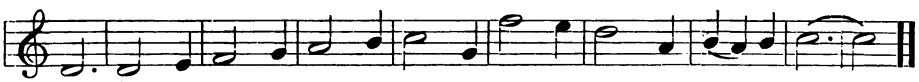
The Woodpecker

JOHN B. TABB

Allegretto



A wiz - ard of the woods is he, For in his dai - ly



round, When-e'er he finds a rot - ting tree He makes the tim - ber sound.

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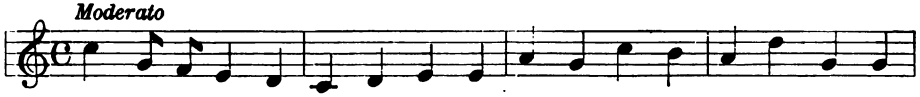
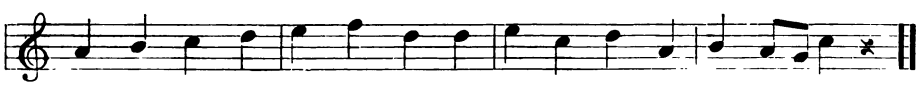
The Harvest

I. ANSTICE J. C.

Moderato



Lord of the har-vest! once a - gain We thank Thee for the rip-ened grain; For



crops safe car - ried, sent to cheer Thy ser - vant thro' an - oth - er year.

To Thee, O King of Glory

CAROLINE LARRABEE — MELCHIOR TESCHNER

mf — *f* — FINE

1. { To Thee, O King of Glo - ry, We sing our songs of praise,
   { Our car - ols sweet, and an - thems To Thee we glad - ly raise.

con moto — *mf*

2. Be - fore Thy throne in Heav - en, Thine an - gels low - ly bend; O
3. The heav'n-ly le - gions round Thee, Thy ev'r - y wish ful - fill, O
4. With joy and lov - ing cour - age, We'd serve Thee, glo-rious King, Till

p — *D.C.*

may our hymns of wor - ship With theirs to Thee as - cend.
may we too, Thy chil - dren, Re - joice to do Thy will.
Thou at last shalt bring us Safe home where an - gels sing.

The Rose

From the Spanish — JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Up - on the val - ley's lap, The dew - y morn - ing
throws A thou-sand pearl - y drops, To make a sin - gle rose.

Violets

ROBERT HERRICK

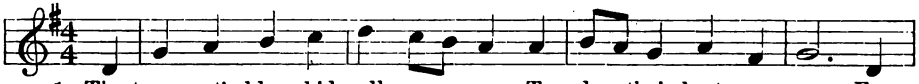
Slowly

1. Wel - come, maids of hon - or, You do bring In the
2. She has vir - gins ma - ny, Fresh and fair; Yet ye
3. You're the maid - en po - sies, And so graced To be

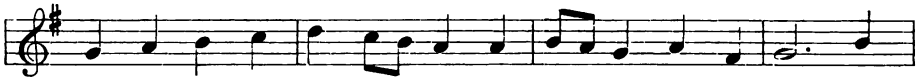
spring, And wait up - on her, And wait up - on her.
are More sweet than a - ny, More sweet than a - ny.
placed, 'Fore dam - ask ros - es, 'Fore dam - ask ros - es.

The King's Champion

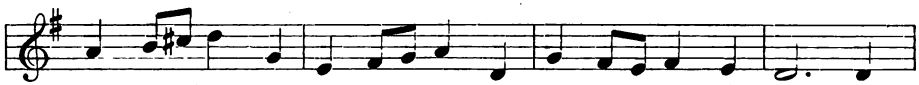
EDWARD OXENFORD — CAROLINE LARRABEE



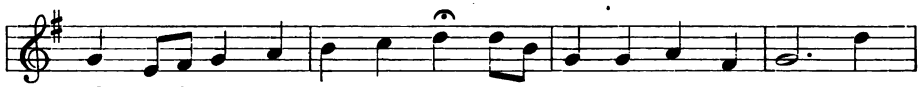
1. The trump-et's blare bids all pre - pare To don their best ar - ray, For
2. In pomp and pride the no - bles ride Be - side their sov-'reign lord, And



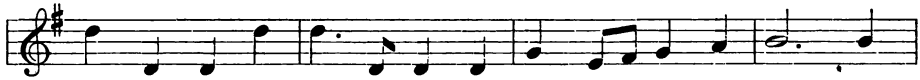
squire and knight, in ar - mor dight At - tend the king to - day. In
one and all would fight and fall, Ere he should risk the sword. No



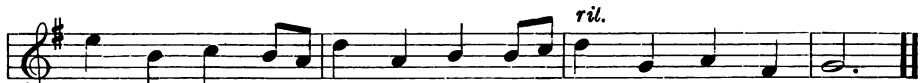
er - mined gown he waits the crown That soon shall press his brow; And
need, no need to court the deed, Whilst I am rid - ing by: For



who shall say the wear-ing nay? I wait the an - swer now. So
me a - lone the gaunt-let's thrown, I spoil the foe or die. So



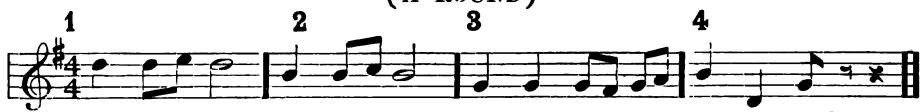
ho! so ho! I wait the foe Who dares de - fi - ance fling; Who -



e'er he be, he'll find in me The Cham-pion of the King.

The Mill

(A ROUND)

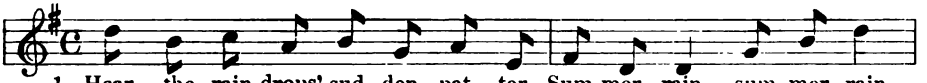


Hear the mill's boom - ing sound As the might-y wheels go round.

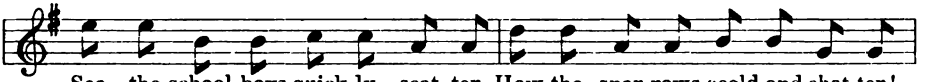
A Study

Summer Rain

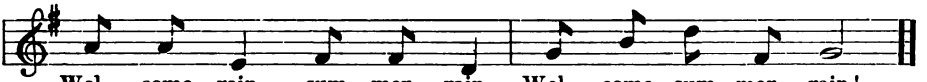
JAMES GEDDES



1. Hear the rain-drops' sud - den pat - ter, Sum-mer rain, sum-mer rain,
2. Down it comes in sud - den flur - ries, Sum-mer rain, sum-mer rain,
3. In the pools it leaps and dan-ces,—Sum-mer rain, sum-mer rain,
4. Quick - ly com - ing, quick - ly go - ing, Sum-mer rain, sum-mer rain,



See the school-boys quick-ly scat- ter, How the spar-rows scold and chat-ter!
On the roof in sheets it scurries, From the spout it leaps and hur- ries,
Strikes the leaves, then off it glan-ces, Full of freaks and wayward fan- cies,
Sheep are bleat - ing, cows are low-ing, Chan - ti - cleer is loud- ly crow-ing,

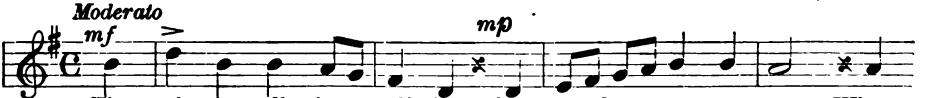


Wel - come rain, sum - mer rain, Wel - come sum - mer rain!
Bus - y rain, sum - mer rain, Bus - y sum - mer rain!
Play - ful rain, sum - mer rain, Play - ful sum - mer rain!
"Come a - gain, sum - mer rain, Bless - ed sum - mer rain!"

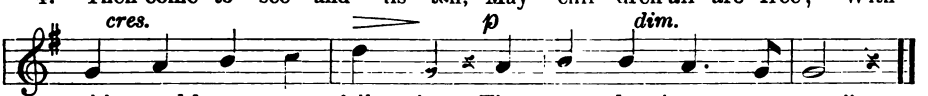
In Spring Time

JAMES GEDDES — HEINRICH ALBERT, 1643

Moderato

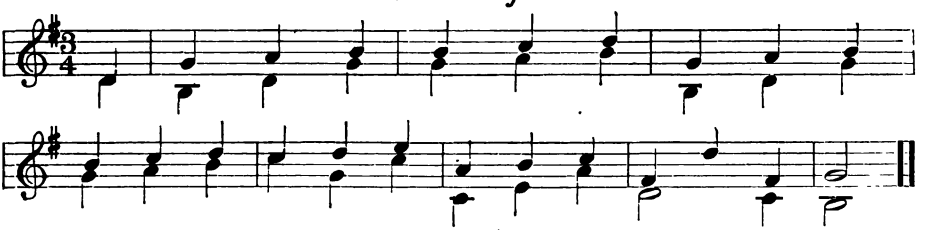


1. The spring is call - ing, call - ing, "Come, tread my car - pet green; Where
2. "And where the winds were sigh- ing A - mong the branches chill, The
3. "They greet the morn- ing's blush-es With mer - ry round- e - lays, And
4. "Then come to see and lis - ten, May - chil - dren all are free; With



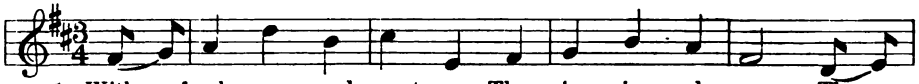
with - ered leaves were fall - ing, The ten - der shoots are seen."
song - birds now are vy - ing, With whis - tle, pipe and trill."
on - ly ev'n - ing hush - es Their con - stant hymn of praise."
joy your eye shall glis - ten The while you walk with me."

A Study

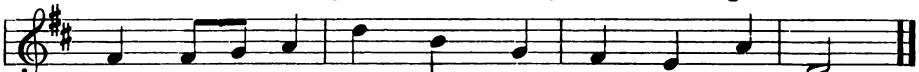


After a Storm

DORA READ GOODALE



1. With a fresh - ness and sweet-ness The air is made new; The
2. The flow'rs have up - lift - ed Their pet - als a - gain, And the



birds are all sing - ing, The skies are all blue.
mead - ows grow green At the touch of the rain.

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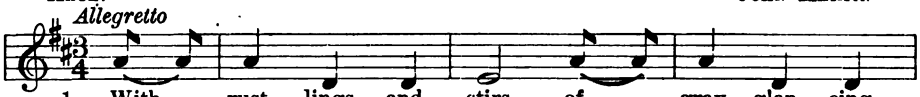
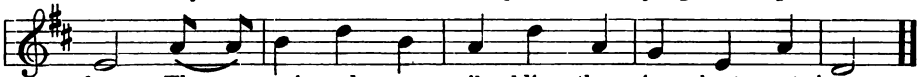
The Squirrel's Harvest

Anon. JOHN MARTIN

Allegretto



1. With rust - lings and stirs of gray glan - cing
2. And they chat - ter and cheep, While they pile up the

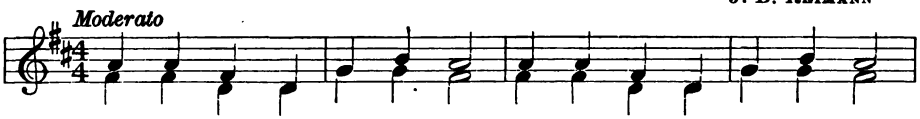


furs, The squir - rels are nib - bling the ripe chest - nut burrs.
heap Of the glos - sy, brown har - vest so eas - y to keep.

Christmas Time

J. B. REIMANN

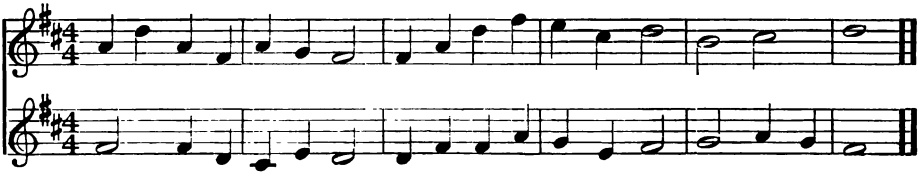
Moderato



1. "Peace on earth, good will to men!" Hark, the an - gels sing a - gain,
2. Ring the bells for Christmas Day, Cast all gloom - y thoughts a - way,

Mak - ing all things laugh with joy, Mak - ing glad each girl and boy.
Comes the reign of bless - ed peace, Bid - ding strife and dis - cord cease.

A Study



Autumn Joys

ELIZABETH NOXON — J. M. COURTNEY

With spirit

1. The pumpkins in their bra - zen pride Are wait-ing on the ground, Where
2. In clus-ters full the grapes a - bove Are pur - ple in the sun; The
3. The flar - ing ma - ples on the hill Are robed like roy - al dames; The

state - ly sheaves of gold - en corn Are stand-ing all a - round. So
round- ed peach - es, sweet and fair, Are crim - son, ev'r - y one. So
su - mac light - ens all the morn With fier - y blaz - ing flames. So

no - ble are the rip - ened things Of Na - ture's sun - ny year, We'll
beau - ti - ful are Na - ture's gems That crown her hap - py year, We'll
fair - y - like is Na - ture's way Of chang-ing all the earth, We'll

gai - ly sing and bring them in With mirth and hap - py cheer.
gai - ly sing and bring them in With mirth and hap - py cheer.
crown ourselves with scar - let leaves And dance with fair - y mirth.

O Follow Me

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Fast

O fol - low me, fol - low me, Learn what I sing to thee;

I fol - low thee, fol - low thee, Learn-ing so

Then mayst thou fol - low me Through to the end.

cheer - ful - ly, Fol - low thee Through to the end.

The Flower Garden

Words adapted by H. G. — Russian Folksong

Allegretto

1. In the gar - den bloom my flow - ers, Warmed by sun and
2. In the gar - den bloom my flow - ers, Warmed by sun and
3. In the gar - den bloom my flow - ers, Warmed by sun and

wet by show - ers; Vi - o - let and pan - sy, my small ones,
wet by show - ers; Lil - y pale and ros - es, my white ones,
wet by show - ers; Blos- som strong and love - ly, my flow - ers,

Hol - ly - hock and dah - lia, my tall ones.
Mar - i - gold and pop - py, my bright ones.
Warmed by sun and wet . . by show - ers.

Love and Wisdom

(ROUND)

English

1 Would you be lov - ed by oth- ers, oth - ers you first must love, 2

2 True must your words be, and gen-tle, not those that wrath will move. 3

3 Ev - - er wise as the ser- pent and mild as the dove. 1

Study

Welcome, Gentle Month of May

NATALIA MACFARREN — Old English Tune

Gaily

1. Wel - come, gen - tle month of May, Thy skies are bright and clear,
2. Bide, thou gen - tle month of May, Oh, fly us not too soon,

Clouds of white are thine ar - ray, And in thine eye a tear.
Grant our hom - age some de - lay Be - fore the year's hot noon.

Birds now sing their sweet-est lays, Choic-est flow'rs thy court at - tend; Oh
Thou art fresh and fair, and young, Thy sweet breath re - news the earth; To

May, sweet May, I too will praise The joys that thou dost send.
thee do hap - py chil - dren throng, Sweet May, I hail thy birth.

Study

Christmas Song

Words translated from the German by MARIE VANCE — Old German

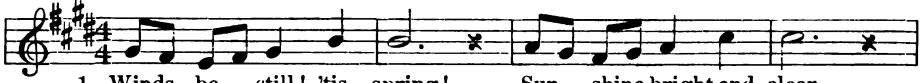
1. { Now has - ten, ye shepherds, Come one and come all, To greet the dear Christ-child Who lies in the stall. }
2. { The moth - er and fa - ther Keep watch o'er the child, The beasts kneel to gaze at The Babe un - de - filed. }

With fast fly - ing feet In Beth - le - hem's street, We'll
Bring pipe and bring shalm, And chant a glad psalm, Where

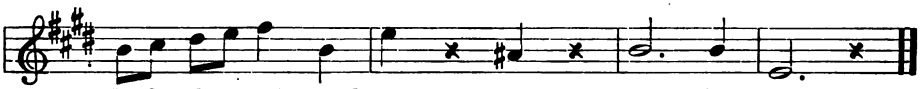
seek Him and find Him, So low - ly, so sweet.
meek - ly, He li - eth In slum - ber's soft calm.

Spring is Here

DORA READ GOODALE — CAROLINE LARRABEE



1. Winds, be still! 'tis spring! Sun, shine bright and clear,
2. Snow - drops, melt! 'tis spring! Make her path - way clear,
3. May shall bring us flow'rs, A - pril, smile and tear;



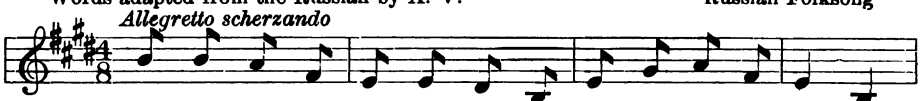
Birds, fly north - ward, sing, sing, Spring is here!
Make the for - est ring, sing, Spring is here!
March pre - pares the hours — sing, Spring is here!

Poem used by permission of the author and publishers, G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

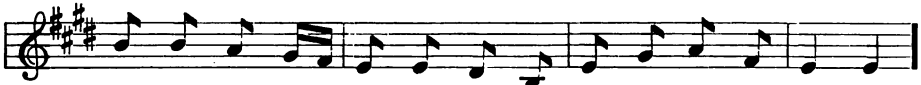
A Cabbage Soup

Words adapted from the Russian by A. V. — Russian Folksong

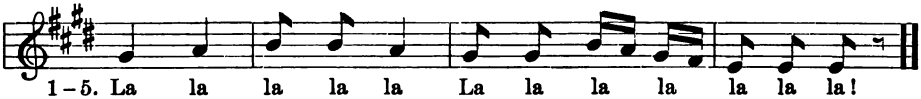
Allegretto scherzando



1. Make a cab - bage soup, my dear, For tired and hun- gry broth - er,
2. Stock that's rich and strong, my dear, It sim- mers on the em - bers,
3. Pared po - ta - toes, beets, my dear, In time must sure - ly fol - low,
4. Stock and cab- bage, beets and all Now smooth, with cream com-bin-ing;
5. Then when broth- er well has supped, The ket - tle scoured and glow-ing,

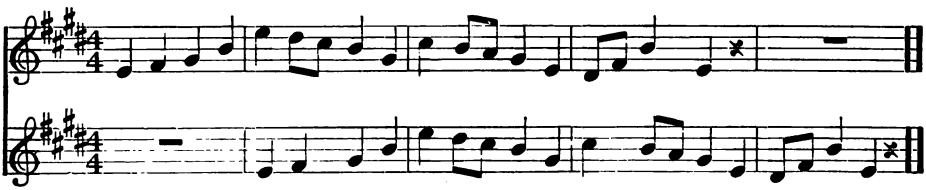


Home-ward from the fields he'll come, "Then feed him well" said moth - er.
Cab- bage good there - in must boil, As ev'r - y cook re - mem - bers.
When they're done, go quick - ly bring Thick cream from brooklet shal - low.
Gives a dish that king or tzar Might rel - ish when a - din - ing.
Joy - ous you may skip and play, And to the dance be go - ing.



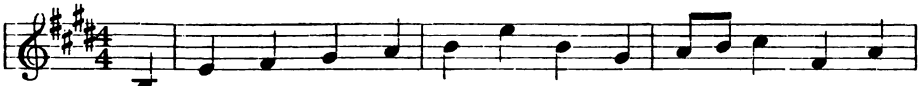
1 – 5. La la la la la La la la la la la la!

Canon

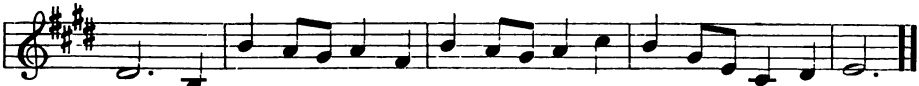


Indian Pipes

C. A. D.



1. You grow o'er hap - py hunt-ing grounds Whose chief-tains brave are
2. Per-chance you're but the ris - en ghosts Of pipes they used to
3. How - e'er it be, I on - ly know That here you live and



gone; On land where wigwams rose of old You now are left a - lone.
smoke, In peace-ful times when warriors' cry No woodland ech-oes woke.
grow, The like - ness of those In-dian Pipes They smoked so long a - go.

From "St. Nicholas," by permission of THE CENTURY COMPANY

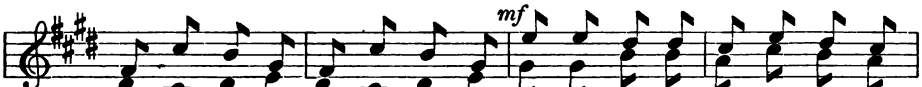
"Hey-down, Derry-down, Dee"

KATE FORMAN — Old English

Rather fast *mp*

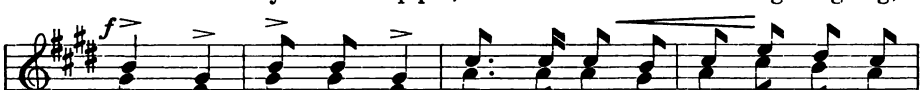
1. Some are spin-ning, some are weav-ing, Some the lute are play - ing;
2. What's a rib - bon or an ear - ring, What's a gown so frill - y?
3. Leave your read-ing, leave your bead-ing, Let us be a - flit - ting;

mf



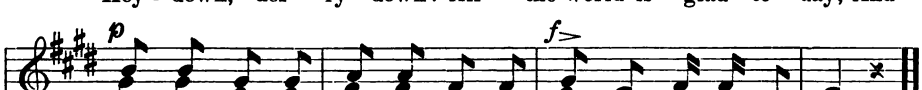
Here am I who love not work And long to go a - May- ing, Sing- ing,
Min - cing in the min - u - et— I on - ly find it sil - ly, Sing- ing,
When the mer- ry thros-tle pipes, O who would still be knitting? Sing- ing,

f



"Hey - down, der - ry - down! All the shin - ing leaves are new, And
"Hey - down, der - ry - down! All the hedg - es bloom to - day, With
"Hey - down, der - ry - down! All the world is glad to - day, And

p *f*

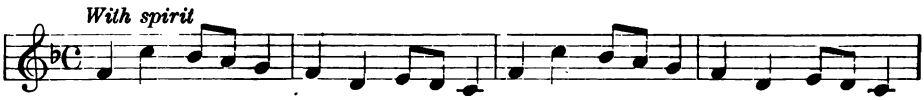


sweet young blossoms in the dew, Sing Hey-down, der - ry-down, dee."
ros - y haw-thorn sweet and gay; Sing Hey-down, der - ry-down, dee."
ev'r - y bird is call - ing May, Sing Hey-down, der - ry-down, dee."

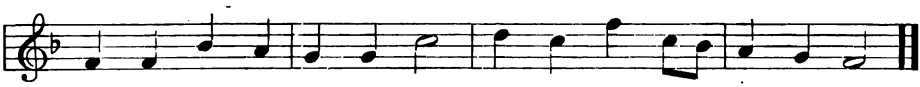
Our Flag

Anon.

With spirit

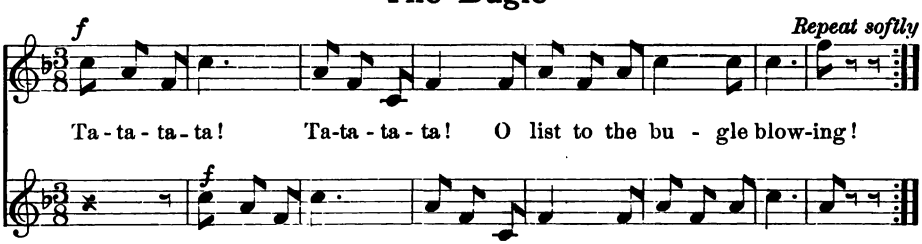


1. Flag of free - men gone be - fore us, While thy star - ry folds float o'er us,
2. Mind-ful of our fa-ther's sto - ry, Mind-ful of our country's glo - ry,
3. He - roes lived and died to gain it, Liv - ing, dy - ing, we'll main-tain it;
4. Truth shall gov-ern, Hon-or fire us, Loy - al Lib - er - ty in - spire us;

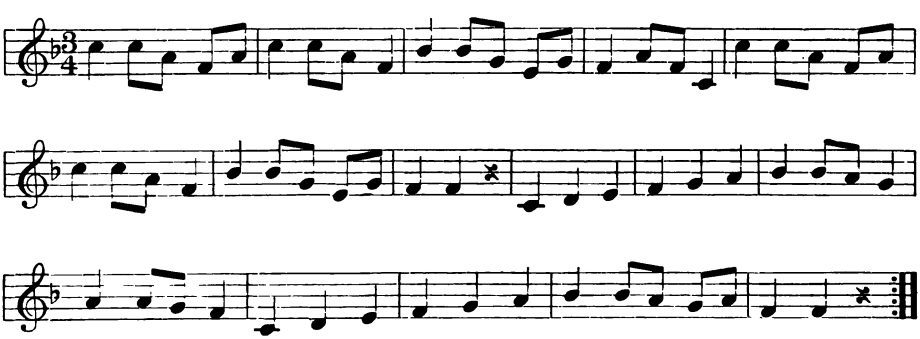


All the land from sea to sea, Now and ev - er shall be free.
Be our care from age to age, Well to keep that her - it - age.
For this land from sea to sea, Free-men's arms shall e'er keep free.
So shall our Re - pub - lic stand, Peace and plen - ty crown the land.

The Bugle



Tyrolien Tune



The Hunter in His Career

Old English — Old English

Con spirito

1. Now in the morn In the ear - li - est dawn Ere A - pol - lo drives o - ver the plain, The hunt - er rides forth To the south or the north And a - wak - ens the ech - oes a - gain. Mount - ing his bay Now he dash - es a - way To the sound of his bu - gle so clear. Moun - tain and lake, How they trem - ble and shake With the thun - der of his ca - reer.

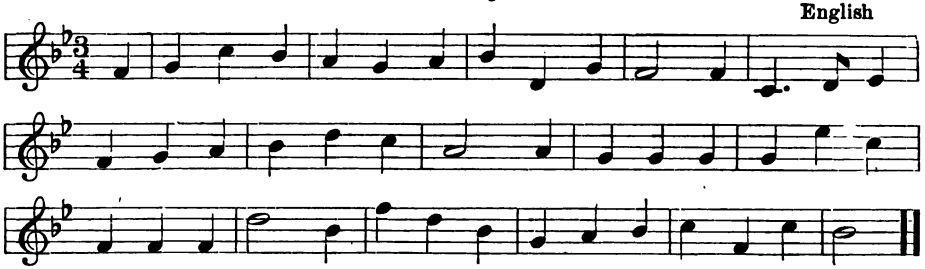
2. Up, bon - ny boy, And a - way—full of joy, For the scent of the morn fills the air: Then fol - low the chase At a rat-tling good pace, With the cry "View hal - lo" ev'r - y - where. Thus he ca - reers O - ver heath, o - ver meres, O - ver deeps, o - ver downs, o - ver clay; Till he has run, With the course of the sun, From the dawn till the close of the day.

Canon

Study

Study

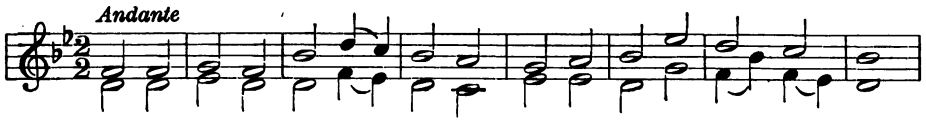
English



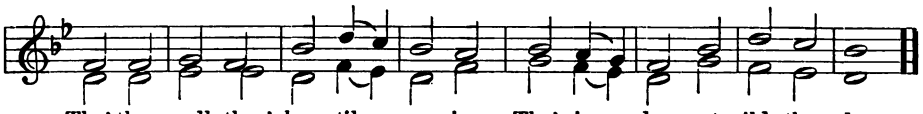
God Shall Charge His Angel Legions

JAMES MONTGOMERY — Old Carol

Andante



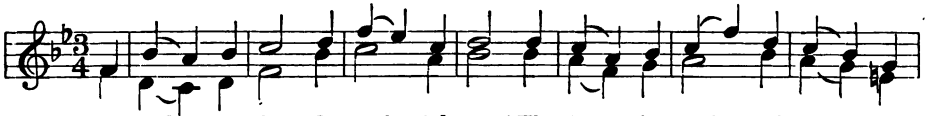
1. God shall charge His an - gel le-gions Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
2. On the li - on, vain- ly roar-ing, On his young thy foot shall tread;
3. Since, with pure and firm af - fec-tion, Thou on God hast set thy love,
4. Thou shalt call on Him in trou-ble, He will hearken, He will save;



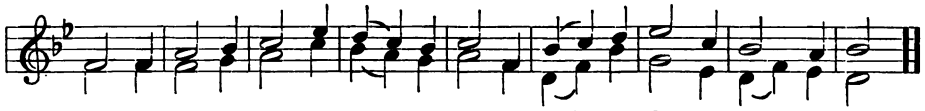
Tho' thou walk thro' hos - tile re-gions, Tho' in des - ert wilds thou sleep.
And the drag-on's den ex - plor-ing, Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.
With the wings of His pro - tec- tion He will shield thee from a - bove.
Here for grief re - ward thee dou-ble, Crown with life be - yond the grave.

A New Year Song

AGNES KRANZ — German Folksong



1. We wel - come thee, O youth - ful year! Thy face is fresh, and bright, and
2. We wel - come thee, O youth - ful year, With joy and hope; we feel no
3. And what - so- e'er thy hands may bring, We'll praise His name, re - joice and



clear, Thy step is blithe, thine eyes are true, Thou bringest blessings wondrous new.
fear, For Thou art come from heaven a-bove, Our Mak-er's gift of life and love.
sing, For rain and sunshine, each may be With blessings fraught e-ter - nal - ly.

The North Wind

ELIZABETH NOXON — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

The wind was laughing all the night, "O ho! . . I'll freeze the pond so snug and tight, O ho! . . The chil - dren all will cry, 'What fun!' They'll all be slid - ing, ev'r - y one, O ho! . . O ho!" . .

Idle Hand and Empty Head

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR — JESSIE L. GAYNOR

I - dle hands, I've heard it said, Do - ing noth - ing,
In - di - cate an emp - ty head, Do - ing noth - ing.

Good Advice

Old English — H. W. LOOMIS

mp *Fast*

Nev - er count your chick - ens — What if eggs were spilt? Nev - er cross a bridge that's not yet built.

mp

Nev - er count your chick - ens —

mf *mp* *p*

What if eggs were spilt? Cross no bridge that's not yet built.

mf *mp* *p*

Morning Hymn

C. L. — JOH. CRÜGER, 1653

Moderato

mp — *mp*

1. Dear Lord, with lov - ing hearts we sing And praise Thy Name, O
For Thou dost guard us night and day, And hear - est us when -
2. We thank Thee for each hap - py day With cheer - ful hours of
For pleas - ant friends and home so bright, For joys that fill our

mf — *p*

Heav'n - ly King, Thy care is nev - er ceas - ing. } For all Thy good-ness
e'er we pray, Thy bless-ings still in - creas - ing.
work and play, For nights with rest- ful slum - ber. } O may we give true
souls with light, For mer-cies with-out num - ber.

f — *p*

through this year, We thank Thee now, O Fa - ther dear.
thanks and praise, By serv - ing Thee, in all our ways.

Seed Sowing

JAMES GEDDES — JOHANNES SIEBERT

Moderato

p

1. Sink, oh seed, with - in the ground, All is cool and still a - round,
2. Could'st thou know the deed I do, Speech, to thee, were giv- en, too,
3. Cour - age, seed, be not dis-tressed, Soft thy bed and sweet thy nest,

mf

Rest shall soon en - fold thee. Earth a - bove thee now I spread
Thou would'st say "Oh nev - er, Nev - er - more the sun shall shine
Soon the sun shall wake thee. Thou shalt rise from out thy tomb,

Till, with - in thy qui - et bed, I no more be - hold thee.
On these dark-ened eyes of mine, Life is end - ed ev - er."
Gar- ments fair, of leaf and bloom, God Him-self shall make thee.

Round

Con spirito German

1st Voice

A-wake, a-wake, ye dream-ers, The cuck-oo loud-ly calls. The

2d Voice

sun shines o'er the tree-tops That wave on moun-tain walls. A-wak-en, a

wak-en, The cuck-oo loud-ly calls. A-wak-en, a-wak-en, The

3d Voice

cuck-oo loud-ly calls. Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo, Cuck-

oo, Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo.

Early

Robert Graham

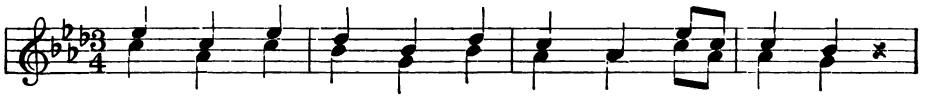
1. The mer-ry lark in e-ther trills, With mu-sic rare the rob-in thrills.
2. I hear a hun-dred laughing rills, That join a-non to turn the mills.
3. A sub-tle scent the rose dis-tills, The pop-py waves her flaunting frills.
4. The sun has climbed above the hills, And ev'r-y heart with rap-ture fills.

A Study

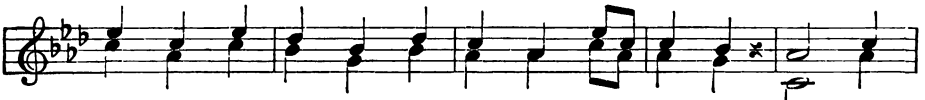
Father Christmas

Translated from the Bohemian — Bohemian Carol

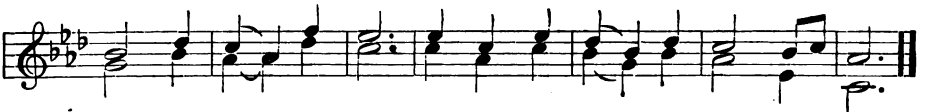
Allegretto



1. Old Fa - ther Christ - mas has come with his greet - ing,
2. Scar - let the cloak that old Christ - mas is wear - ing,
3. Warm is the bright fur - ry rai - ment he wear - eth;
4. Gifts man - i - fold Fa - ther Christ - mas is bring - ing,



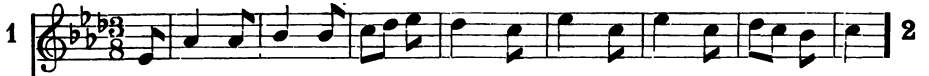
Lit - tle he mind - eth the snows or the sleet - ing, I - vy's
Forth in the win - ter when goes he a - far - ing, Red as
E - ven so warm is the love that he bear - eth, Love that
Glad peal - ing bells, fes - tal sights and sweet sing - ing. Praise him



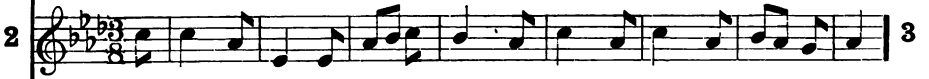
wreathed a - bout his head, Hol - ly and mis-tle-toe, green and red.
fires that keep us warm, All in the cold and the driv - ing storm.
glows for each and all, High-est and low-est, and great and small.
then and hold him dear, Christ-mas makes glad the clos - ing year.

Round

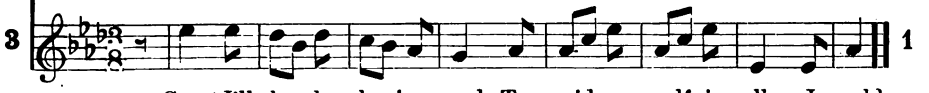
LIDARTE



1 I en - vy not the mighty great, Those pow'rful rul - ers of the state, 2



2 Who set - tle na - tions as they please, And gov - ern at th' ex - pense of ease. 3

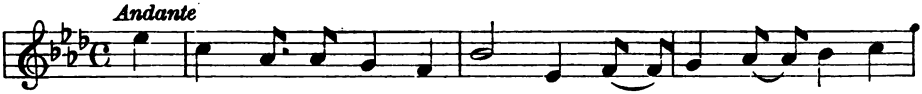


3 Great I'll be by be - ing good, To guide my - self is all I would. 1

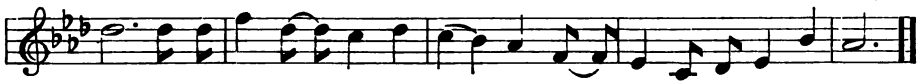
In the Meadow

BAYARD TAYLOR

Andante

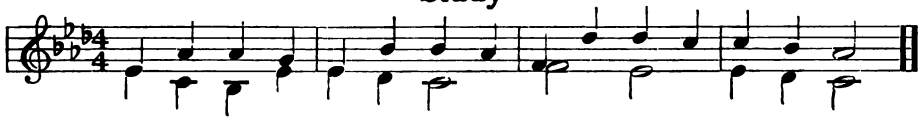


1. I lie in the sum- mer mead - ows, In the mead - ows all a -
2. The smell of the flow'r-ing grass - es Is . sweet - er than a - ny
3. The in - fi - nite bliss of Na - ture I . feel in ev'r - y



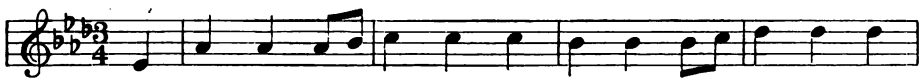
lone, With the in - fi-nite sky a - bove me, And the sun on his mid-day throne.
rose, And a mil - lion hap-py in - sects Sing low in the warm re-pose.
vein, And the light and the life of sum - mer Blos-som in heart and brain.

Study

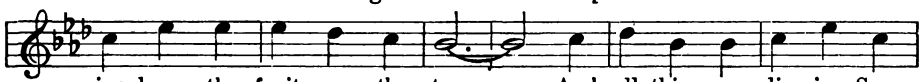


Apples and Nuts

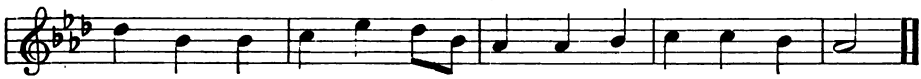
LAURENCE HARPER T. FÖLSING



1. The fall brings us pleas - ure That no one can meas- ure, Then,
2. The ap - ple trees old - en Bend low with the gold - en And
3. Then come all to - geth - er In crisp au - tumn weath-er And

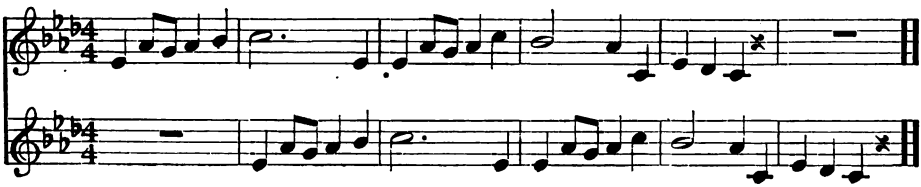


ripe hangs the fruit on the tree, . And all things a - liv - ing, Seem
ro - se - ate rich - es they bear; . The vine's pur- ple guer-don, The
wan - der thro' or - chard and wood; . We'll ri - fle their treasure, And

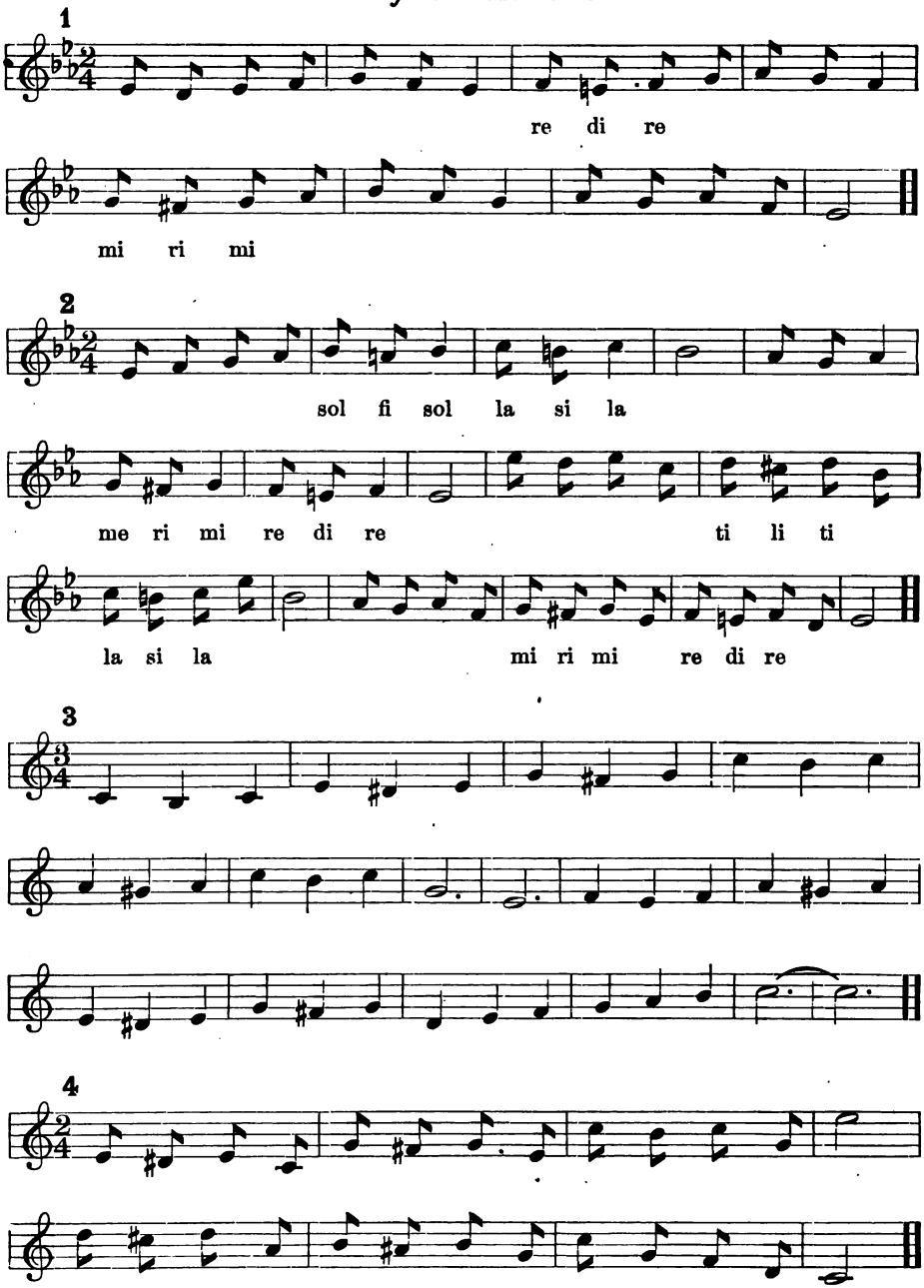


just to be giv - ing Their treas - ures to you and to me.
nut - tree's brown bur - den, With bird and with squir - rel we'll share.
joy with - out meas- ure We'll find 'neath the ap - ple - trees good.

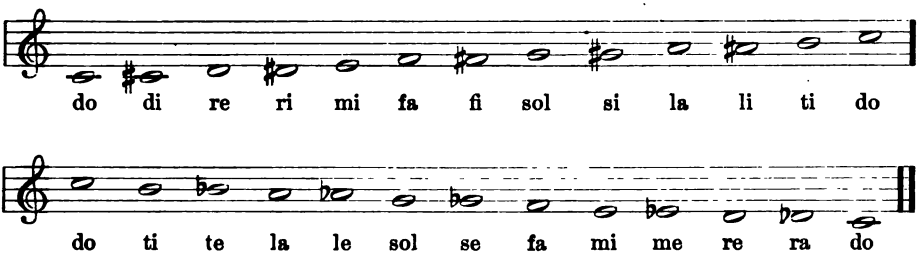
A Canon



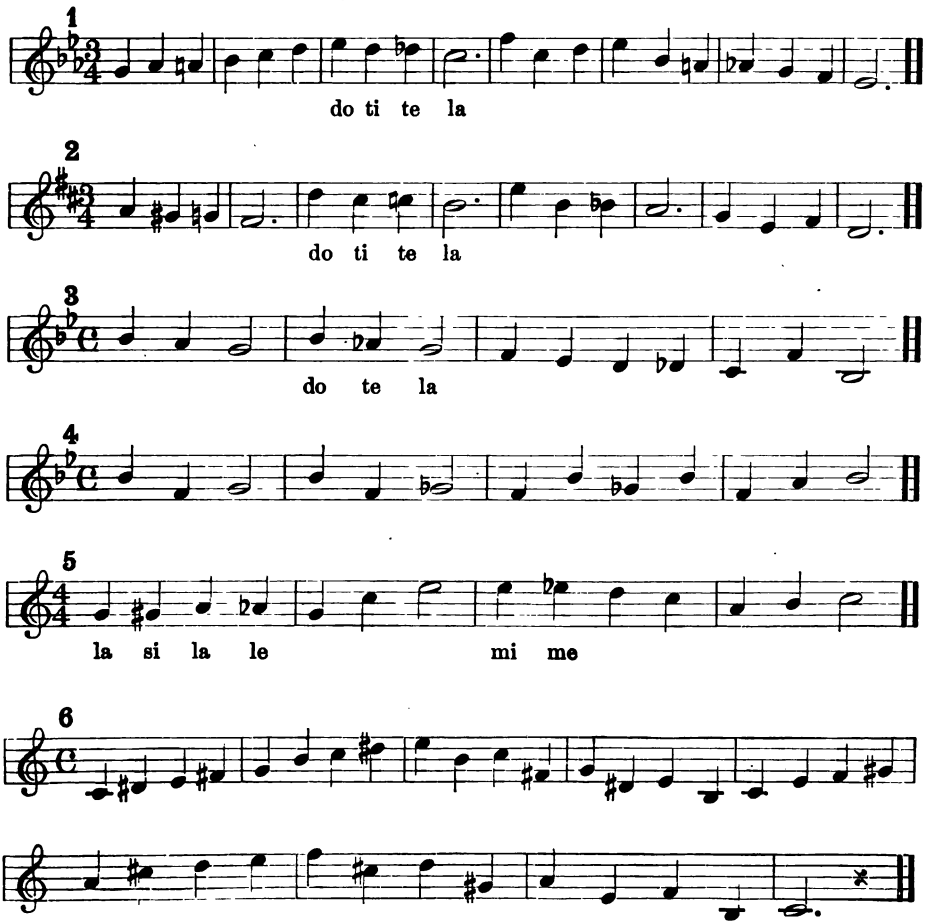
Easy Chromatics



The Chromatic Scale



Easy Chromatic Studies



Evening

Translated from the German by M. S. — JOSEPH KEUNER

Andante

1. The even-ing bells are peal - ing, The night re-turns a - gain. The herdsman
2. Now lights begin to twin - kle The vil - lage street a - long. The goat bells
3. The bird-lings in the for - est Have sought their quiet nest, And wea - ry

guides with sing - ing His goats a-down the lane, His goats a - down the lane.
soft - ly tin - kle, The herdsman sings his song, The herdsman sings his song.
lit - tle chil - dren Long since have gone to rest, Long since have gone to rest.

From Dreams of Bliss

GEORGE MCDONALD — J. M. COURTNEY

From dreams of bliss shall men a - wake One day, but not to

weep: The dreams re-main: They on-ly break the mir - ror of the sleep.

When the Earth Awakes

J. M.

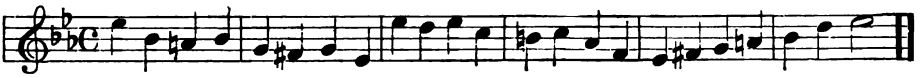
The earth a-wakes, and full of glee The streamlet wan-ders to the sea, And

dai - sies dance up - on the lea, And crick - ets chirp and sing.

Waltz Song

J. M. COURTNEY

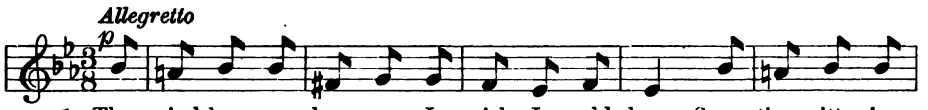
Chromatic Study



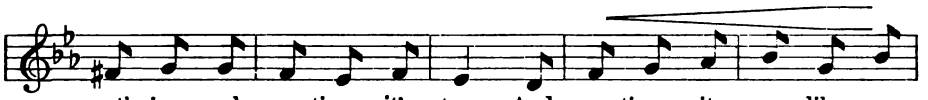
The Wind

L. E. Landon — C. F. Eisrich

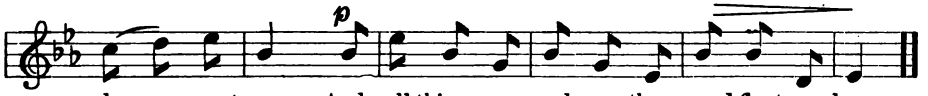
Allegretto



1. The wind has a language I wish I could learn, Some-times it is
2. The for - est is lulled by the soft, dream-y strain, And slum-ber sinks



sooth- ing and sometimes it's stern; And sometimes it comes like a
down on the wan - der - ing main; Its crys - tal arms fold - ed, it

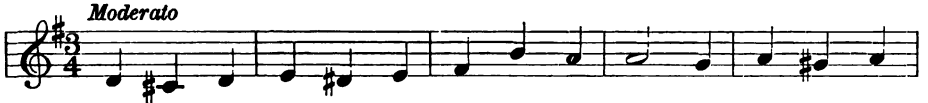


low, sweet song, And all things grow calm as the sound floats a - long.
sweet-ly doth rest, And tall ships they sleep on its wide heav-ing breast.

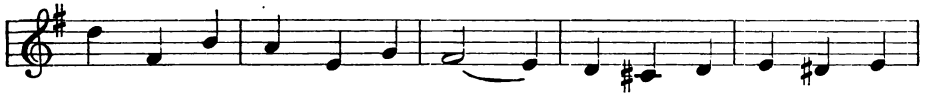
In Summer

Margaret Deland

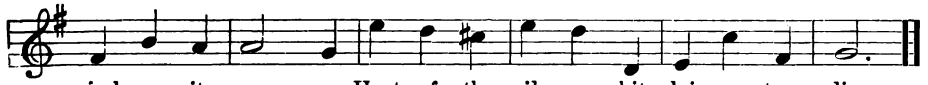
Moderato



1. High on the crest of the blos - som - ing grass - es, Bend-ing and
2. But - ter - cups' lan - terns are light - ed a - bove me, Bur - ly red
3. Small tim - id breez - es than but - ter - flies shy - er, Just for a



sway - ing with face tow'rd the sky, . . Stirred by the light- est west
clo - ver's warm cheek press-es mine; . Pow - der - y bee ' nev - er
mo - ment soft buf - fet my face, . Then fly a - way to the



wind as it pass - es, Hosts of the sil - ver-white dai - sy- stars lie.
once seems to doubt me, Tip- ping each chal-ice for sum-mer's new wine.
tree - tops, and high - er, Shak-ing down shadows on ev'r - y bright space.

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Easter Voices

ELIZABETH NOXON

JESSIE L. GAYNOR

Dolce

1. A gold-en bud came o-pen And out smiled a daf-fo-dil; "Last
2. A gray co-coon came o-pen And out flew a but-ter-fly; "Oh
3. A snow-y bird sang sweetly, Far up in the Eas-ter sky; "We're

year you saw me with-ered And now I'm blooming still!"
I was on-ly sleep-ing For I can nev-er die!"
all life's hap-py chil-dren And life can nev-er die!"

So smiled the daf-fo-dil, So smiled the daf-fo-dil.
So laughed the but-ter-fly, So laughed the but-ter-fly.
This was the song on high, This was the song on high.

lightly

A Song of Hope

Adapted from the German
JAMES GEDDES

KARL FRIEDRICH ETZLER

Moderato

1. Sor - row and pleas - ure, Joy with - out meas - ure,
2. Hop - ing, be - liev - ing, Mer - cies re - ceiv - ing.
3. Morn - ing is bring - ing Sun - light and sing - ing;
4. Then let us nev - er Cease in en - deav - or,

All have their place in life that we treas - ure.
How can we fail of vic - t'ry a - chiev - ing?
Glad - ness and hope, when the lark is up - spring - ing.
Thus will the fu - ture be hap - py for - ev - er.

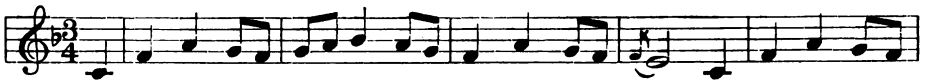
Studies

1

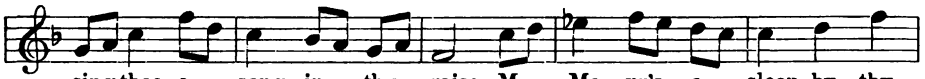
2

Afton Water

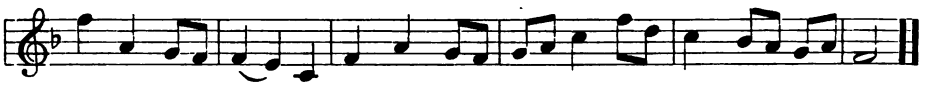
ROBERT BURNS — Scotch Melody



1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes, Flow gen-tly, I'll
2. Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re - sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whistling
3. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neighbour - ing hills, Far marked with the
4. How pleasant thy banks and green val - leys be - low, Where wild in the



sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
black-birds in yon thorn-y den, Thou green-crest - ed lap - wing, thy
cours-es of clear - wind - ing rills! There dai - ly I wan - der as
wood-lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft as mild even-ing creeps



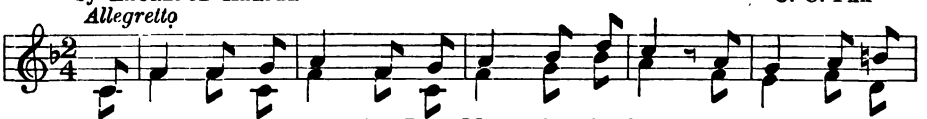
mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.
screaming for - bear, I charge you dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.
morn ris - es high, My flocks and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye.
o - ver the lea, The sweet-scented birk shades my Ma - ry and me.

In May

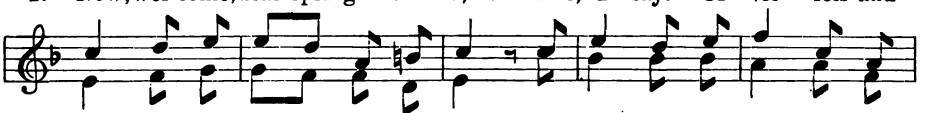
Translated from the German
by LAURENCE HARPER

C. C. PAX

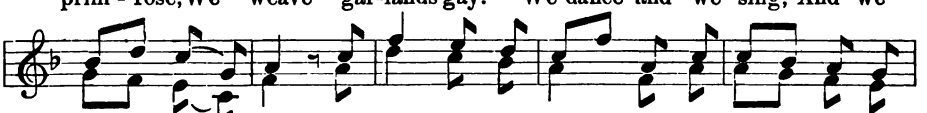
Allegretto



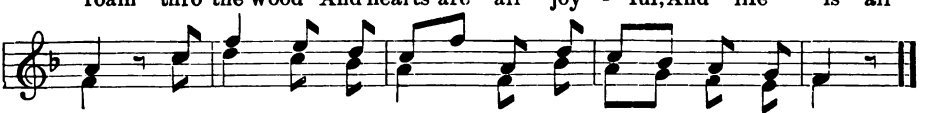
1. Sweet May - time is com - ing, Dear May - time is here, The heav - ens are
2. "Now, wel-come, dear Springtime! Now, wel - come," I say. Of vio - lets and



cloud - less, The moun - tains are clear. The mead-ows are fra - grant With
prim - rose, We weave gar-lands gay. We dance and we sing, And we



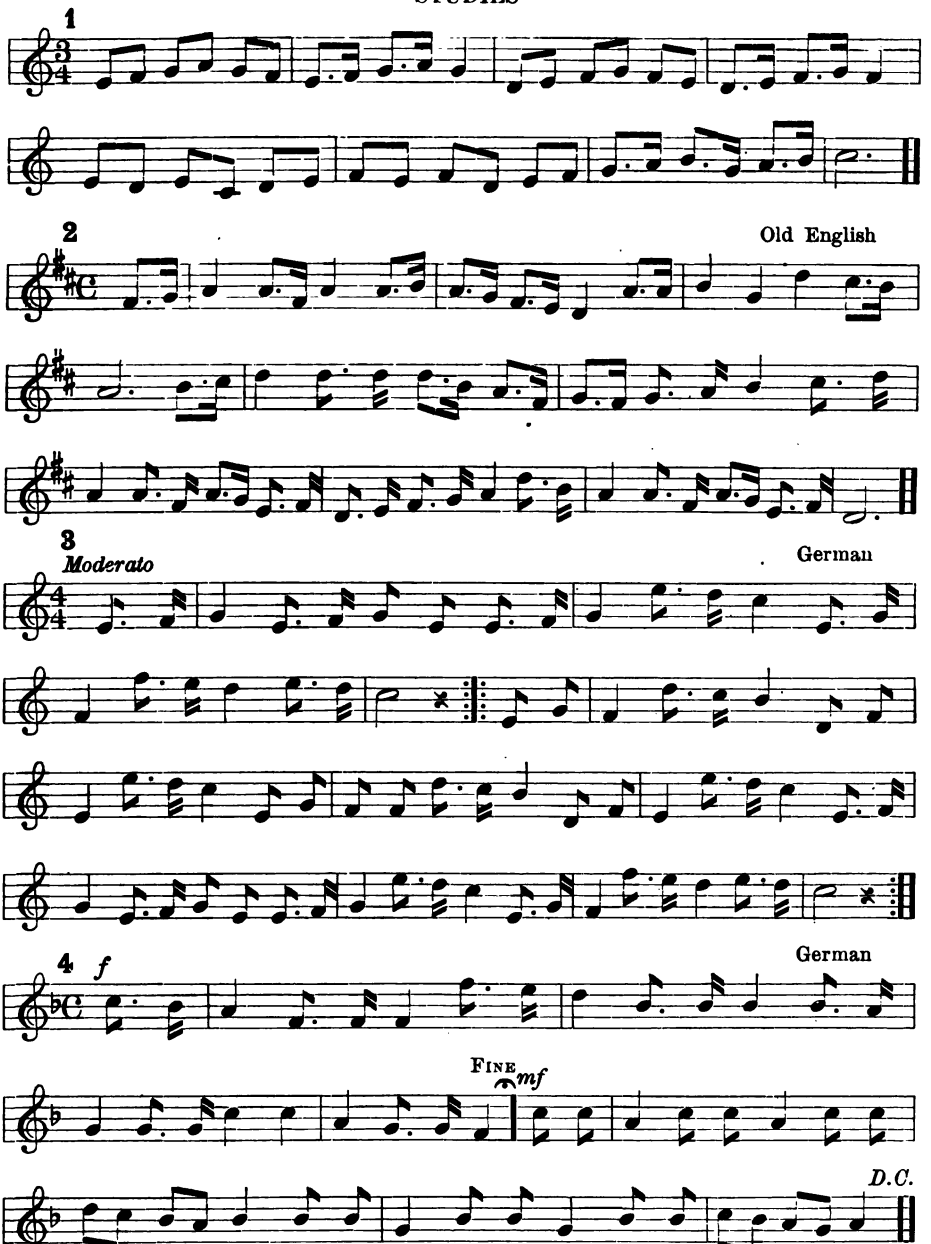
vio - lets blue; The glad brooks are flow - ing, The earth is all
roam thro' the wood And hearts are all joy - ful, And life is all



new, The glad brooks are flow - ing, The earth is all new.
good, And hearts are all joy - ful, And life is all good.

The Unequally-Divided Beat

STUDIES



The Shepherd's Song

French — Breton Folksong

Andantino

p

1. Out up - on the hills at dawn-ing, Heard I once a won-drous lay
2. Hum-ble is thy lot, O strip-ling, Hard thy life and scant thy fare,

mf

Piere-ing ros - y mists of morn - ing, Ech - o - ing from moun-tains gray.
'Mid the frost, in cold rain drip-ping, Wind and weath-er thou must bear.

cres.

Sweet the youth-ful shep-herd sing - ing, Drove his herds to pas - tures high,
Sing then, shep-herd, sing and light - en All thy dull and gray-hued ways,

p

Like the lark's song sweetly ring - ing, In the az - ure vaults of sky.
Sing thy win - try skies to bright- en Thro' lone nights and toil- some days

Out of Doors

Translated from the German by JAMES GEDDES — German Folksong

Allegro

1. A-long the coun-try by -way, With songs upon the air, A - tread-ing pleasure's
2. 'Tis now the month of flowers, With ap-ple trees like snow; The pet -als fall in
3. 'Twere sure-ly merest fol - ly, To stay within four walls When rob-in songs are

high-way, The ver - nal, May-time high-way, Who would not wan- der there?
show - ers, In per-fume- lad - en show-ers, When-e'er the breez-es blow.
jol - ly, So tune - ful and so jol - ly, And joy - ous spring-time calls.

Spring Gladness

Anonymous — C. A. Kern

Allegretto

mp — *mf*

1. When the zeph-yrs blow, Melt the ice and snow; All the buds to leaf and bloom are
2. Now have done with care, Joy is ev'r-ywhere; There's no room for grief, nor doubt, nor

break - ing, Come a - broad with me, Wan - der care - less - ly, For the
sor - row. In the dew of May, Wash thy fears a - way, Trust the

p la la,

earth is fair when spring is wak - ing. Tra la la, Tra la
bless - ed sun to shine to - mor - row. Tra la la, Tra la

la la, Tra la la, Tra la la,

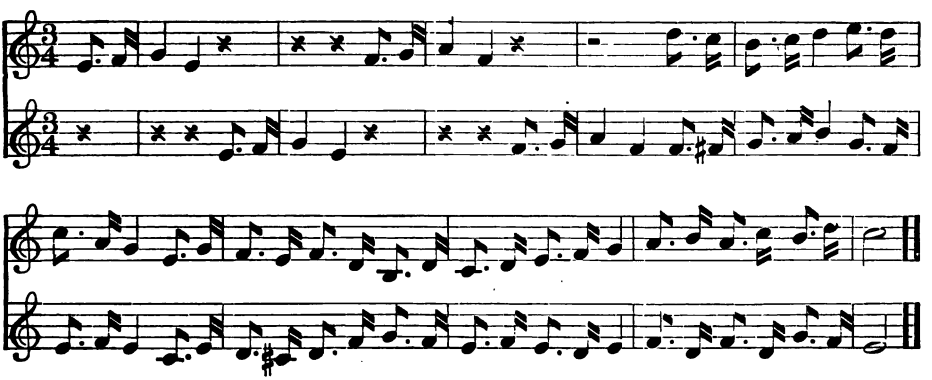
mf — *mf*

la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la

f — la la, — *cres.* — la la,

la, Tra la la, Tra la la la la la la la la!

A Study



Draw the Sword, Scotland!

J. R. Planchè — Scotch Folksong

Con spirito

1. Draw the sword, Scot-land! Scot-land! Scot-land! O - ver moor and mountain hath
2. Sheathe the sword, Scotland! Scot-land! Scot-land! Sheathe the sword, Scotland, for

pass'd the fier - y sign; The pi - broch is peal - ing! peal - ing! peal - ing! Who
dim-med is its shine; Thy foe - men are flee - ing! flee - ing! flee - ing! And

Alto

heeds not the summons is nae son o' thine. The clans they are gath'ring,
who kens nae mer-cy is nae son o' thine. The strug-gle is o - ver!

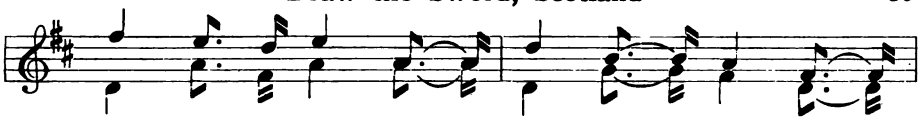
Soprano

gath-'ring! gath'ring! The clans they are gath-'ring by loch and by lea. The
o - ver! o - ver! The struggle is o - ver, the vic - to - ry won. There are

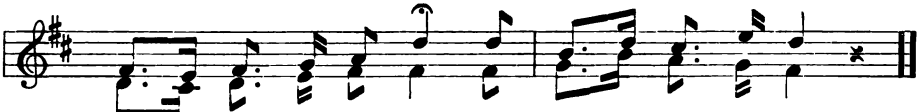
ban - ners they are fly - ing! fly - ing! fly - ing! The
tears for the fall - en! the fall - en! the fall - en! And

ban-ners they are fly - ing that lead to vic - to - ry! Draw the sword, Scot-land!
glo - ry for all who their du - ty have done. Sheathe the sword, Scot-land!

Scot - land! Scot-land! Charge as ye have charg'd in the days lang syne.
Scot - land! Scot-land! With thy lov - ed this - tle new lau - rels entwine.



Sound to the on - set, the on - set, the on - set,
Time ne'er shall part them, part them, part them, But



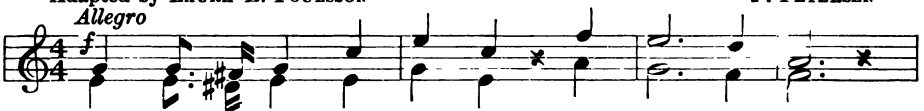
He who but fal - ters is nae son o' thine.
hand down the gar - land to each son o' thine.

Song for an Athletic Victory

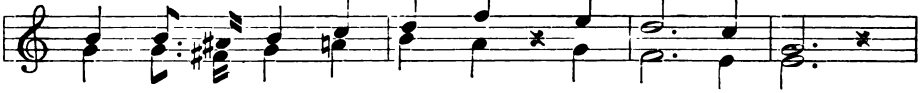
From the Danish
Adapted by LAURA E. POULSSON

F. PETERSEN

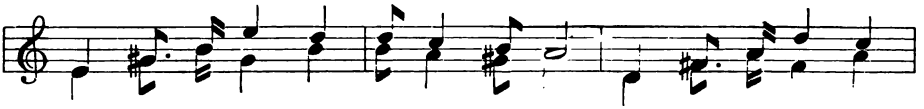
Allegro



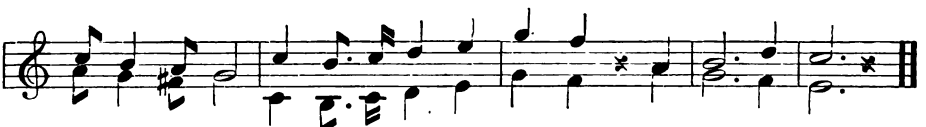
1. Great was the strife and glo - rious, a dough - ty fight;
2. Won is the game ath - let - ic, Hur - rah! Hur - rah!



Our school, the school vic - to - rious by might and right!
Hail, he - roes en - er - get - ic! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

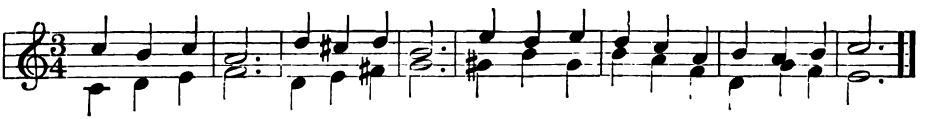


Shout for the val - iant win- ners! Give cheer! Shout for the val - iant
Hon - or to you is ow - ing! Hur - rah! Hon - or to you is

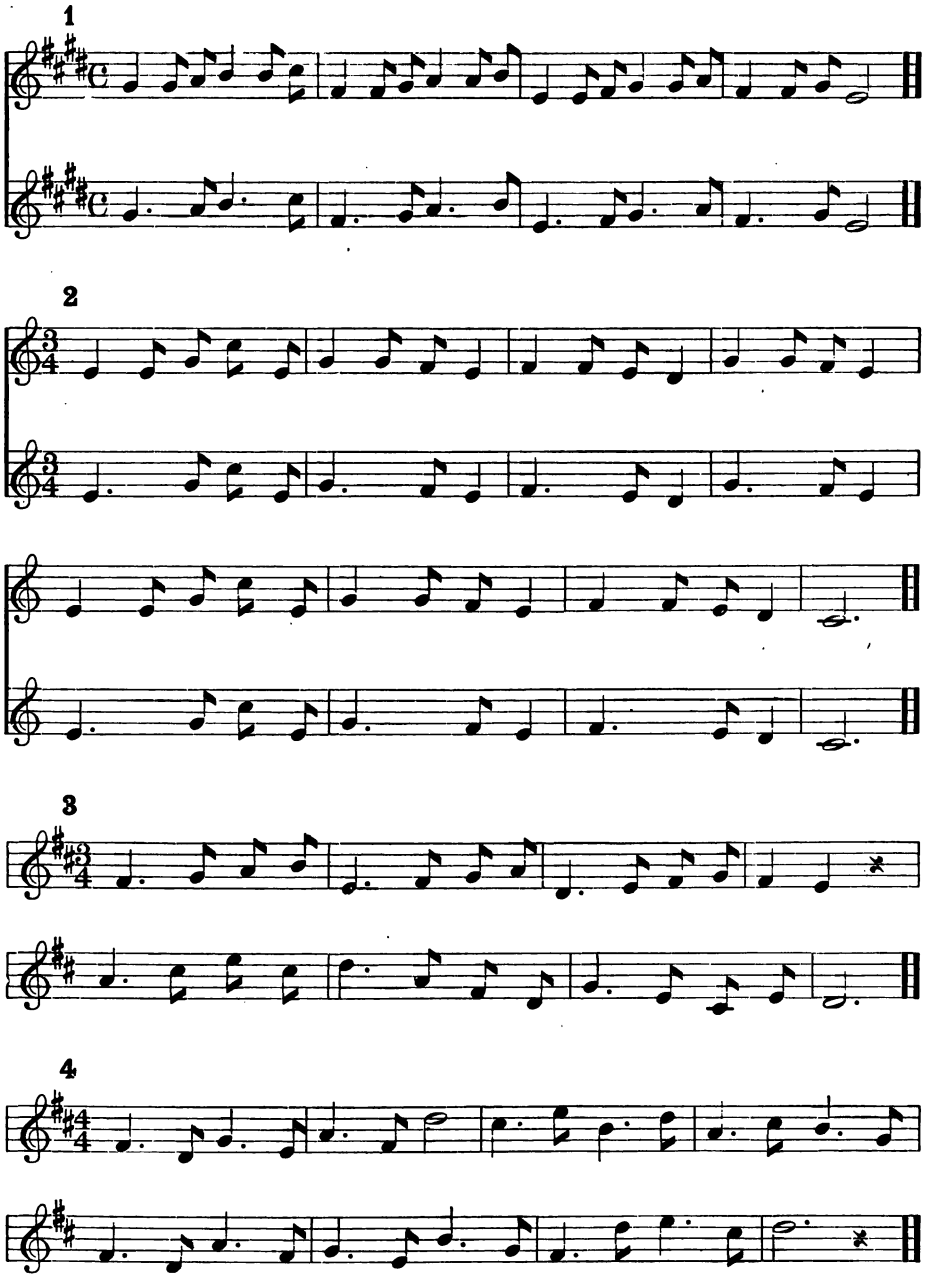


win-ners! Give cheer! Brave players, we sa - lute you! Our plau - dits hear!
ow -ing! Hur-rah! Our thanks to you we're showing, Hur- rah! Hur - rah!

Study

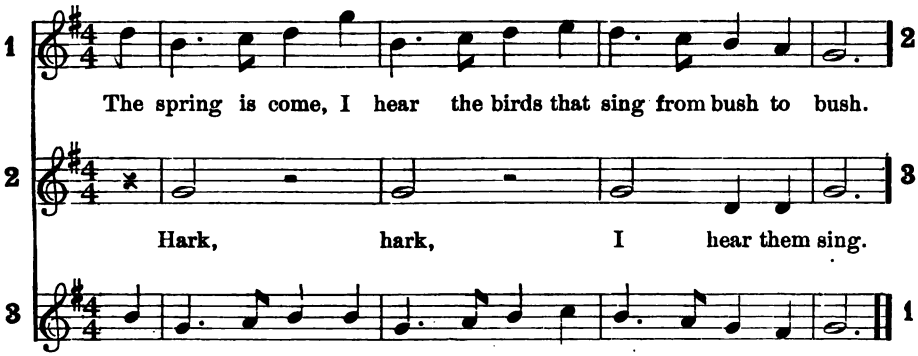


The Beat-and-a-Half Note

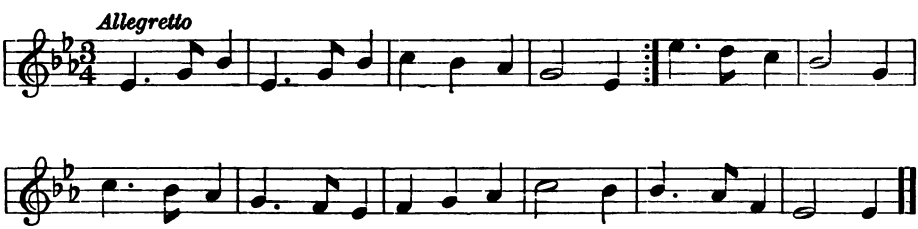


Catch

Dr. Hayes

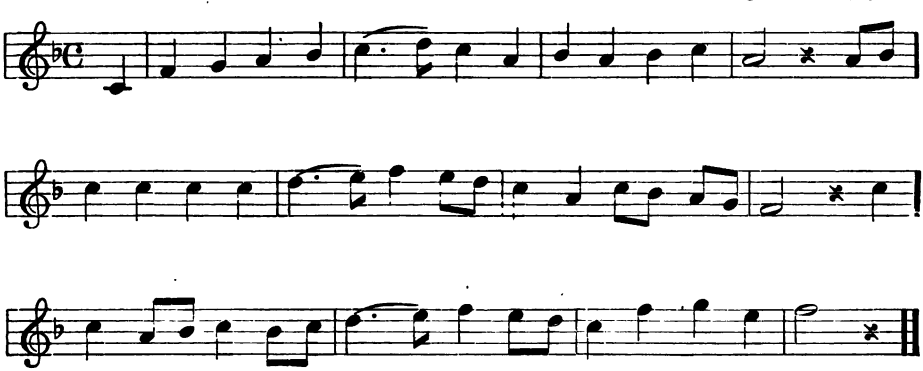


Russian Tune



German Song

C. F. Zelter



The Wanderer's Farewell

Translated by James Geddes — German Folksong

Allegretto

1. God's world, so beau-ti - ful to see! A - dieu! A-dieu! The sky is blue, and
2. Loved vil - lage on the mountain's crest, A-dieu! A-dieu! Thou loft-y tower where
3. A - cross my path the brooklet flows; A-dieu! A-dieu! It calls farewell as
4. The moun-tains sink in dis- tance dim, A - dieu! A-dieu! Be- low the far ho -

green the lea; A - dieu! A - dieu! Like jew - el gleams the distant hill; I wan - der
swallows nest, A - dieu! A - dieu! To many a well- be - lov - ed home; To yonder
on it goes, A - dieu! A - dieu! How soft-ly blows the southwind here! Oh! must I
ri-zon's rim, Adieu! Adieu! And though my glances backward stray, And though my

where the sunbeams spill; Adieu! A- dieu! A-dieu! We part, it is God's will.
riv - er flecked with foam, Adieu! A- dieu! A-dieu! For I a- far must roam.
part with all so dear, A - dieu! A-dieu! A-dieu! The out - er world is drear.
heart doth bid me stay, A - dieu! A- dieu! A-dieu! I must no more de- lay.

Parting

James Geddes — German Folksong

Allegretto

1. Fair mount, whose ev'ry rock and hill-side, Whose ev'ry tree and bloom I know,
2. "God guard thee well" I hear at part- ing From crested hill and sun- ny dell;

I leave my home up - on the hill-side, And un - to dis - tant lands must go.
To each lov'd flow'r while tears are starting, My heart doth cry "God guard thee well."

p — *cres.*

La la la la la la la la la la la la la

f — *dim.*

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Sunset and Dawn

LAURA E. POULSSON — JORGEN MALLING

Moderato

1. When sun - set paints the glow - ing sky, When cool - ing breez - es
2. When sun - set paints the glow - ing sky, The groves are filled with
3. When dawns the day, the sun a - new Paints sky and cloud with
4. At ear - ly morn, in sun - set hour, God's grace is free and

wan - der by, When groves are lit with slanting beams And fields are decked in
mel - o - dy; In liq - uid notes that swell and ring, Their sweet goodnight the
ros - y hue. Earth greets with joy that ra - di - ant friend Who to her work his
full of pow'r, His strength a - bounds for ev'r - y need, For birdlings' flight, for

golden gleams,—With sudden drop the sun takes flight And says "Goodnight."
wildbirds sing. Oh! hear the voice from yon - der vale,—The night - in-gale!
aid will lend. Night black and si - lent glides a - way When dawns the day.
he - ro's deed. Thro' day and night His faith - ful care Is ev'r - y-where.

As I Walked by Myself

Andante quasi allegretto — J. W. ELLIOTT

p

1. As I walked by my - self, And talked to my - self, My -
2. As I walked by my - self, And talked to my - self, A

cres.

self said un - to me,— "Look to thy-self, Take care of thy-self, For
soft voice said to me,— "Care not for self, Think not of thy-self, Then

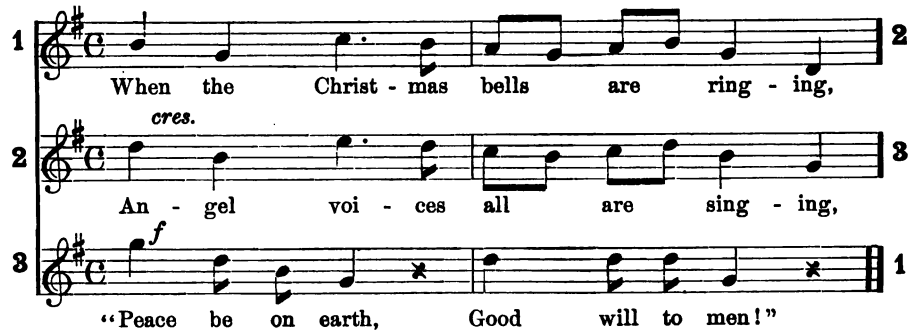
f — *ritard.* . . . . . *dim.* *p*

no - bo - dy, no - bo - dy, no - bo - dy cares for thee."
some - bo - dy, some - bo - dy, some - bo - dy'll care for thee."

Christmas Bells

ROUND

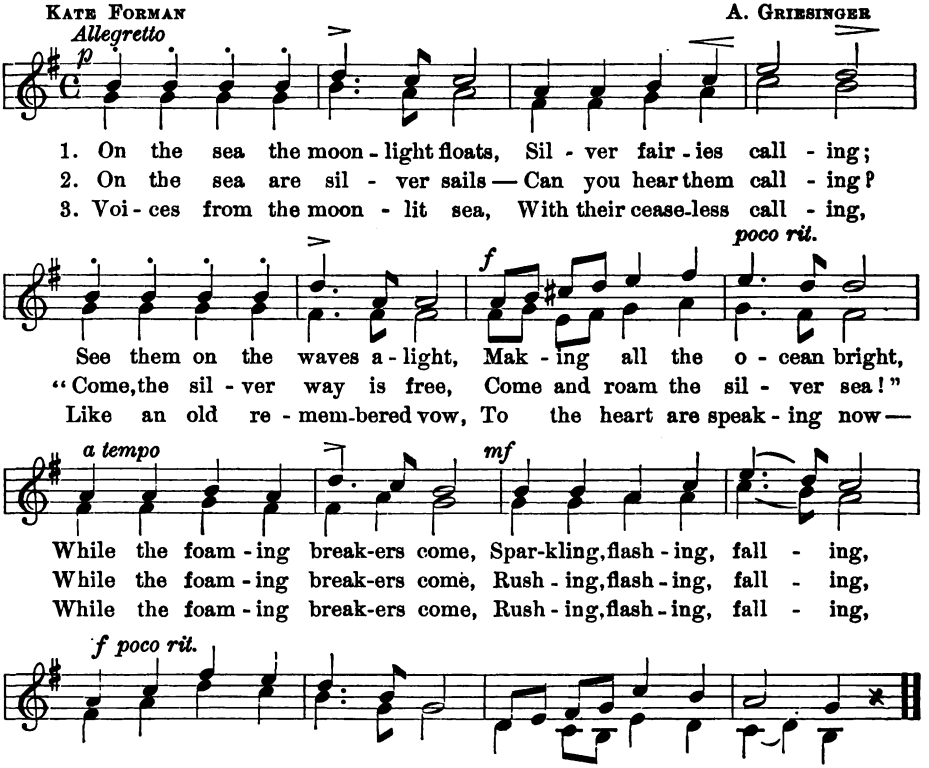
M. B.



Moonlit Sea

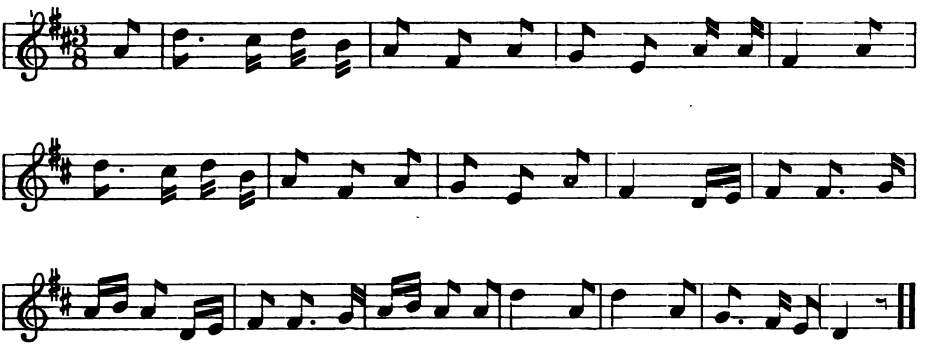
KATE FORMAN

A. GRIESINGER



German Melodies

1



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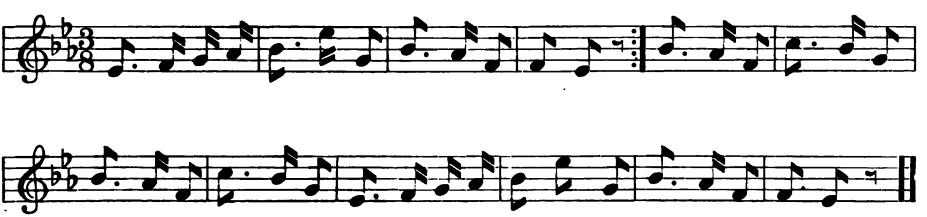

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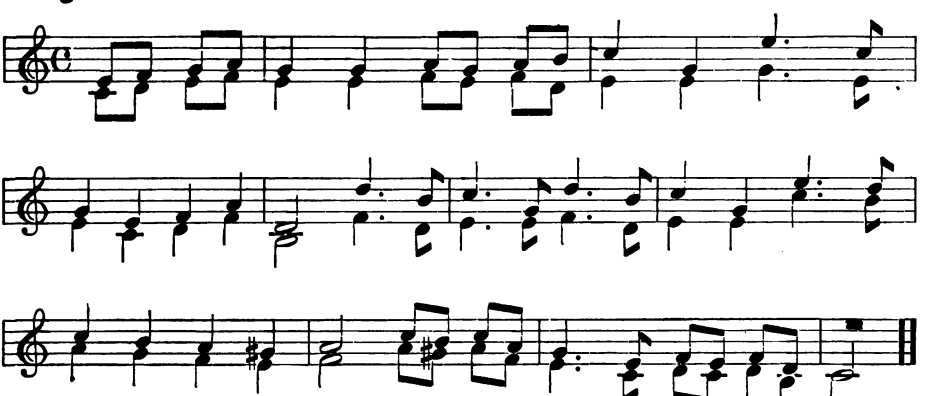
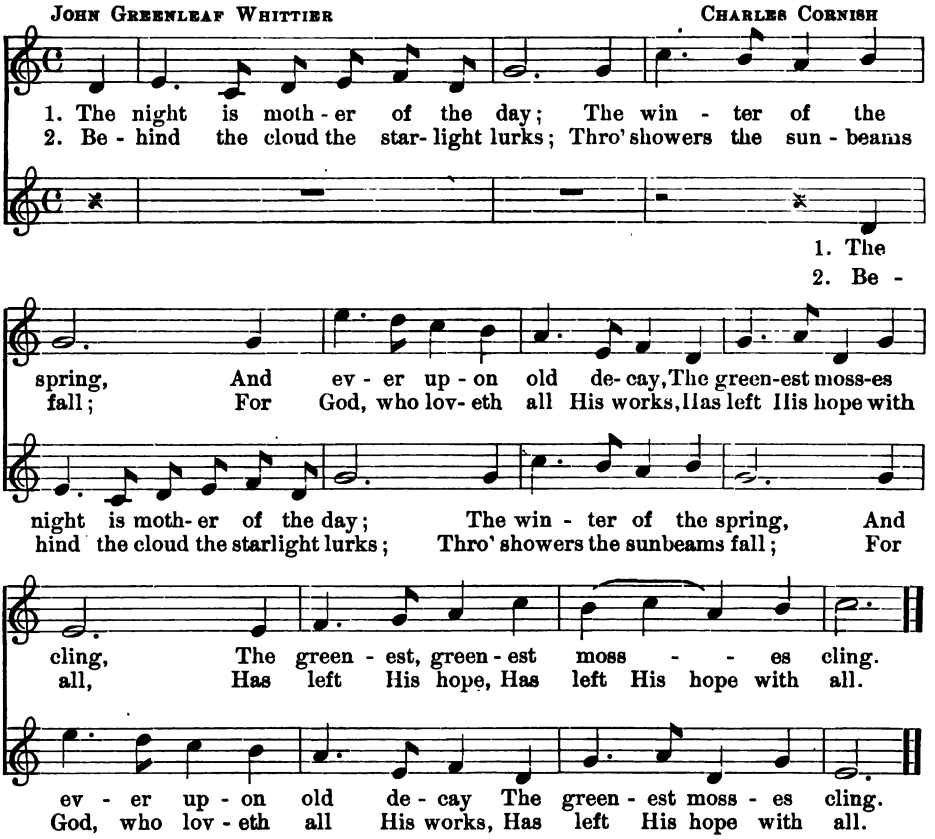
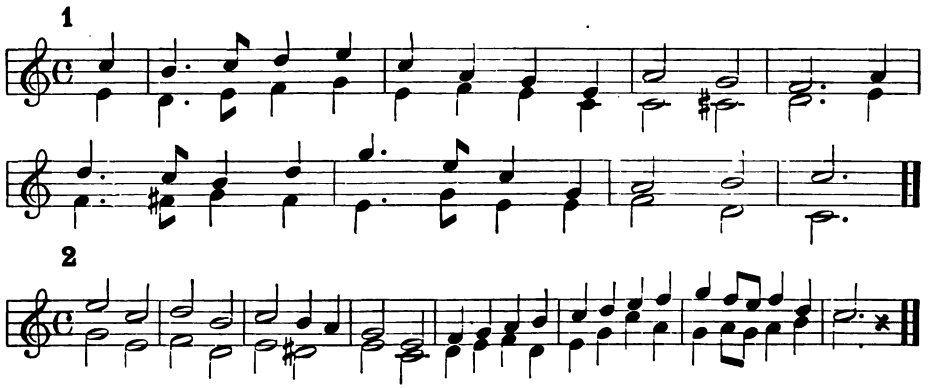


Hope

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER — CHARLES CORNISH



Studies



Robin Hood and Little John

Old English — Old English

mf *Con spirito*

1. Rob - in Hood and Lit - tle John, They both are gone to the fair, O;
2. We were up as soon as day To fetch the sum - mer home, O;

We will to the sweet greenwood To see what they do there, O.
Sum - mer and the sweet May, O, For sum-mer is a - come, O.

f *mf*

For to chase the buck and doe, To chase the buck and doe, O,
Win - ter cold is now gone, O, And sum-mer is a come, O,

f

And for to chase the buck and doe, With a heart that's blithe and gay, O.
And win- ter cold is now gone, O, With a heart that's blithe and gay, O.

The Brook

James Geddes — Andre

Peacefully *mf*

1. Brook- let, flow-ing through the ma - zes Of the for - est and the dell,
2. In the sun-light, gold - en spangles Glis- ten on thy trou-bled breast,
3. On - ward flow-ing, on - ward ev - er, Though the o - cean's far a - way,
4. Would my heart might be as cheery, Would my goal might be as sure!

mf

Here thy banks are bright with dai - sies, There are sweet with az - ure bell.
But the thick-et's shad - y tan - gles Give thee peace and yield thee rest.
Nev - er wea - ry, ceas - ing nev - er, Through the night and through the day.
Teach me, brooklet, that the drear-y Days can - not for aye en - dure.

The Brooklet

VARIETIES OF SIX-EIGHT TIME SHOWN BY CONTRAST

After Theodore Keith — Franz Abt

Andante

(Sing the syllables)

Brook - let flow - ing, On - ward go - ing,

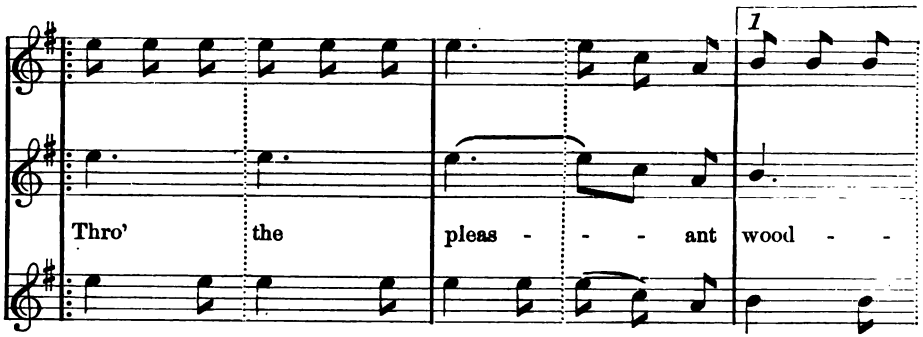
Brook - let flow - ing, on - ward go - ing, Nev - er paus - es, nev - er stays;

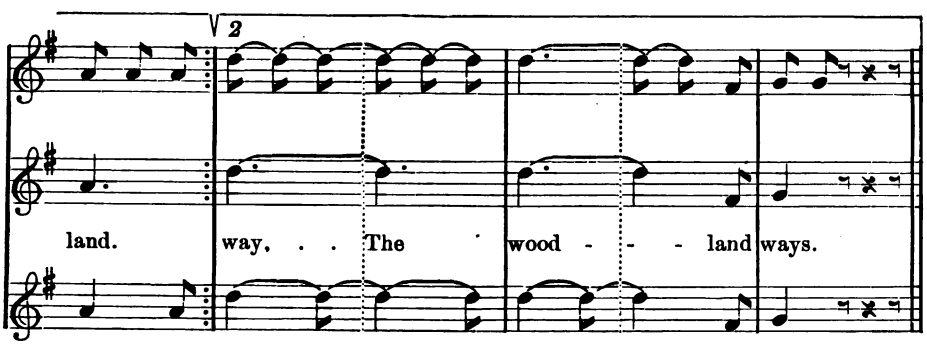
Nev - er paus - es, Nev - er . . stays.

Waves a - quiv - er Seek the riv - er, Thro' the pleas - ant ways.

Waves a - quiv - er Seek the . . riv - er,

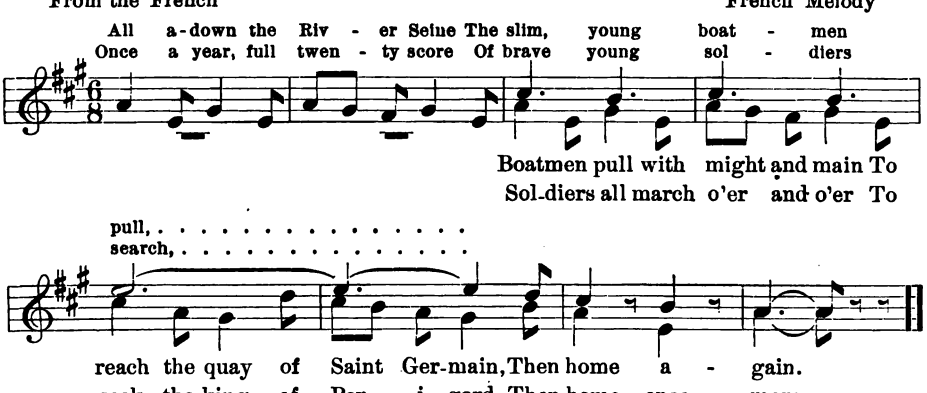
Brook - let flow - ing, on - ward go - ing, Nev - er paus - es, nev - er stays,





The Boatmen and the Soldiers

From the French — French Melody



A Song of Nature

From the German
by Marie Vance

Ludwig Liebe

Joyfully

f *sf*

mf

1. The world is young, and rich, and fair, When sum - mer winds are
2. We'll wan - der with the flow - ing brooks, We'll climb the hoar - y
3. Bal - sam - ic o - dors from the pine The ar - dent sun's dis -

mf *cres.*

mf *cres.* *dim.*

blow - ing; Then up! a - way! At break of day Be - fore the sun is
moun - tains, We'll read in Na - ture's won - der - books, And drink from Na - ture's
till - ing, The air is strong as po - tent wine, The thros - tle gay is

mf *cres.* *dim.*

p *cres.*

glow - ing. The mountains beck - on from their throne, The o - cean calls in
foun - tains. The vir - gin snow lies on the peaks, The Al - pine rose a -
trill - ing. With all that fleet and mer - ry be We'll wan-der wide and

p *cres.*

CHORUS

ff

mys- tic tone, O come! O come! O come! O come!
wakes and speaks, O come! O come! O come! O come!
wan-der free. O come! O come! O come! O come!

f *ff*

The New Year

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK J. M. COURTNEY.

Who comes dancing o - ver the snow, His soft lit - tle feet all bare and ros - y?

O - pen the door, tho' the wild winds blow, Take him in and make him co - sy.

Take him in and hold him dear; He is the won-der- ful, glad New Year.

Nature's Joys

Translated from the German by
MARGARET VAN DYKE

W. A. MOZART

Moderato

1. Ye val - leys green, ye moun - tains That sum- mer clothes in light, Ye
2. Here sits in sun - ny weath - er The herds-man, blithe and free. His
3. The grass all green - ly grow - ing In - vites the sic - kle keen, The

stream - lets fair, ye foun - tains, A - flow - ing sil - ver bright; Ye
sheep all graze to - geth - er Up - on the ver - dant lea. He
lil - ies sweet are blow - ing, The lin - den trees are green. The

woods with mu - sic ring - ing, And you, soft dew - y plain With
pipes a cheer - ful meas - ure, The chil - dren gath - er round And
world is full of glad - ness, The old grow young a - gain, And

grass and flow'rs up- spring - ing, I greet ye all a - gain.
skip in mirth and pleas - ure, To syl - van bag-pipe's sound.
gone is win - ter's sad - ness, And gone is win - ter's pain.

As Jack the Jolly Ploughboy

Irish — Irish Folksong

Allegro moderato

mf

1. As Jack the jol - ly plough-boy Was plough-ing o'er his land, He
2. For Jack's a jol - ly plough-boy Whose life is free from care, His
3. I've heard of ma - ny won - ders That are in cit - ies seen, And
4. For when the work is o - ver, He to his cot - tage goes, And

cried un - to his hors - es And bold - ly bid them stand; Then
heart, so light re - joi - ces To breathe the sweet spring air; The
I my - self to Lim - 'rick Some months a - go have been, But
al - ways finds a wel - come, No sad - ness there, or woes. So

down up - on his plough he sat A mer - ry song to sing, And
birds a - round are sing - ing now Their songs of joy a - gain, So
tho' it is a wond'rous sight The streets and folk to see, I'd
give to me a ploughman's life From cares and sor - rows free; And

f

Jack he sang his song so sweet That all the val - leys ring, . With a
join- ing then with glad-some shout, He chants his clear re - frain, . With a
rath- er live a ploughman's life A - mid the meadows free, . With a
o'er the fur- row'd land to sing A song of mirth and glee. . With a

too - ra- nan-nan - ty na! Sing too - ra - nan -nan - ty na! While the

ech-oes prolong The sweet notes of his song, And his too-ra-nan-nan- ty na!

Christmas Time

Words translated from the German by
MARGARET VAN DYKE

FRIEDRICH SILCHER

Joyfully

f *mp*

1. O Christ-mas time, O Christ-mas time, We love you ver - y dear - ly; A
2. O Christ-mas time, O Christ-mas time, We love you ver - y dear - ly; You
3. O Christ-mas time, O Christ-mas time, We love you ver - y dear - ly; You
4. O Christ-mas time, O Christ-mas time, We love you ver - y dear - ly; You

cres.

gift of snow, a hill- side high, You bring, and sleds that skim and fly. O
bring sweet light to moth-er's eyes, To us, gay se - crets and sur-prise. O
bring the tree—a slen -der pine, With ta - pers bright and pres-ents fine. O
tell sweet sto - ries o'er and o'er, Bring love and cheer to rich and poor. O

f

Christ - mas time, O Christ-mas time, We love you ver - y dear - ly.

The Horn

Translated from the German by
MARIE VANCE

FRIEDRICH SILCHER

mf *pp*

1. How sweet to hear, How high and clear, The hunt- er's sil - ver horn, The
2. Each wood-land tree, Each flow'r we see, Looks greener, fair - er still, Looks
3. Sweet mu-sic's sound Makes glad the round Of toil that fills our life, Of

mf

hunt - er's sil - ver horn, When ech - o sweet, Its tones re - peat, At
green - er, fair - er still; The bab-bling stream Doth clear-er seem A -
toil that fills our life; To ev'r - y breast It bring- eth rest, And

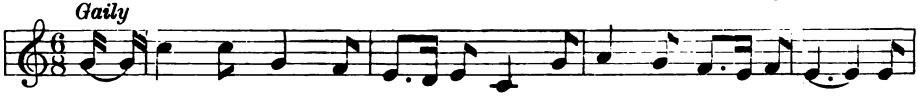
pp

eve or ear - ly morn, At eve or ear - ly morn.
dan - cing down the hill, A - dan - cing down the hill.
qui - ets pain and strife, And qui - ets pain and strife.

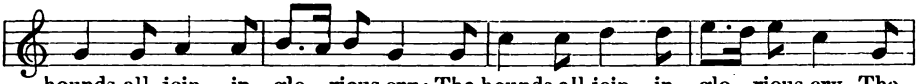
The Dusky Night Rides Down the Sky

HENRY FIELDING — English Tune

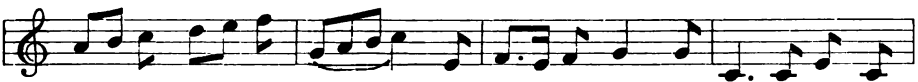
Gaily



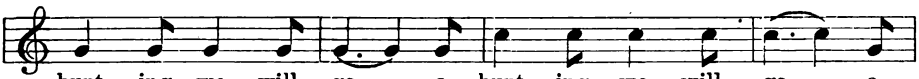
1. The dusk - y night rides down the sky, And ush - ers in the morn; The
2. The un-cav - erned fox like light-ning flies, His cun-ning's all a - wake, To
3. At length his strength to faintness worn, The hounds ar-rest his flight, Then



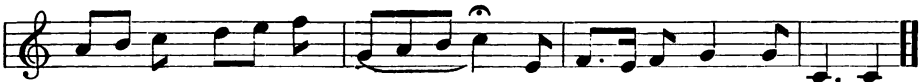
hounds all join in glo - rious cry; The hounds all join in glo - rious cry, The
gain the race he ea - ger tries, To gain the race he ea - ger tries, His
hun - gry homeward we re-turn, Then hun - gry homeward we re- turn To



huntsman winds his horn, . . The hunts-man winds his horn; Then a -
for - feit life the stake, . . His for - feit life the stake. When a -
feast a - way the night, . . To feast a - way the night. Then a -

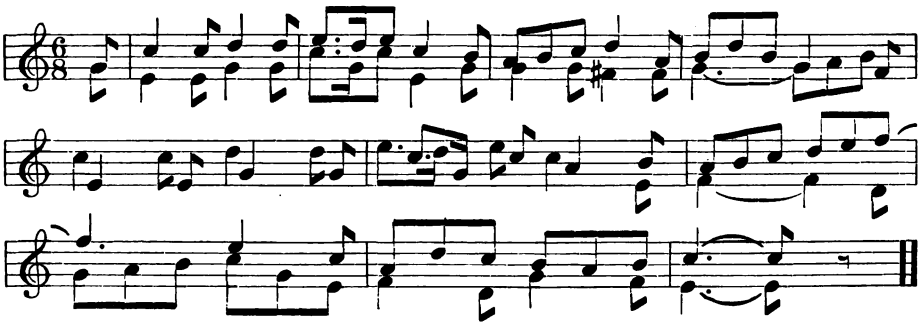


hunt - ing we will go, . a - hunt - ing we will go, . a -
hunt - ing we do go, . a - hunt - ing we do go, . a -
feast - ing we will go, . a - feast - ing we will go, . a -



hunt - ing we will go, . . . a - hunt - ing we will go. .
hunt - ing we do go, . . . a - hunt - ing we do go. .
feast - ing we will go, . . . a - feast - ing we will go. .

Study



The May

JAMES GEDDES — A. METHFESSEL

Allegretto

1. Field and fell, hill and dell, Blos - som by a mag - ic spell;
2. One and all, freed from thrall, Brook- lets bab - ble, leap and fall;

Fern and brake, now a - wake, Fringe the brook and lake.
Now be - hold wood and wold Rich in pur - est gold.

Has - ten, lad, and has - ten, lass, Days like this must quick - ly pass.
Man and beast with grate - ful heart Voice the joys that in them start.

Hail the May! Hail the May! Trea - sure ev'r - y day.

A Canon

Canon

L. Cherubini

Con moto

1 Brave and strong, March a - long, Sing a song, Thus to bat - tle, sol-diers

2 Brave and strong, March a - long, Sing a song, Thus to

3 Brave and strong, March a-long, Sing a

go When danger's nigh; Stout of heart, they meet the foe - man, Glad - ly

bat- tle, soldiers go When dan-ger's nigh; Stout of heart, they meet the

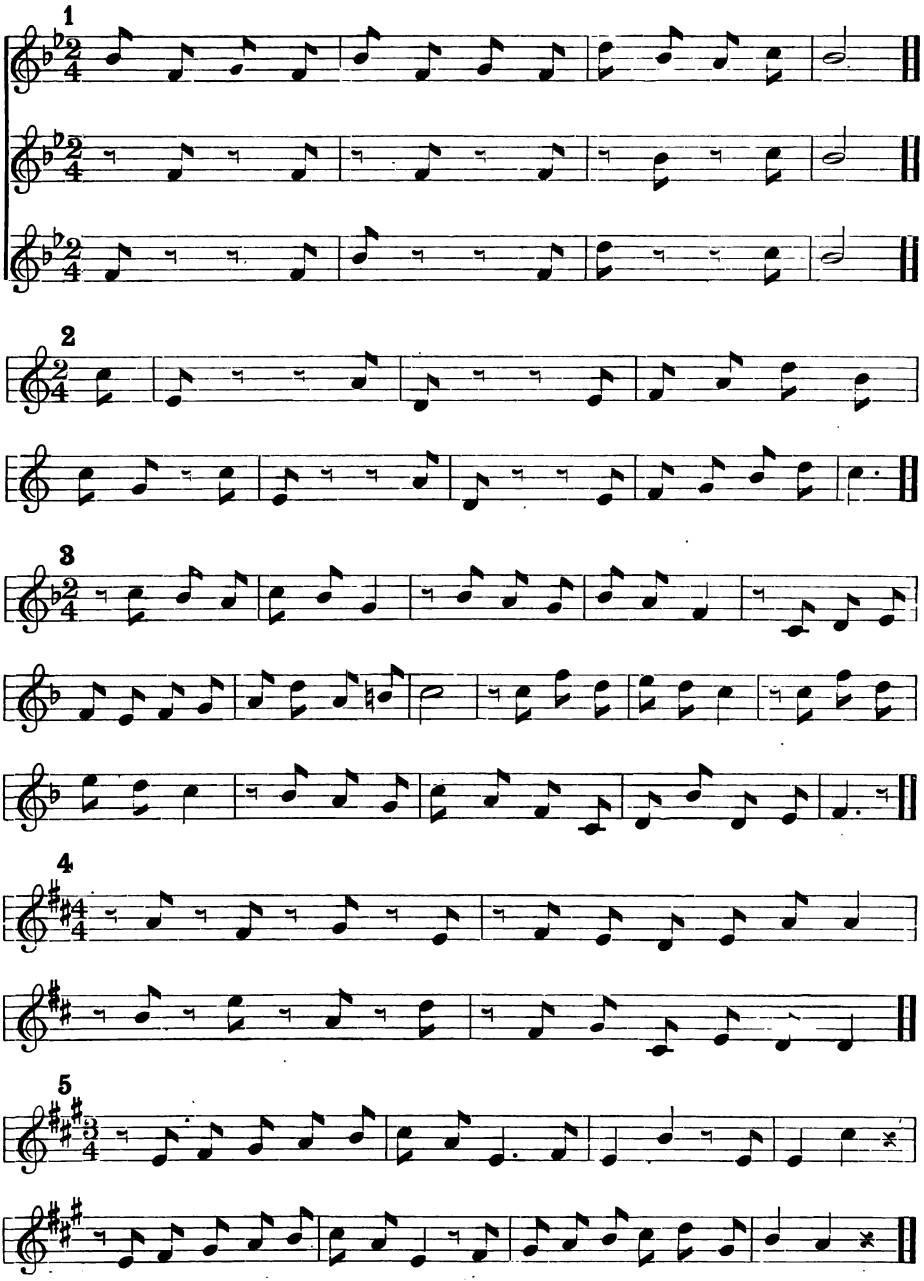
song, Thus to bat-tle, sol - diers go When dan-ger's nigh; Stout of

fight and glad - ly die. Brave and

foe - man, Glad- ly fight and glad - ly die. Brave and

heart, they meet the foe-man, Glad-ly fight and glad- ly die. Brave and

The After-Beat



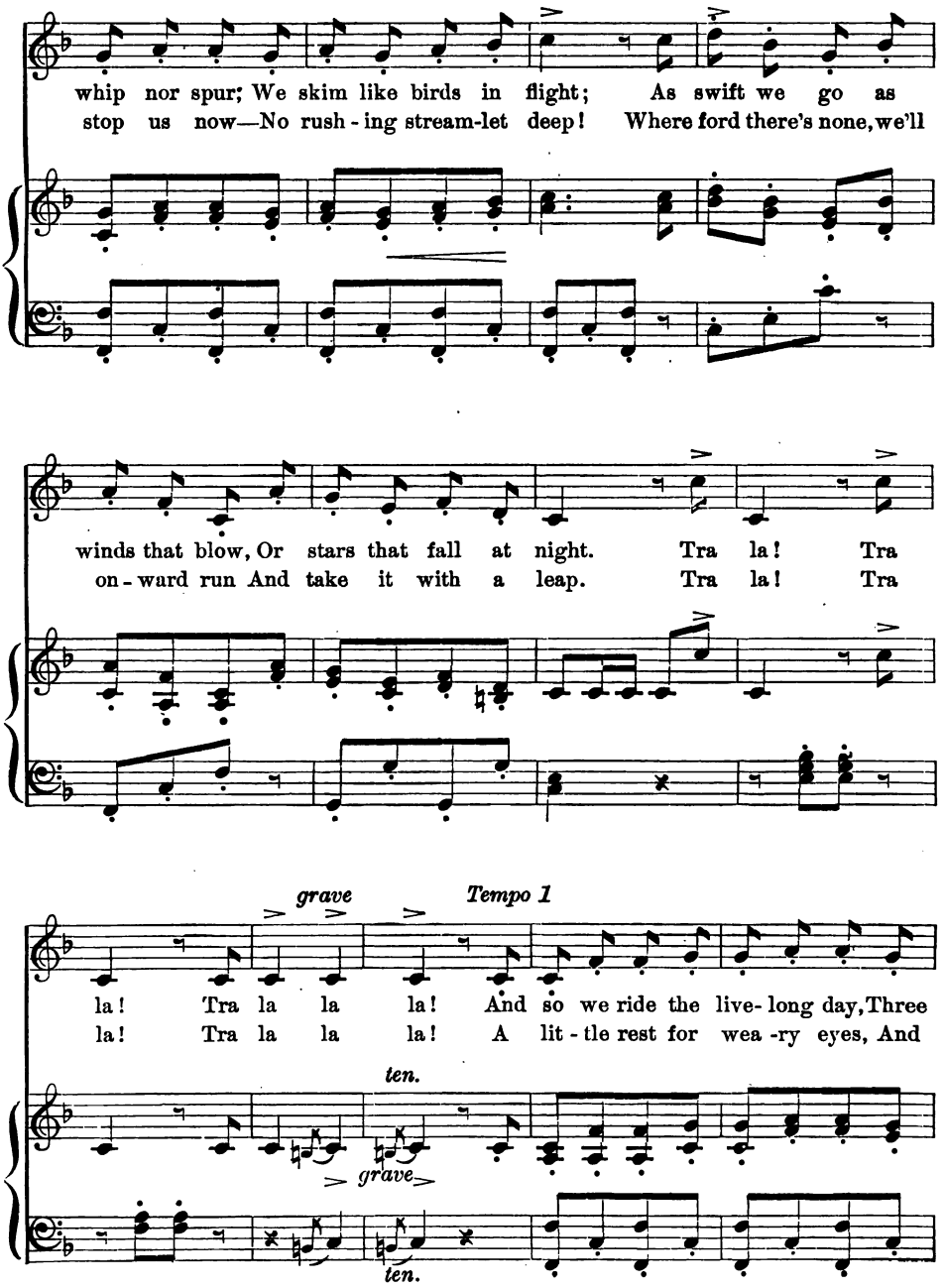
The Jolly Riders

A. J. Rückert — Simon Breu

Con moto

1. With shin-ing boots and gleaming spurs That jin-gle as we go, We ride a-way all blithe and gay—Three rid-ers in a row. Ho ho! ho ho! Ho ho ho ho ho ho! On steeds that brook not
2. With pounding hoofs we hur-ry by The marsh-y vale be-low; The hill is high, but up we fly Like ar-rows from the bow. Ho ho! ho ho! Ho ho ho ho ho ho! No wa-ters wide shall

By kind permission of August Scherl, Berlin


whip nor spur; We skim like birds in flight; As swift we go as
stop us now—No rush - ing stream-let deep! Where ford there's none, we'll
winds that blow, Or stars that fall at night. Tra la! Tra
on - ward run And take it with a leap. Tra la! Tra
grave
Tempo 1
la! Tra la la la! And so we ride the live- long day, Three
la! Tra la la la! A lit - tle rest for wea -ry eyes, And
ten.
grave
ten.

rid - ers in a row; We gai - ly trot from spot to spot And
then with morn-ing's glow, All fresh and bright we'll take our flight And

fz

sing as on we go, Ho ho! ho ho! ho ho! ho ho! ho!

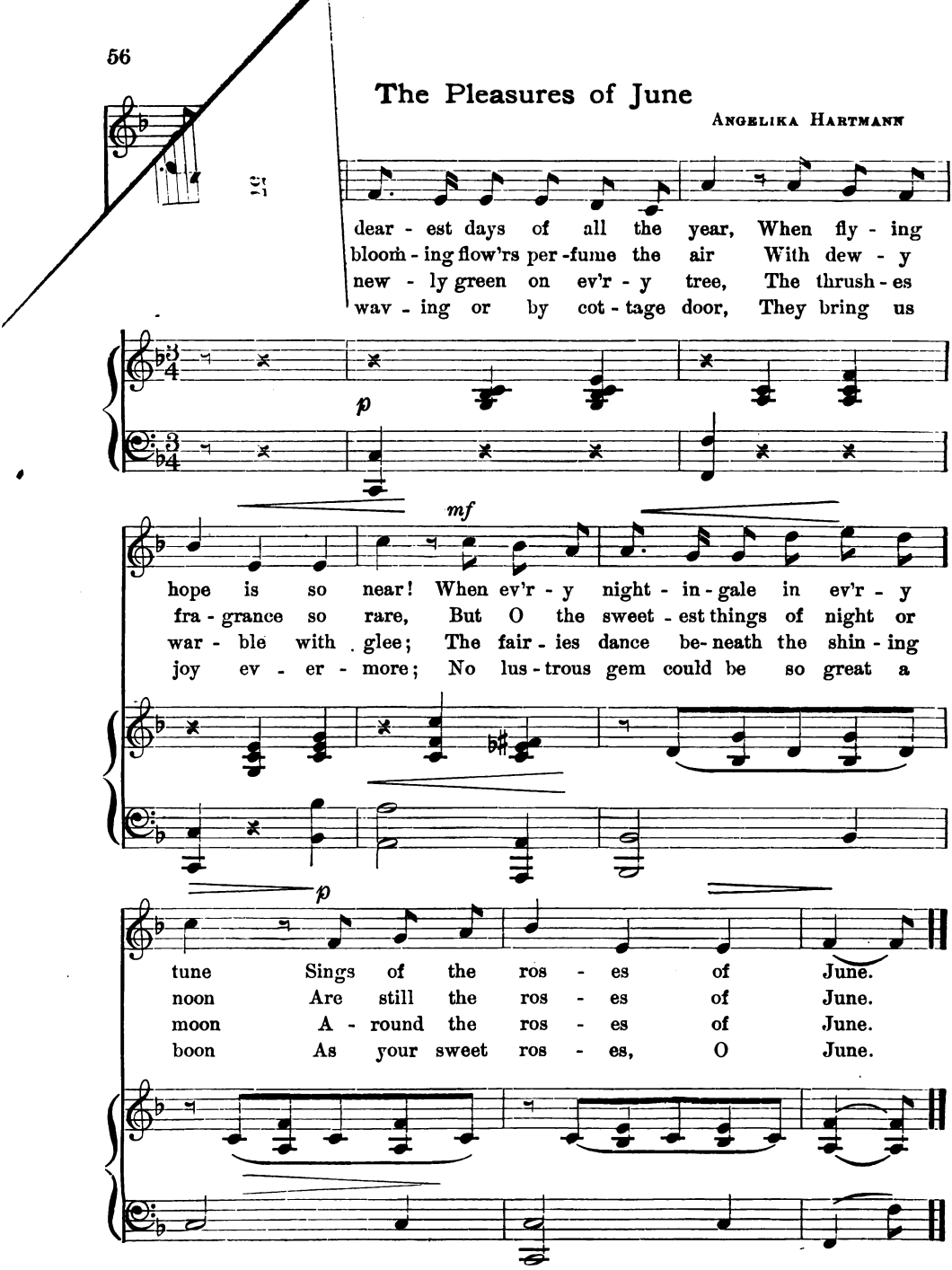
Norwegian Melody

FINE

D.C.

The Pleasures of June

ANGELIKA HARTMANN



The Coming of Spring

E. S. Belknap — Fr. Silcher

pf

1. The spring has come on dan-cing feet, At - tend - ed by her roy - al suite;
2. Ad -van-cing with a foot-step fleet, She beck-ons to the bud-ding wheat;
3. And in the pas-ture, lamb-kins bleat, Both bird and beast her pres-ence greet;

mf

I hear it from the tree - tops high, I see it in the
The hap - py blue - bird knows her voice, And hark, the rob - in
O'er hill and dale, on moor and fen, She brings the world to

f

vio - let's eye, The spring is here! The ti -dings glad let all re - peat!
sings, "Re-joice!" The spring is here! The ti -dings glad let all re - peat!
life a - gain; The spring is here! The ti -dings glad let all re - peat!

Study

Hungarian Air

Allegro molto

Going to the Fair

MARGARET JOHNSON — MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG

Gaily ; but not too fast

mf

1. The birds are sing- ing, The bells are ring - ing, There's music in all the
2. We have no mon - ey, For rib - ands bon - ny, Our clothes are the worse for
3. Come, lads and lass - es, The time it pass - es ; Step out with a roy - al

mf

ritard. *a tempo*

air, heigh - ho! As all to - geth - er, In
wear, heigh - ho! But lit - tle it mat - ters, In
air, heigh - ho! As all to - geth - er, In

ritard. *a tempo*

ritard.

gold - en weath - er, We mer - ri - ly go to the fair, heigh - ho!
silk or in tat - ters, We mer - ri - ly go to the fair, heigh - ho!
gold - en weath - er, We mer - ri - ly go to the fair, heigh - ho!

ritard.

From "St. Nicholas," by permission of THE CENTURY COMPANY

I Saw Three Ships

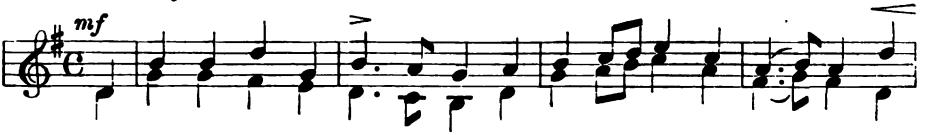
Old English

I saw three ships come sail-ing in On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day ; I

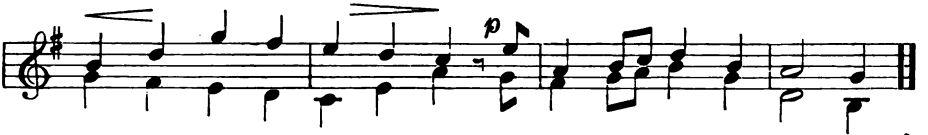
saw three ships come sail - ing in On Christ-mas Day in the morn - ing.

The Apple Tree

Translated by James Geddes — R. Schwalm



1. The prais - es of a host I sing To whom I'm much be - hold - en, His
2. The ap - ple tree's my friend- ly host, He spreads his shel- ter o'er me; More
3. The guests his spa-cious cham-bers throng Are warblers lightly wing- ing; They
4. A wel-come couch the grass -es made, I laid me down to rest me; My
5. And when my bill at last I sought, He shook his head, de - ny - ing; That

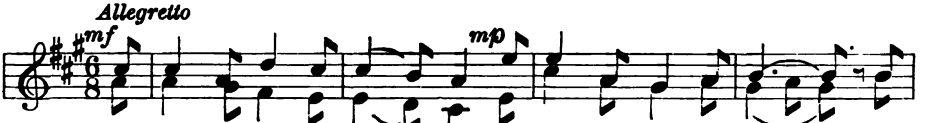


sign a bough doth gai - ly swing; It is an ap - ple gold - en.
lus - cious ban -quets none may boast Than those he sets be - fore me.
feast, and then with grate - ful song The leaf - y roof is ring - ing.
host he cov - ered me with shade That noth - ing should mo - lest me.
such a host may lack for naught Shall be my pray'r un - dy - ing.

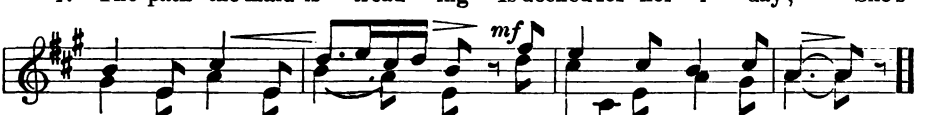
Spring

Translated from the German — Joh. Friedrich Reichardt

Allegretto

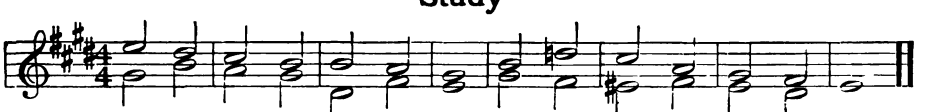


1. There comes a dain - ty maid - en A - long the foot-path way; . . With
2. The pet - als from her flow - ers She scat-ters ev'r - y - where, . They
3. The wren, the thrush, the swal - low, And all the wing -ed throng, Her
4. The path the maid is tread - ing Is decked for hol - i - day; She's

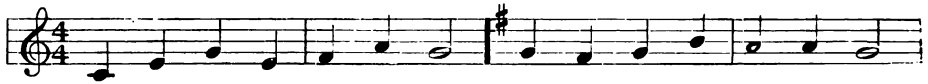


blooms her arms are lad - en, And col - ors bright and gay.
fall in ros - y show - ers And scent the balm - y air.
dan - cing fig - ure fol - low A - wak -ened in - to song:
brides-maid at the wed - ding Of Morn-ing and the May.

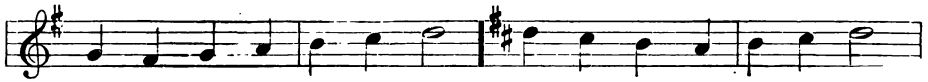
Study



Modulation by Sharp Four



sol · do



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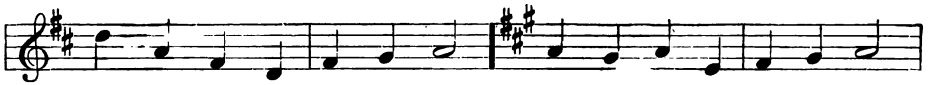
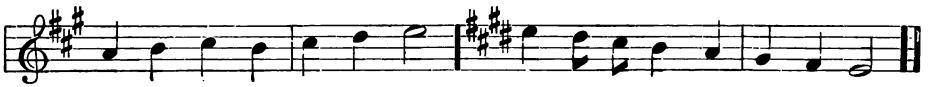
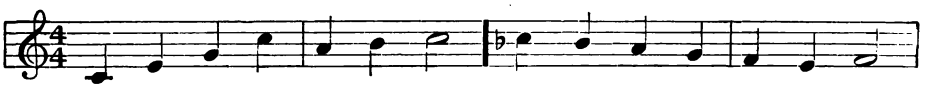


sol - do



sol - do

Modulation by Flat Seven



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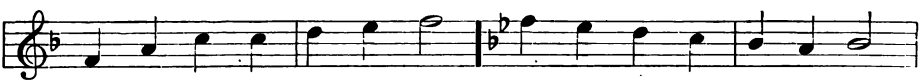

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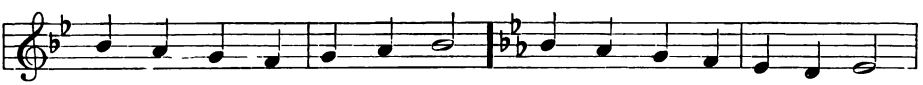
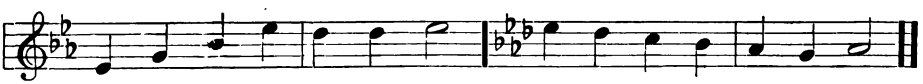


do - sol

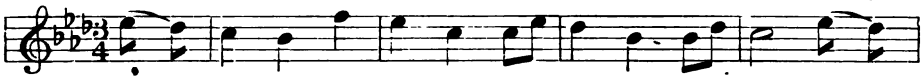


do sol

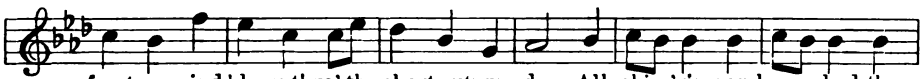
Songs Showing Transient Modulation by Sharp Four

Autumn Song

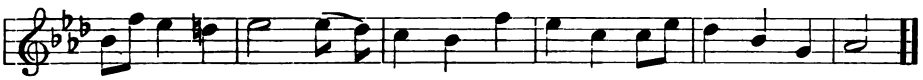
Words from the German — Styrian Folksong



1. Thro' the val - ley comes drift- ing the fog-wreath so gray, And the
2. The flow'rs in the gar - den are with-ered and dead, The
3. And all the dear swal- lows that rest in our eaves Have



frost- y wind blows thro' the short autumn day. All shiv-'ring and na - ked the
sun ris - es mist - y, and wea - ry, and red; The fields all are emp - ty, the
flown far a - way with the gay autumn leaves; "Good luck to you, birdlings! wher-

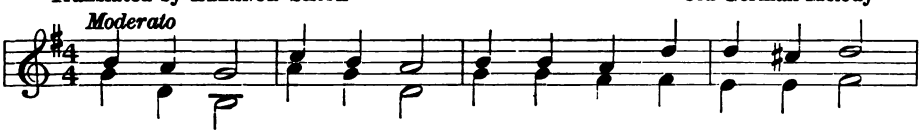


ap - ple-trees stand, For the sum-mer is van-ished and gone from our land.
woodland is drear, There is frost on the mead-ow and win - ter is near.
ev - er you fly, With spring you'll come back to our vales by and by."

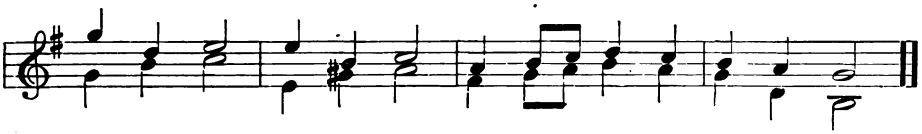
The Praise of God in Nature

Translated by Eleanor Smith — Old German Melody

Moderato



1. Mid-night sky Clear and high, Tell how ma - ny stars there be;
2. Deep blue sea Wide and free, Say how ma - ny drops there be;
3. Green wood tree, Mead and lea, Tell how ma - ny leaves there be;
4. Time, O say, Year and day, Say how ma - ny hours there be;



Myr - iads, child, Glimm'ring mild, Praise the Lord un - ceas - ing - ly.
Myr - iads flow To and fro, Praise the Lord un - ceas - ing - ly.
Myr - iads bright, Day and night, Praise the Lord un - ceas - ing - ly.
Num - ber - less Pass and bless, Bless the Lord un - ceas - ing - ly.

The Wise Professor

MALCOLM DOUGLAS

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

mp Fast

There was an old Pro - fess - or who was won - drous wise 'and

mp

An old Pro - fess - or once was won - drous wise . .

deep, And not - ed was his rec - i - pe to make the rest - less

. . and deep, And not - ed was his rec - i - pe to make you

p

sleep; "Each night when in your lit - tle bed," said he, "hum o'er and o'er,

p

sleep; "When in your bed," said he, "hum o'er and o'er,

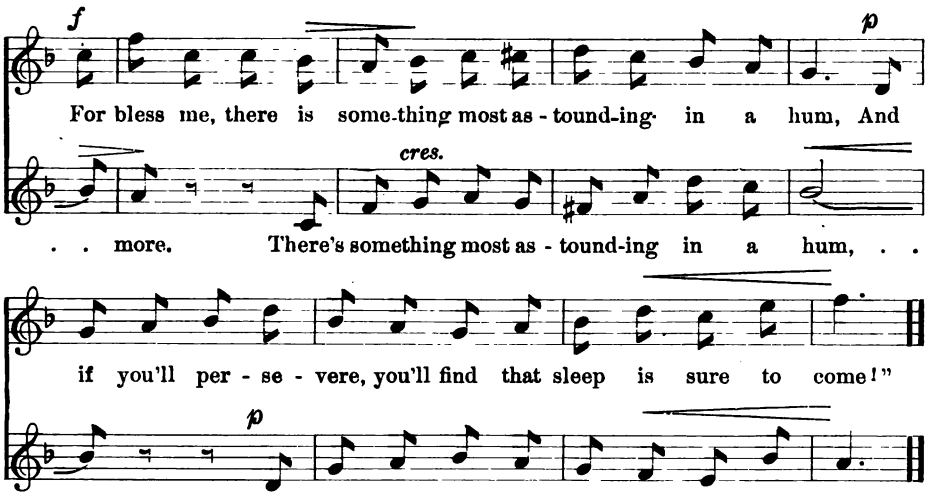
mf

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do, un - til you know no more,

mf

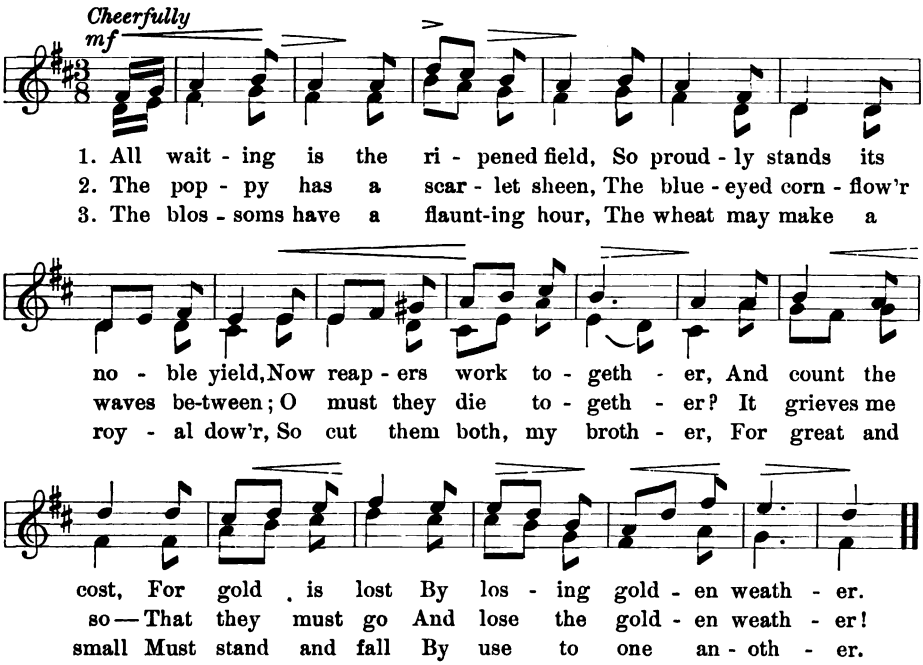
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, un - til you know no more, no

By kind permission of THE CENTURY COMPANY



Reapers' Song

KATE FORMAN KARL ZUSCHNEID



Autumn Song

R. A. Gatty — Alfred Scott Gatty

Andante *p*

1. Rain-drops pat - ter on the walks, Heav - i - ly fall the show-ers;
2. Cru - el - ly the cold wind blows, Pit - i - less storms are rain-ing;

Life - less droop the bro - ken stalks O - ver their scat - ter'd flow - ers;
Gath - er not that lin-g'ring rose, Last of the year re - main - ing.

Trem-bling tears the lil - y weeps, Fad - ed the ros - es shiv - er,
It shall bloom for you and me, Cheer-ing the days of sor - row;

O'er the wall the i - vy creeps; It will be green for - ev - er.
Faith-ful sign of things to be, Sign of a hap - py mor - row.

Chorus *mf*

Ah, for sum-mer's pass - ing day! Ah, for the leaf - y bow - ers!

Ah, for all so sweet and gay! Ah, for the sun - ny hours!

In Winter

Bayard Taylor

The val - ley stream is fro - zen, The hills are cold and bare; The

wild white bees of win- ter Swarm in the darkened air, Swarm in the darkened air.

Weeds and Flowers

JOHN VANCE CHENEY — JOHN MARTIN

Andante

The flow'rs are loved, the weeds are spurn'd, But for them both the suns are burn'd;

p *poco rit.* *p*

And when at last they fail the day, The long night folds them all a - way.

p *poco rit.* *p*

By kind permission of the author

Prayer

FRIEDRICH SILCHER

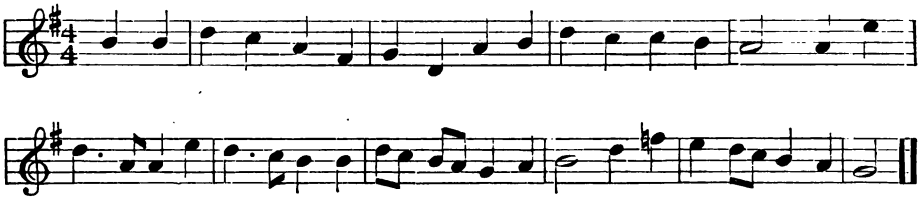
Moderato

1. When life seems dark and dreary, In trou-ble's night, To trav-'lers worn and wea - ry, Send Thou Thy light. Thy faith - ful light to cheer us A - long the way, Oh, Lord, do Thou be near us, Thy chil - dren pray.
2. When skies loom black with sorrow, Thy guiding hand Will lead us till the mor -row, Thro' des - ert land. Tho' stub - born and un - heed - ing, We go a - stray, Our feet a -gain Thou'rt lead- ing In wis - dom's way.
3. Oh, Lord, do not for- sake us, We call to Thee When night and fear o'er- take us, Oh, set us free, And bring us to the dwell - ing Of per - fect peace, Where joy is ev - er well- ing, And sin shall cease.

Transient Modulations by Flat Seven

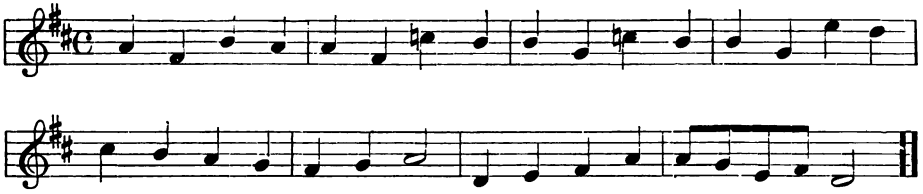
1

J. Junghæus



2

J. M. Courtney



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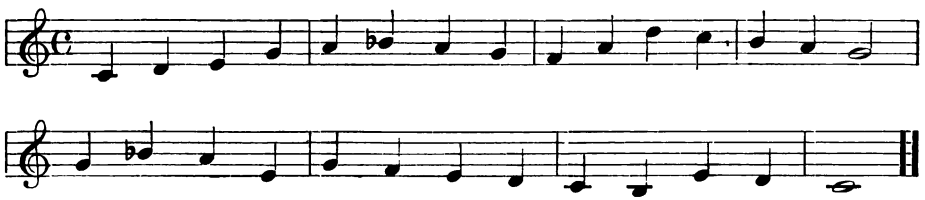

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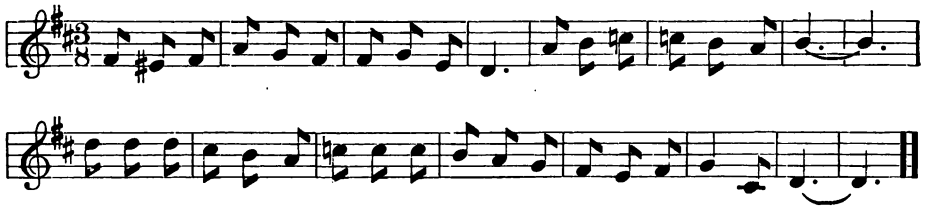

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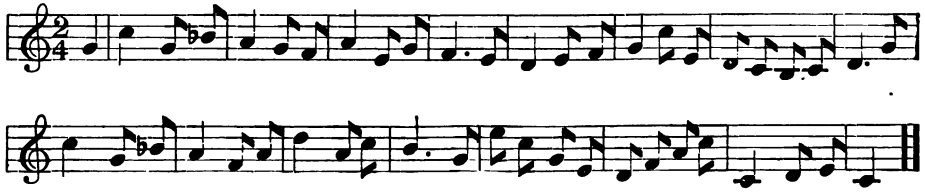


The Fox Hunt

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES — Old Irish Ballad

Quickly, with spirit

mf

1. The first morn - ing in March in the year thir - ty - three, There was
2. When they start - ed bold Rey - nard, he faced Till - a - more, Thro'
3. With the hounds at his heels ev'r - y inch of the way, He

frol - ic and fun in our own coun - try; The
Wick - low and Ark - low a - long the sea - shore; There he
led us by sun - set right in - to Ros - crea; Here he

King's County hunt o - ver meadows and rocks Most no - bly set out in the
brisked up his brush with a laugh, and says he, "'Tis might-y re-fresh- ing, this
ran up a chim-ney and off of the top, The rogue he cried out for the

CHORUS

f

search of a fox. Tal - ly ho! hark a - way! Tal - ly -
breeze from the sea." Tal - ly ho! hark a - way! Tal - ly -
hunt - ers to stop From their loud hark a - way! Tal - ly -

ho! hark a-way! Tal - ly ho! hark a - way, my boys, a - way! hark a-way!

Study

The Teamster and the Boatman

George Westpark
Adapted from Reinach

H. W. Loomis

mp *Andante* *allegro giocoso* *mf*

1. Where goes the team - ster? He drives his wag - on thro' the street, And
2. Where is the boat - man? He stands be - side the riv - er gate, And
3. Up comes the team - ster.— His wag-on's piled with box - es high Till
4. What said the boat - man? The boat-man said: "You'll pay as fare Some
5. "Good," said the team - ster, "You hon - est man, the bargain's fair, Lift
6. Then said the boat - man: "With so much air, the wind we'll raise To

mp *ritard.* *ritard.*

cracks his whip at hors - es' feet, That strike a pace that's hard to beat,
says: "I have not long to wait, Come, hur - ry, or you'll be too late!"
it would seem they'd touch the sky; The lust - y boat - man heaved a sigh.
goods from ev'r - y box that's there Or we'll not leave the riv - er stair."
up each lid to see my ware." But naught was there but emp - ty air!
fill my sails; my luck I praise, 'Tis one of my red - let - ter days!"

a tempo *f* *ff*

Hey hil - ly - ho! Hey hil - ly - ho! Hey hil - ly - ho! Hel - lo!

Morning Song

H. W. L.

H. W. L.

p *Allegro espressivo* *pp* *mp*

1. The morn, with ros - y fin - gers Has touch'd the sleep-er's eyes, While
2. How mu - sic - al the meas - ures Of rob - in's wak - ing lay! — A
3. A di - a - mond is spar - kling On ev'r - y blade of grass; A
4. The morn-ing - glo - ry's chal - ice In - vites the hum-ming-bird; He
5. The lake is still a - slum - ber, Her blush-ing cheek, I wis, Will

mf *p* *rall.*

dew - y fra - grance lin - gers In vales where dusk still lies.
fore - taste of the pleas - ures That crowd a sum - mer day.
jew - el for the pluck - ing, A fair - y's look - ing - glass.
sips a drop of nec - tar, And breathes a grate - ful word.
dim - ple in - to smil - ing, When comes the zeph - yr's kiss.

The Swallow

EDWIN ARNOLD — ELEANOR SMITH

Allegretto

p

Gal - lant and gay in their doub - lets gray, All at a flash, like the

dart - ing of flame, Chat - ter - ing Ar - a - bic, Af - ri - can, In - dian,

Cer - tain of spring-time The swal - lows come. Doub-lets of gray silk and

sur - coats of pur - ple, and ruffs of rus - set round

mf

each lit - tle throat, Wear-ing such garb they had crossed the wa - ters—

p poco rit.

Mar - i - ners sail - ing with nev - er a boat.

Triplets

1

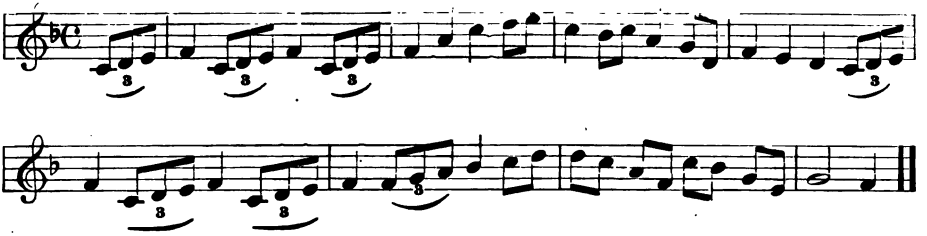
Shim-mer-ing light, glim-mering bright, Tin-kle the waves, Az - ure and white.

2

Ra - di - ant far, beau-ti - ful star, Shine on a-bove us, Wonder-ful star!

Triplets

1



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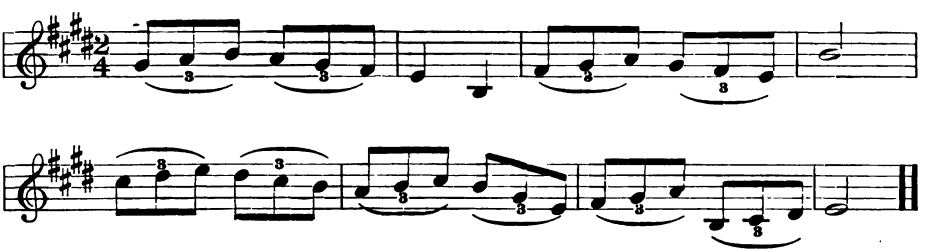

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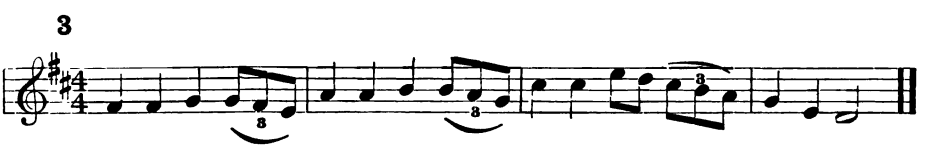

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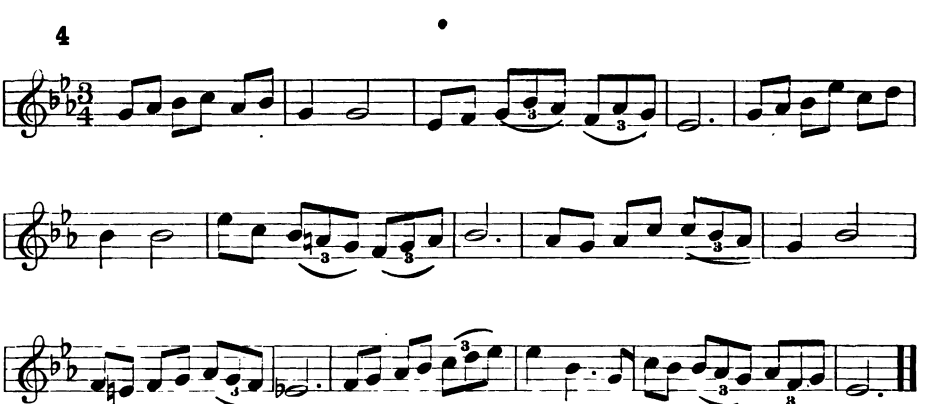
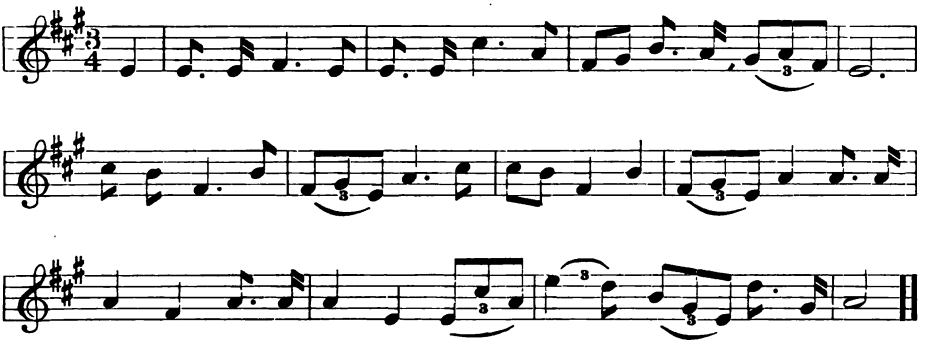


Melodies Illustrating Triplets

1

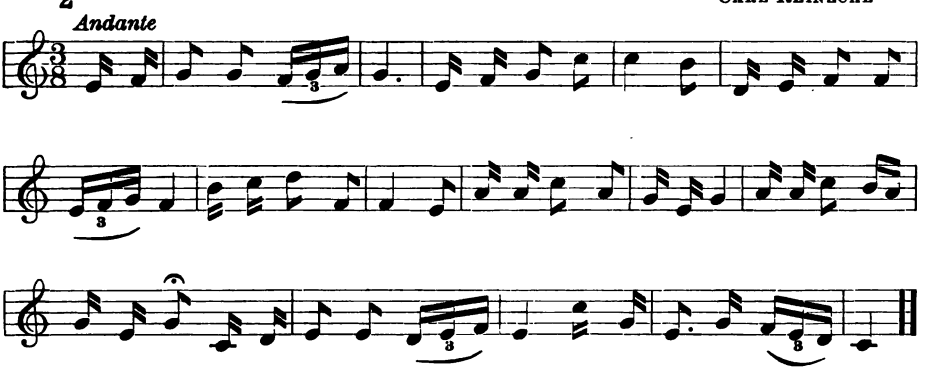
E. Taubert



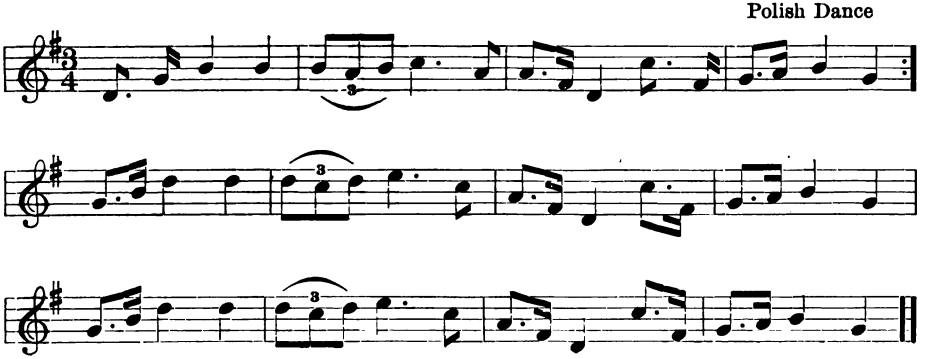
2

Carl Reinecke

Andante



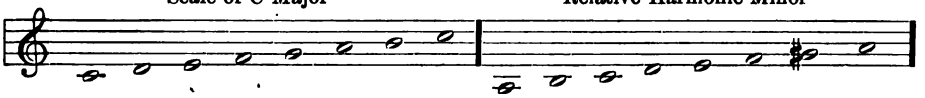
Polish Dance



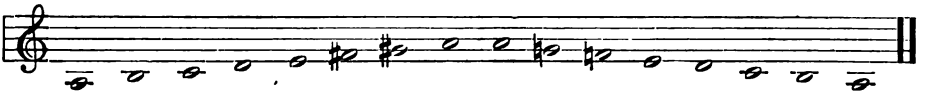
Major and Minor Scales Contrasted

Scale of C Major

Relative Harmonic Minor



Relative Melodic Minor

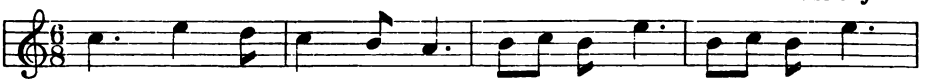


The Old Chateau

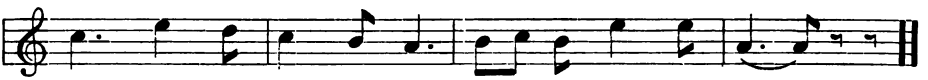
Melody in A Minor

From the French

French Melody



1. Who built the old cha - teau? (Dance and sing, dance and sing!)
2. Who owned the old cha - teau? (Dance and sing, dance and sing!)
3. Who lost the old cha - teau? (Dance and sing, dance and sing!)

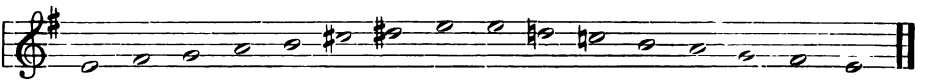


Come, tell me, you who know. Char - le - magne the king

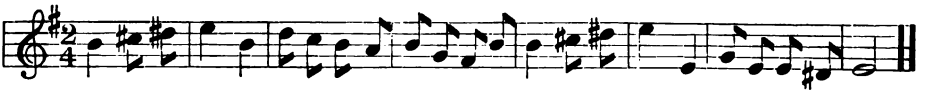
Scale of G Major

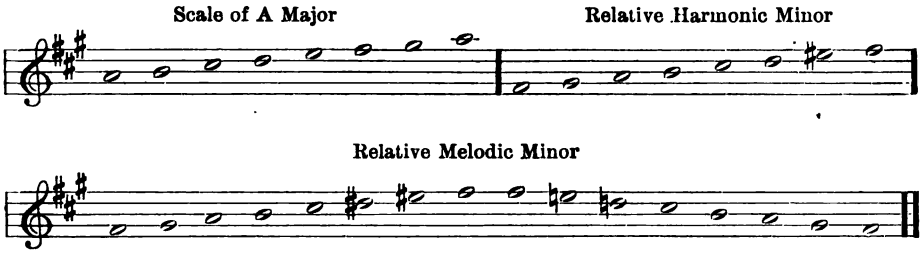
Relative Harmonic Minor

Relative Melodic Minor



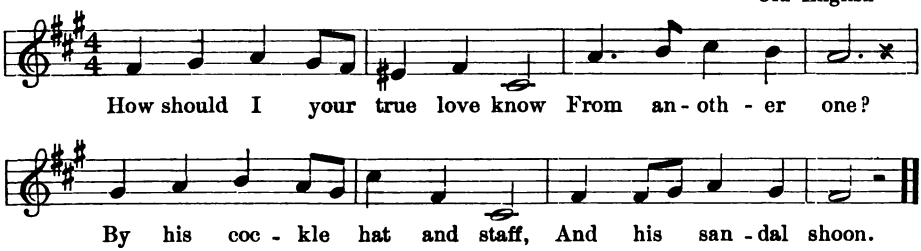
Melody in E Minor

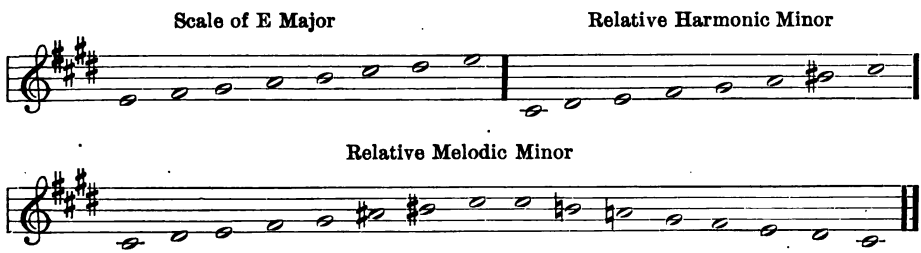




Melody in F-Sharp Minor

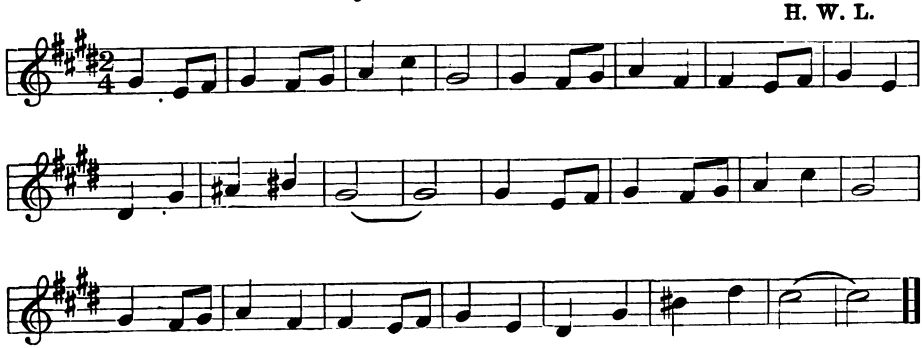
Old English



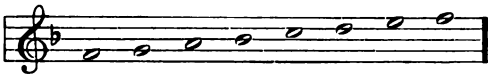


Melody in C-Sharp Minor

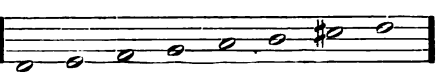
H. W. L.



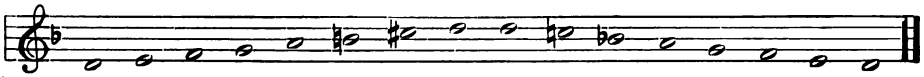
Scale of F Major



Relative Harmonic Minor

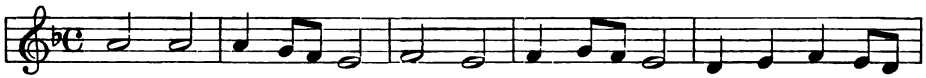


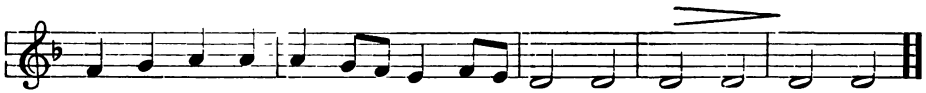
Relative Melodic Minor



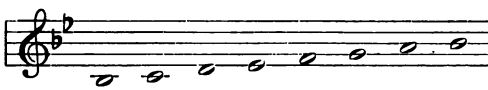
Melody in D Minor

Old Swedish Lullaby

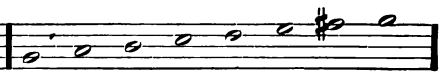




Scale of B♭ Major



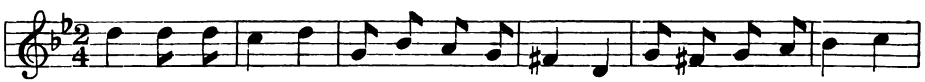
Relative Harmonic Minor

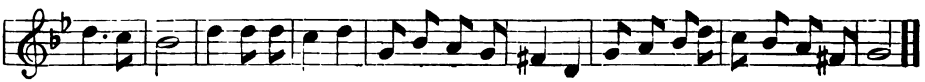


Relative Melodic Minor

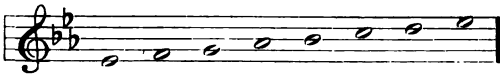
Melody in G Minor

Russian Tune

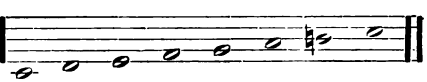




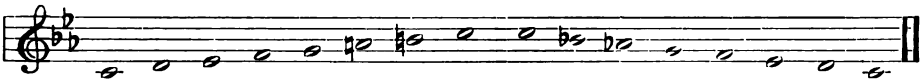
Scale of E♭ Major



Relative Harmonic Minor



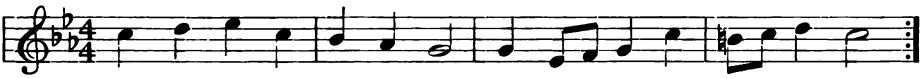
Relative Melodic Minor



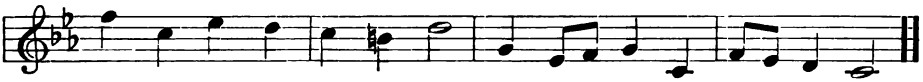
Melody in C Minor

W. Oldys

Old English

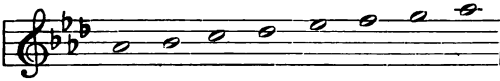


Bus - y, cu -rious, thirst -y fly, Drink with me and drink as I.
Free - ly wel -come to my cup, Couldst thou sip and sip it up.

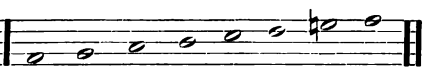


Make the most of life you may: Life is short and wears a - way.

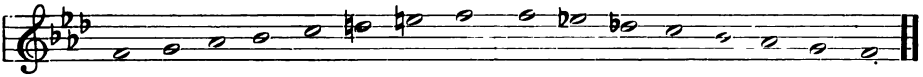
Scale of A♭ Major



Relative Harmonic Minor



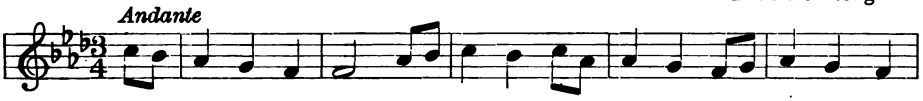
Relative Melodic Minor

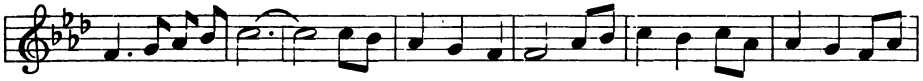


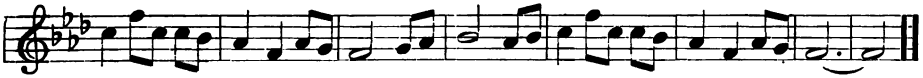
Melody in F Minor

Irish Folksong

Andante







Soldier Song

KATE FORMAN — Old Irish Air

Tempo di marcia

mf

1. The bu - gle calls, we march a - way; The sun is red at
2. My heart is young, my heart is true, My arm is strong to
3. Fair homes are smil - ing in the light, The rip - ened grain is

break of day; O red are the fields where I must stay, My
dare and do; Then what can I do but die for you, My
wav - ing bright, But cru - el war brings cru - el blight, My

p

na - tive land, to meet your foe. Sad, sad, the part-ing pain;
na - tive land, whose flag I bear? Drear, drear, our marching song;
na - tive land, and ru - in too. Long, long the strife may be—

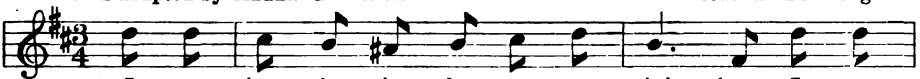
We may nev - er meet a - gain, And I pray that the strife be
Forth to war we haste a - long; Since the land of my heart has
Strife for home and lib - er - ty; If my life is the boon to

not in vain. My na - tive land, for you I go! . .
suf - fered wrong, My na - tive land, your wrong I share!
make you free, My na - tive land, I die for you!

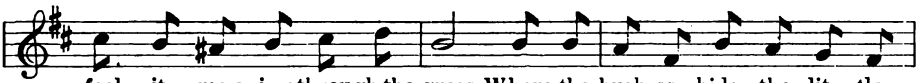
Canon

Winds in Autumn

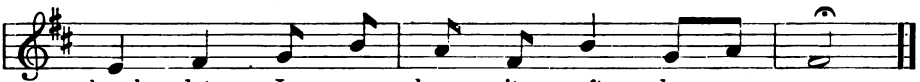
Words adapted by HELEN GOODRICH — Russian Folksong



1. I can hear it in the tree - tops sigh - ing, I can
2. It is mur-m'ring of the au - tumn sad - ness, Of the



feel it mov - ing through the grass, Where the bush-es hide the lit - tle
dark and wea - ry win - ter days— Wilt thou come a - gain, oh bless-ed

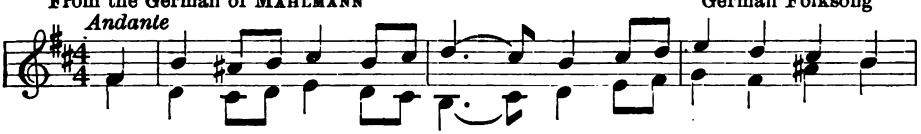


brook - let, I can hear it soft - ly pass.
spring - time, With thy songs of joy and praise.

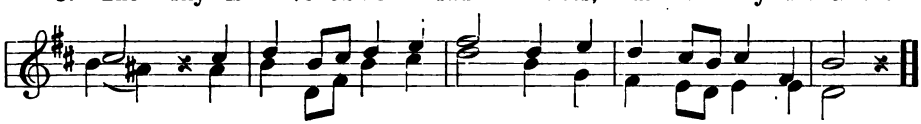
Autumn Days

From the German of MAHLMANN — German Folksong

Andante

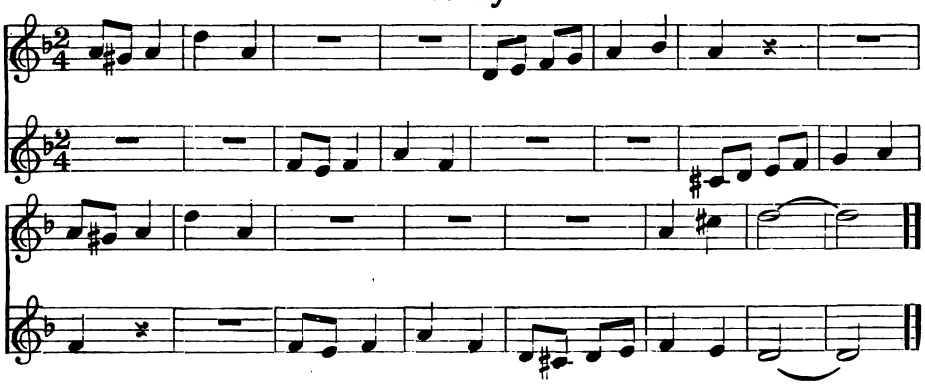


1. The au - tumn leaves are fall - ing; They bid the trees good -
2. When sum - mer has de - part - ed, The woods are void and
3. The sky is veiled in sad - ness, But dim - ly shines the



bye, For moth-er earth is call - ing—They know that they must die.
still, The song-less birds have start - ed For haunts less bare and chill.
sun; The hours have lost their glad- ness; The year will soon be done.

Study



Autumn Winds

From the Russian
Words adapted by HELEN GOODRICH

Russian Folksong

Moderato

p

1. Au - tumn winds are fit - ful - ly wail - ing,
2. Now o'er tree - tops, on - ward they're fly - ing,
3. Sum - mer, thou art fair, with thy flow - ers,

p

Leaves are light - ly o'er the mead - ows sail - ing; All through
Where the snow up - on the hills is ly - ing; Flit - ting
With thy sun - shine and thy pleas - ant show - ers; Au - tumn

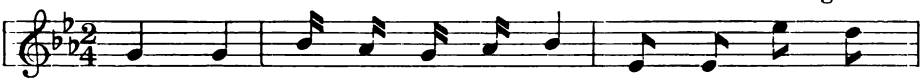
sum - mer's bright weath - er, Soft they whis - pered to - geth - er.
through with - ered sedg - es, By the brook-let's fro - zen edg - es.
comes with her cry - ing, All thy joy is turned to sigh - ing.

FINE

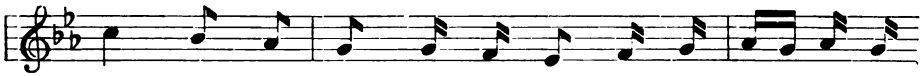
The Sub-divided Beat

Huntsman and Fox

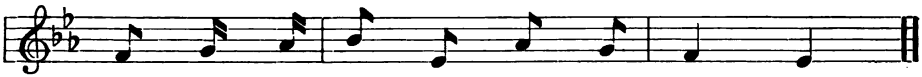
Old English



1. Will, Will, jol - ly Hunts-man Will, Rose the hounds to
2. Fox, fox, sly old Rey - nard fox, Yawned from dreams a -



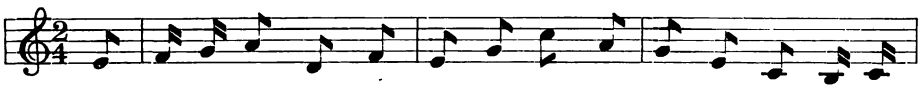
fol - low. He rode o'er the lea, O'er the heath by the
wak - ing. 'Tis ear - ly, my boys, For such poth - er and

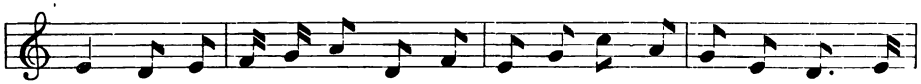


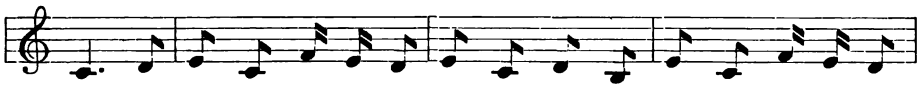
sea, O'er the hill and o'er the hol - low.
noise: Pray be still! a nap I'm tak - ing.

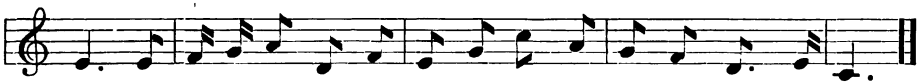
Traveller's Song

Carl Reinecke

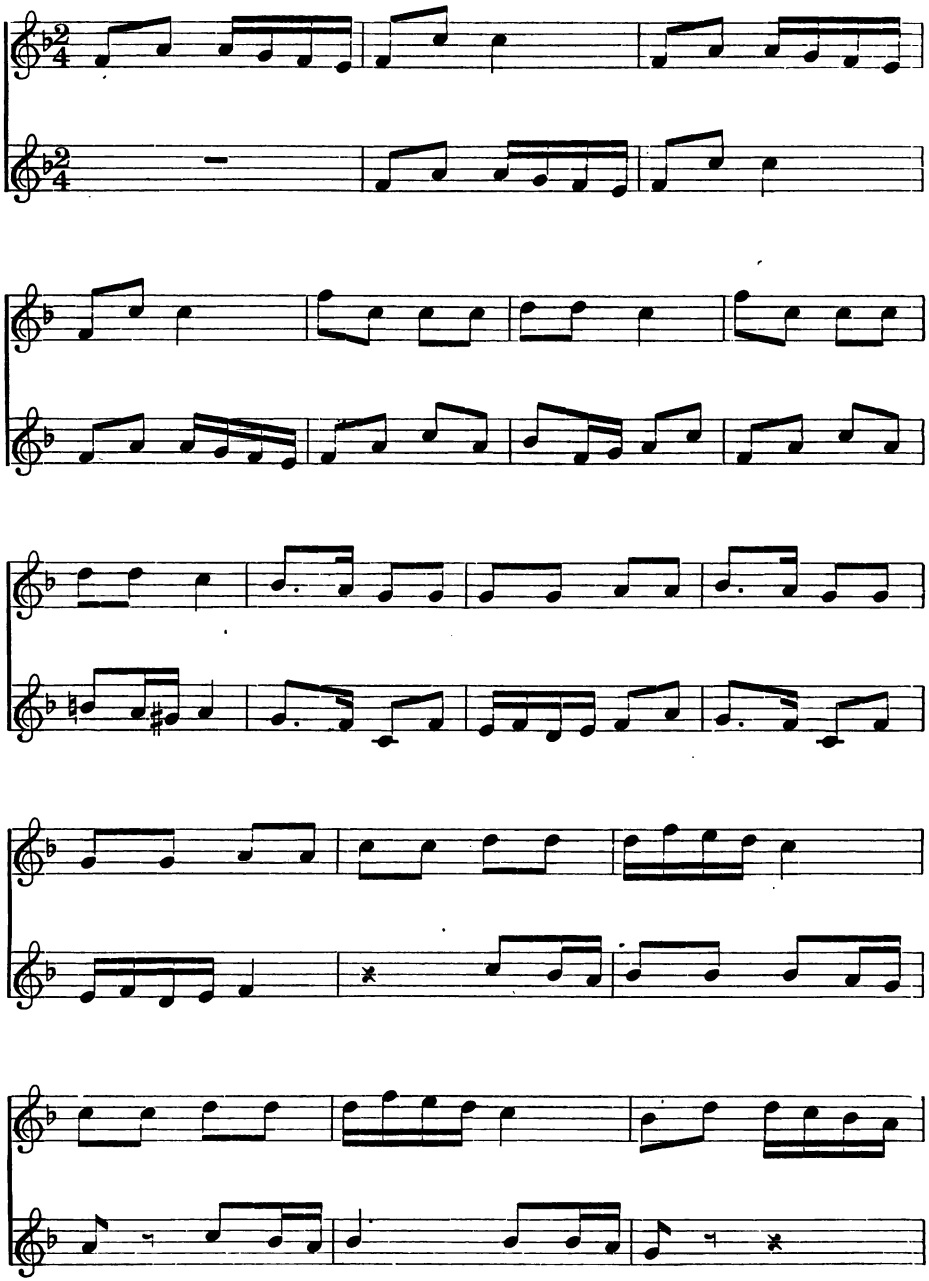


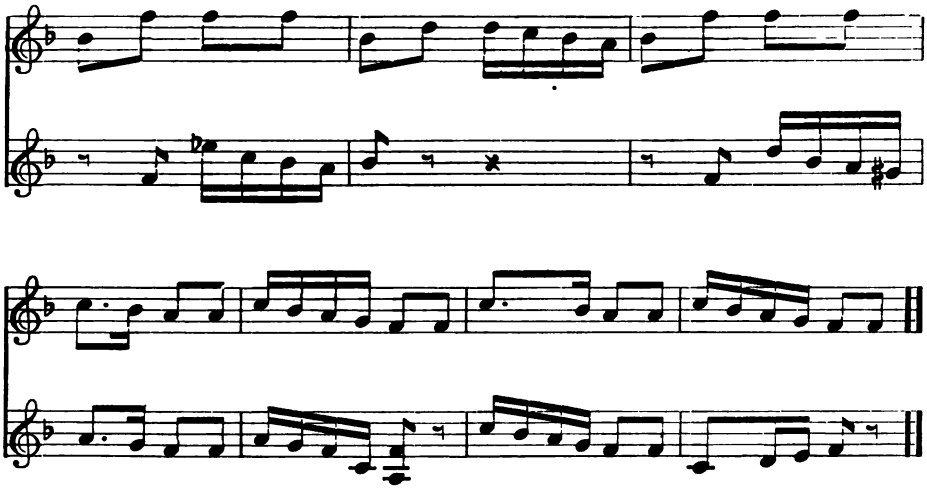






Russian Melody



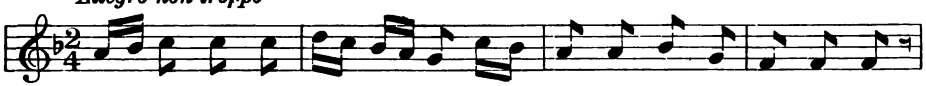


The Cossack Lad

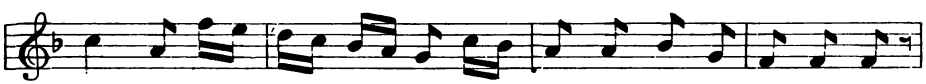
Adapted from the Russian by
LAURENCE HARPER

Folksong of Little Russia

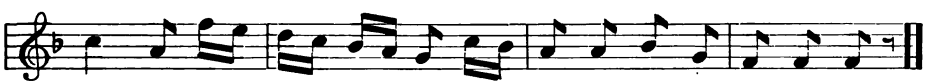
Allegro non troppo



1. Off to war the Cos - sack lad Would ev - er blithe-ly, gai - ly go;
2. Bright as day his u - ni - form, When off to fight the Turk he flies;
3. Maid- ens sweet, ye sis - ters all, Ah! weep not for the Cos-sack lad;
4. Come, my Cos-sacks, cir - cle round, We'll play the fid - dle, beat the drum,



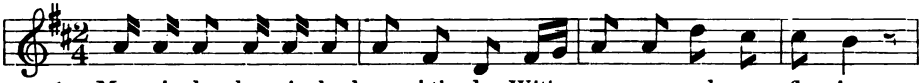
Pleas - ure and du - ty one; To stay at home, his grief and woe,
Cour - age, a might- y flame, Doth burn in heart and flash-ing eyes,
Spoil not those pret - ty eyes, But be like him as gay and glad,
False foe - man we'll de - fy; To meet us, bid the Turk to come,



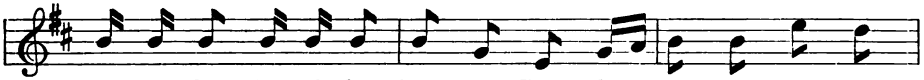
Pleas - ure and du - ty one; To stay at home, his grief and woe.
Cour - age, a might- y flame, Doth burn in heart and flash-ing eyes.
Spoil not those pret - y eyes, But be like him as gay and glad.
False foe - man we'll de - fy; To meet us, bid the Turk to come.

In Bantry Bay

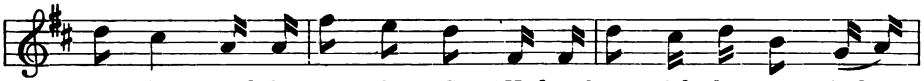
KATE FORMAN A. SCOTT GATTY



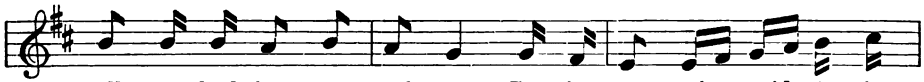
1. Mer-ri - ly, cheer-i - ly, dawned the day With ros - y col - ors fly - ing;
2. Snow-i - ly, blow-i - ly, in the air The wing-ed sails stood o'er us;
3. Thun-der-ing, blun-der-ing rose the gale And set the wa - ters roar-ing;



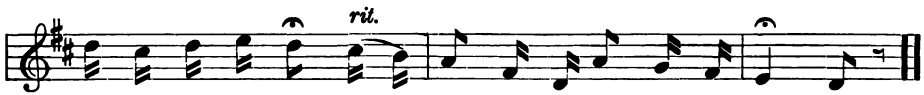
La - zi - ly, ha - zi - ly, Ban - try Bay Set ros - y waves re -
Gleam-ing - ly, scream-ing-ly, ev'r - y - where The sea - gulls fled be -
Clat - ter - ing, spat - ter-ing, sped the hail Like lead - en bul - lets



ply - ing. And the boat "Sweet Sue," Had a brave jol - ly crew, And we
fore us. And the sun was gold On the great o - cean old, And
pour - ing. But the boat blew home Like a swift bit of foam, And we

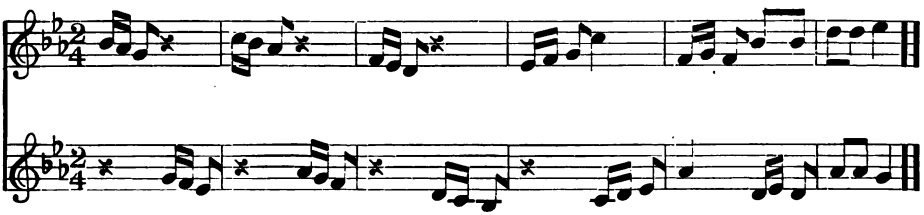


all crowd-ed in to - geth - er— But the cap - tain said As he
gold on the pur - ple heath - er, But the cap - tain said As he
all crowd-ed out to - geth - er, But the cap - tain said As he



shook his sol - emn head "I hope you've not brought storm-y weath- er."
shook his sol - emn head "I hope you've not brought storm-y weath- er."
shook his sol - emn head "It was you brought the wild storm-y weath- er."

Canon in the Third Below



Canon in Two Parts

L. Cherubini

Allegro moderato

Do do sol la mi fa sol, O what a plea-sure, O who can

Do do sol la mi fa sol, O what a

meas - ure the joy that comes from sing - ing When voi - ces sweet are

pleas - ure, O who can meas - ure the joy that comes from

ring - ing to - geth-er strong and true!

sing - ing When voi-ces sweet are ring - ing To-geth - er, strong and true!

Study

A Plate of Good Macaroni

Translated from the Italian
by Marie Vance

Neapolitan Folksong

Tempo di Tarantella

1. I'm a poor but hon - est fel - low, Friends and neigh - bors call me
2. Sol-diers off to bat - tle go - ing, Nev - er care nor sor - row
3. 'Twas a no - ble young lieu - ten - ant—Of his wealth was left no
4. Now is done the Tar - an - tel - la! Come, my charm - ing Gra - zi -

'Nel - lo; I'm a poor but hon - est fel-low, Friends and neighbors call me
show-ing, Sol - diers off to bat - tle go - ing, Nev - er care nor sor - row
rem-nant, 'Twas a no - ble young lieu-ten - ant, Of his wealth was left no
el - la, Now is done the Tar - an - tel - la; Come, my charm - ing Gra - zi -

'Nel - lo; Not a house nor hut is mine, sir! Not a
show - ing, Yet should food be scant or fail - ing, There'd be
rem - nant; In his face was hun - ger star - ing, Then the
el - la, Each an hon - est pen - ny turn - ing, We our

bed nor ta - ble fine, sir! And I'd sell my boots to
weep - ing, there'd be wail - ing, But they're nev - er sad or
coat that he was wear - ing, Ep - au - lettes—not coat a -
din - ner have been earn - ing; Come, we'll go to sup with

To - ni, All for a plate of good mac - a - ro - ni.
lone - ly When there's a plate of good mac - a - ro - ni.
lone, he Sold for a plate of good mac - a - ro - ni.
To - ni Off of two plates of good mac - a - ro - ni.

* The Tarantella is a Neapolitan dance in rapid 6-8 time.

The Saucy Salmon

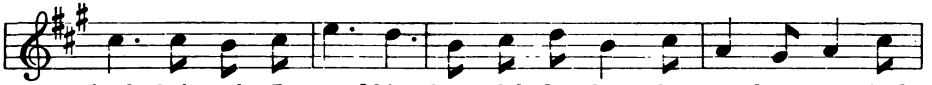
Words adapted by Kate Forman

French Folksong

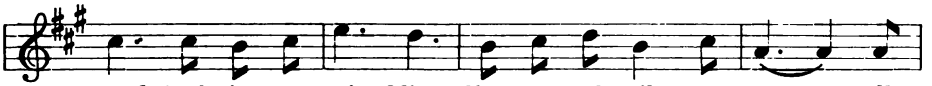
Allegretto

1. The sau - cy sal - mon saw me, Com-ing a - long with rod and line, I
2. A gleam-ing bar of sil - ver, Leap-ing a - bove the wa - ters blue! O

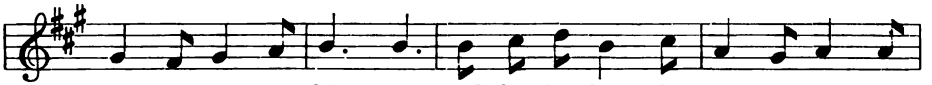
called the sau - cy sal - mon, Say-ing, "You'll soon be mine!" A
sau - cy sir, you've swal-lowed All that was of - fered you! A



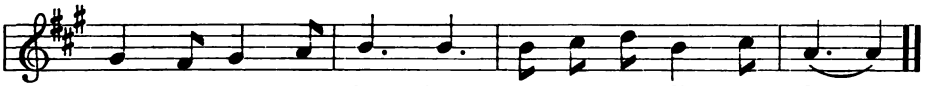
hook bait - ed, I tossed him, Scorn-ful - ly then he turned a - way, And
rough jour - ney he led me Break-ing my rod in pie - ces four! My



tossed back in a twin - kling, Show-ers of sil - ver spray. I'll
line went with my sal - mon, Nev - er I'll see them more! I'll



go no more a - fish - ing, Fol - low-ing down the rush - ing stream, I'll
go no more a - fish - ing, Fol - low-ing down the rush - ing stream, I'll

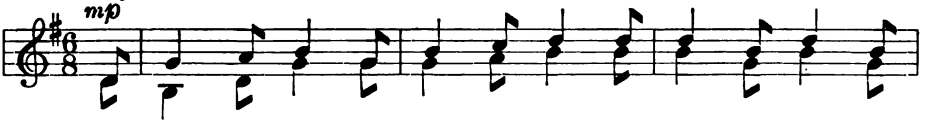


go no more a - chas - ing Aft - er a slip - p'ry dream.
go no more a - chas - ing Aft - er a bub - bly dream.

In Autumn

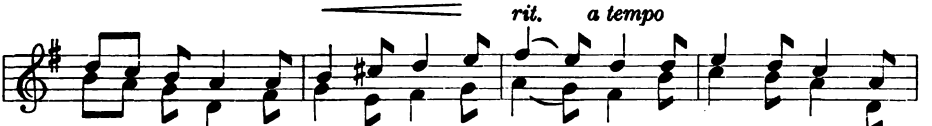
MARIE VANCE J. F. REICHARDT

Allegro
mp

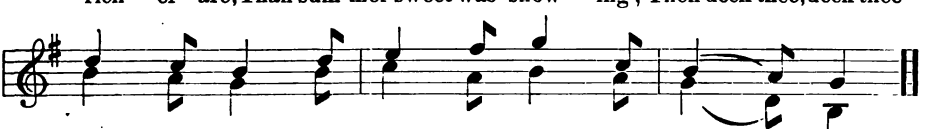


1. The hills are blue, the vale is green, The yel - low gold - en -
2. Now come the mel - low au - tumn days, The rus - set leaves in
3. Oh! au - tumn, thou art fair - er far, Thy ra - diant col - ors

rit. *a tempo*



rod is seen, And white and pur - ple as - ter. The ma - ples all are
wood-land ways, In murm'ring heaps are ly - ing. The pumpkins born a -
rich - er are, Than sum-mer sweet was show - ing; Then deck thee, deck thee



turn - ing red, The birch grows gold - en o - ver - head.
mong the corn, The mists are thick at ear - ly morn
roy - al - ly, Soon win - ter comes with snow - ing.

A Spring Shower

Words from the Danish by
LAURA E. POULSSON

F. ANDERSEN

Allegretto grazioso

mp

1. On sun - ny banks, In troops and ranks, The sweet spring flow'rs are
2. A cloud floats by, And from the sky Big sud - den drops are
3. "O wel - come rain, Come soon a - gain!" Sigh all the pret - ty

mp

bloom - ing; All blithe and gay, They nod and sway, The sun - ny air per -
pour - ing; With head-long splash, They pelt and dash, The thirst-y earth re -
flow - ers; "With-out your aid We soon should fade; We need both sun and

fum - ing. Heigh - o! heigh - o! heigh - o! heigh - o! Sweet is the air, The
stor - ing. Heigh - o! heigh - o! heigh - o! heigh - o! Sweet is the air, The
show-ers." Heigh - o! heigh - o! heigh - o! heigh - o! Sweet is the air, The

poco rit.

f

earth is most fair, New beau - ty and glad - ness a-bound ev'r - y-where.

f

The Mistletoe

KATE FORMAN — Welsh Air

Allegro moderato

mf

1. When Christ - mas Eve is al - most gone, And
2. When Christ - mas fires glow warm and red, And
3. But in the reel or gay gav - otte The

mis - tle - toe glist - ens white, And prowl - ing forms a -
mis - tle - toe shines like pearls, And ev'r - y mo - ment
mis - tle - toe we must shun, O lin - ger not be -

p

bout the fire The stock- ings fill at night.— Yule - tide,
swells the throng Of lads and laugh - ing girls— Yule - tide,
neath her leaves The sport of ev'r - y one! Yule - tide,

mf

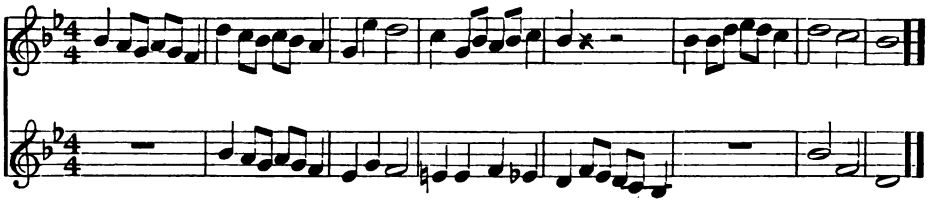
Long bide, bless us all once more, And bring a - gain the
Long bide, Let the fid - dlers play! And dance a reel, a
Long bide, Bless us one and all, And bring a - gain the

Christ - mas waits That sing a - bout the door, And
bound - ing reel, For Yule - tide must be gay, And
bound - ing reel And frol - ic round the hall, And

cres.

bring a - gain the Christ-mas waits A - round our door.
dance a reel, a bound- ing reel—We must be gay.
bring a - gain the bound- ing reel A - round the hall.

Study



Nutting Time

H. I.* MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG

mf

1. The month was Oc - to - ber, the frosts had come down;— The
2. 'Twas there with our bags and our bas - kets we went,— And
3. And, when, in the ash - es be - neath the bright flame,— On

mf

wood-lands were scar-let, and yel- low, and brown; The har-vests were gathered, the
search - ing the dry leaves we bus - i - ly bent; The chest-nuts were big, and the
eves of No-vem - ber, with laughter and game, The sweetmeats are roasted, I

nights had grown chill,—But fine was the day on the south of the hill.
beech-nuts were small,— But both sorts are wel-come to boys in the fall.
rec - ol - lect still—How fine was the day on the south of the hill.

* From "St. Nicholas", by permission of CENTURY COMPANY

The Piper of Dundee

Scotch Folksong

Allegro

1. The pip - er came to our town, To our town, to our town, The
2. He play'd "Auld Stu-art's back a-gain," To hear each loy-al heart was fain "Our

pip - er came to our town, And he played bon - ni - lie. He
Char - lie's come a - cross the main," Tho't each wi' muc - kle glee; And

play'd a spring the laird to please, A spring brent new frae yont the seas, And
some gat swords, and some gat nane, And some were dan-cing by their lane, And

then he gae his pipes a wheeze And play'd an - ith - er key. And
mo - ny a sol - emn vow was ta'en, That night at A - mul - rie. And

was na he a ro - guey, a ro - guey, a ro - guey, And

was na he a ro - guey, The pip - er of Dun - dee?

A German Folksong

Allegro

Harvest Home

Old English

Joyfully

mf

1. Our oats they are hoed and our bar - ley's reaped; Our
2. We plowed and we sowed in the heat and wet, We
3. With jui - cy red ap - ples o'er - flows the bin, The
4. Now thanks be to God for our har - vest store, For

f

hay is mowed, and our nuts are heaped. Come, boys, come,
earned our bread in our fore - head's sweat. Come, boys, come,
wheat and the corn are all gath - ered in. Come, boys, come,
gold that lies deep on our thresh - ing - floor. Come, boys, come,

ff

Come, boys, come, And mer - ri - ly sing out Har - vest home.

Rose and Bee

Margaret Van Dyke

L. Erk

Allegretto
dolce.

1. Ros - y flow'r, now tell me true, Why the bee that comes to sue,
2. All your sweets you grant him free, Ne'er a groat to pay has he;
3. Rose - bud an - swers, "Learn of me, How the giv - er blest shall be;
4. "Gold his rest - less feet do bring, Treas - ure from his wan - der - ing;

mf

cres.

Why the brown bee, fly - ing o - ver Fields of thyme and
Why your store of spi - cy hon - ey Do you grant when
Free I grant each wing - ed rov - er Nec - tar sweet, and
Price - less gift to ev'r - y flow - er Grown in field or

fields of clo - ver Has his will with you?
nev - er mon - ey Pays the rob - ber bee?
fra - grant cov - er Find - eth ev'r - y bee."
gar - den bow - er, Bears each buzz - ing wing."

Good Cheer

Old English

Allegretto

1. Tho' mea - ger be our crust of bread, Tho' hard and nar - row be our bed, Tho' hith - er, thith - er we must roam, Con - tent - ed hearts are aye at home. So whis - tle, whis - tle, whis - tle, broth - er, Thro' the sum - mer's dust and heat, So whis - tle, whis - tle, whis - tle, broth - er, 'Mid the win - ter's cold and sleet.
2. Tho' long and hard the poor folk's day With muc - kle work and lit - tle play, No treas - ure can they hope to find So pre - cious as a hap - py mind. So whis - tle, whis - tle, whis - tle,
3. O, life is full of grief and woe! We meet dull care wher - e'er we go; But cheer - ful - ly he'll take his part Who has the sun with - in his heart. So whis - tle, whis - tle, whis - tle,

* This refrain may also be whistled, if precise pitch is maintained.

Studies in Syncopation

1

2

March

ELIZABETH NOXON

FR. V. HOLSTEIN

Allegretto mf

1. I heard her sharp-ly chid - ing—Her voice was shrill and loud; She
2. She gai - ly flew to bring me Green grass-es for my feet, Then
3. She set the trees a - roar - ing, And fight - ing with the air; The
4. But in her i - cy pleas-ure, Her buds so safe and warm, Like

dim.

stood a - loft and rid - ing A wild wind - drift - ed cloud, A
blew a gale to sting me With bit - ing darts of sleet, With
school-boy's hat went soar - ing And flop - ping ev'r - y - where, And
fold - ed gold - en treas - ure Are shield - ed from the storm, Are

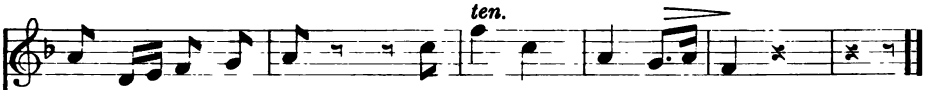
dim.

p *cres.*

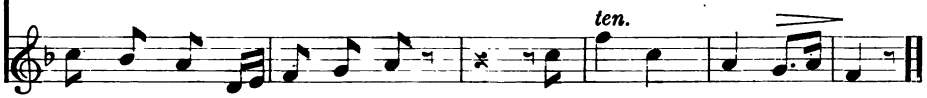
wild wind - drift - ed cloud. O March! O March, on win - ter's
bit - ing darts of sleet. O March! O March, you change-ful
flop - ping ev'r - y - where. O March! O March, your laugh - ter's
shield - ed from the storm. O March! O March of ten - der

p *p* *cres.*

O March! . O March, on
O March! . O March, you
O March! . O March, your
O March! . O March of



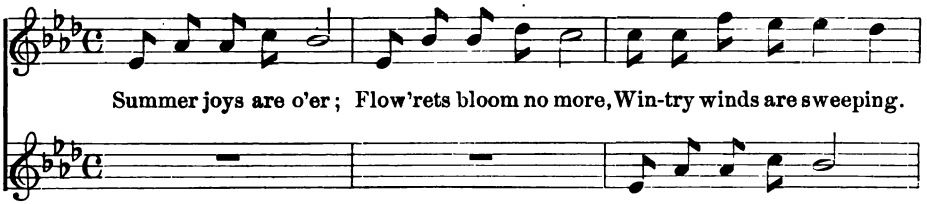
heart how strong your hold! O March, so bright and cold!
Queen with cloud-y crown! O March of smile and crown!
rude, your mirth is keen, O March! the whirl - wind Queen!
heart and sur - ly mien. O March, our mad - cap Queen!



win - ter's heart how strong your hold! O March, so bright and cold.
change-ful Queen with cloud-y crown! O March of smile and frown.
laugh-ter's rude, your mirth is keen, O March! the whirl - wind Queen!
ten - der heart and sur - ly mien, O March, our mad - cap Queen!

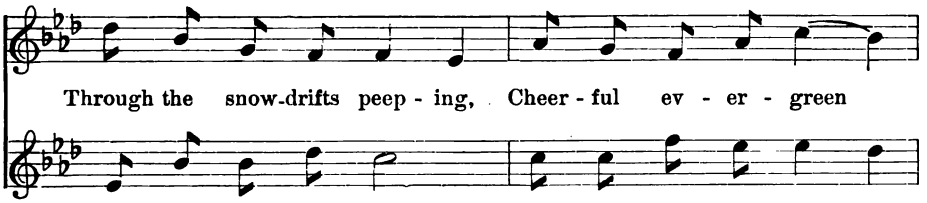
Winter Song

LUDWIG HOLTY CHARLES CORNISH



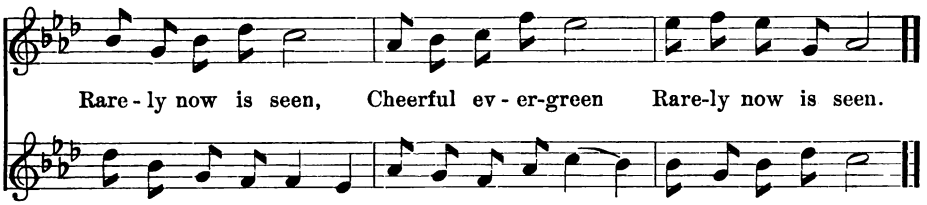
Summer joys are o'er; Flow'rets bloom no more, Win-try winds are sweeping.

Summer joys are o'er;



Through the snow-drifts peep - ing, Cheer - ful ev - er - green

Flow - 'rets bloom no more, Win - try winds are sweep - ing,



Rare - ly now is seen, Cheerful ev - er-green Rare-ly now is seen.

Thro' the snowdrifts peeping, Cheerful ev - er - green Rare-ly now is seen.

The Tree

Anonymous — J. M. Courtney

1. Dear lit - tle tree that we plant to - day, What will you
2. Dear lit - tle tree that we plant to - day, What will you

be when we're old and gray? "The sav - ing's - bank of the
be when we're old and gray? "The school - boy's lad - der in

squir-rel and mouse, For rob - in and nut-hatch a high, leaf - y house;
pleas - ant June, The school - girl's tent in the mid-sum-mer noon;

The dress - ing - room for the but - ter - fly's ball, The
And my leaves shall whis - per them mer - ri - ly A

lo - cust's and ka - ty - did's con - cert - hall."
tale of the chil - dren who plant - ed me."

Babette, the Flower Girl

Victor N. Pierpont — French Melody

Allegretto

1. In from the vil - lage At dawn she brings her pet - aled ware, En -
2. Each sum-mer morn- ing I seek the fra - grant mar - ket - stall, And
3. Ros - es and li - lies, Sweet mer-chandise to sell, Ba - bette! O

sconced on the stone bridge Be - side the riv - er - stair.
gaze at the flow - ers, And wait to hear her call.
fair ev'r - y blos - som, But you are fair - er yet.

Let the Hills Sing

SENTENCE

ELEANOR SMITH

Andante

Let the hills sing with joy to-geth-er; Let the fields re-joice and

mf

f

all that is there-in, For great is the Lord and high-ly to be

f

ff

prais-ed. I will re-joice, I will re-joice, I will re-joice in the Lord!

ff

Each Blade of Grass

Translated from the German by
HELEN GOODRICH

FRIEDEMANN BACH

Andante sostenuto

p *mf*

1. Each blade of grass so hum-ble, The sun with love caressed, Each flow'r so frail and grows in joy and glad-ness The seed that in them lay, So is there naught for-

p *legato* *mf*

p FINE *mp* *poco*

low-ly The heav'n with dew hath blessed. 2. Art thou, too, sad and weary, Alone in deepest got - ten; To each its har-vest day.

FINE

p *mp* *poco*

ritard *f* *a tempo* *p*

night? Soon, soon thy God will bless thee with dew and sunshine bright. 3. Then

a tempo

ritard *f* *p*

The Silver Fountain

ADOLF KIRCHL

p *Allegretto*

1. The sil - ver lit - tle foun-tains In rock - y pla - ces spring; Up
2. Thro' Al - pine val - leys go - ing, They run and skip and play; No
3. A - non, they leap all fear-less, From steep and rock - y height, The
4. The low - land oaks they glad- den, As blithe they skip a - long, And

p *p*

yon - der in the moun - tains, And there be - gin to sing; Up
care, no sor - row know - ing, They prat - tle all the way. No
rock's wall, gray and cheer - less, They clothe in veils of white. The
ne'er a cloud can sad - den, Nor rob them of a song. And

pp *pp*

Up yon-der
No care, no
The rock's wall
And ne'er a

cres. *f* *p*

yon - der in the moun - tains, And there be - gin to sing.
care, no sor - row know - ing, They prat - tle all the way.
rock's wall, gray and cheer - less, They clothe in veils of white.
ne'er a cloud can sad - den, Nor rob them of a song.

cres. *f* *p*

in the moun - tains,
sor - - row know - ing,
gray and cheer - less,
cloud can sad - den,

The Ship's Return

MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN — W. W. GILCHRIST

Allegretto

1. For the storm-y waves un-car-ing, With the gulls their wild joy shar-ing, O'er the sea our ship is far-ing Homeward bound, once more.
2. Down the dusk the faint stars glim-mer, Soon the waves in moon-light shim-mer; And, the stranger's land grows dim-mer, Then it fades a-way.
3. But the morn shall bring us near-er To a land whose skies are clear-er, And whose hills and vales are dear-er Than all earth be-side.

Now Good-Night

After TH. KÖRNER by
MARIE VANCE — HEINRICH LICHNER

p Andantino

1. Now, good-night! sweet good-night! Day has gone with gar-ish light; Time has come for peace-ful sleep-ing, While the qui-et stars are keep-ing Watch a-
2. Now good-night! sweet good-night! Rest, till comes the morn-ing bright, All ye toil-ers brave and cheerful, All ye wea-ry, sad and fear-ful, Cour-age

cres. . . . . . *f*

Now Good-Night

mf

bove in heav-en bright. So good-night! sweet good-night! Qui - et
comes with wak-ing light, So good-night! sweet good-night! Cour - age

f

stars are beam - ing bright, So good - night! sweet good-night!
comes with wak - ing light, So good - night! sweet good-night!

Huntsman's Song

EDWIN STAR BELKNAP — MARIA NATHUSIUS

Con spirito

mf — *mp*

1. Who would not love to fol - low The hunts-man's free ca - reer, The
2. How mer - ry is the wood - land When hunts-men wind the horn, And
3. The for - est is my king - dom, 'Tis there I'd ev - er roam; And

woods and rocks and moun- tains Cry out the game is here. La
start the deer and roe - buck As day be - gins to dawn. La
cours - ing 'neath its branch - es I'd make the woods my home. La

cres. — *f*

la la la, La la la la la la la la la la. The
la la la, La la la la la la la la la la. They
la la la, La la la la la la la la la la. Yes,

mf

woods and rocks and moun - tains Cry out the game is here.
start the deer and roe - buck With wak - ing of the morn.
cours - ing 'neath its branch - es I'd make the woods my home.

A Violet

KATE FORMAN — LUISE REICHARDT

Andante

mp

1. The rain was cold and drear - y; The or - chard trees were bare; I
2. The wind was wild and wail - ing— The wind could not for -get; My
3. O thoughts of grief and long - ing, O dark-'ning clouds of rain, O

looked for joy and spring-time, And not a bud was there. But where the
thoughts were full of sor - row, Of long - ing and re- gret. But where the
wail - ing wind of sor - row, You can - not bring me pain! Deep in the

p

grass was green and wet, There was a ten - der Vi - o - let.
grass was deep and wet, There was a milk-white Vi - o - let.
heart of each re - gret, There is a fra - grant Vi - o - let.

The Happy Traveler

MARGARET VAN DYKE — H. GATTLER

Allegretto

f *mf*

1. Who is there so blithe and free, Who so young and strong as we? Wan-d'ring all the
2. Find-ing beds of hay so sweet, Stretched at ease our wea-ry feet, Sink we soft to
3. Ap-pe-tite for hum-ble fare Gives the pure and o-pen air; You who'd fresh and

p

hap - py day, Rest we in the ev'n-ing gray. Tra - la - la, tra - la - la,
slum-ber deep—Heav-en's kind re - stor - ing sleep. Tra - la - la, tra - la - la,
heart -y be, Join our mer - ry com - pa - ny. Tra - la - la, tra - la - la,

f

tra - la - la - la - la, . Tra - la - la, tra - la - la, tra - la - la - la - la.

Nature's Joys

MARIE VANCE

CARL GOLLMICK

p Allegretto *mf*

1. Win-ter strews his love-ly bur-den light-ly, Gentle spring gives
2. Summer yields her gift of sunshine mel-low, Autumn, changing

So light-ly,
So mel-low,

mf

vio - lets bloom-ing bright-ly; Na - ture gives to
leaves and har - vest yel - low; Na - ture gives to

So bright-ly,
Bright yel - low,

ev'r - y season pleasures dear, Earth brings joy and glad-ness thro' the changing year,

Na-ture gives us pleasures dear, Earth brings gladness thro' the year,

f

Earth brings joy, brings joy and glad-ness thro' the changing, chan-ging year.

f

Earth brings joy, brings joy and glad-ness thro' the changing, chan-ging year.

April Weather

Marie Vance

Joseph Gersbach
Arranged by L. Erk

Allegretto

1. The wild flow'r and the daf - fo - dil Come dan-cing in to - geth - er,
*2. But storm - y days are come a - gain,—And when the sky is rain - ing,
3. But joy and hope have come to stay, In shin - ing A - pril weath - er,

In sun- shine laughs the tin - kling rill—The brook has burst its teth - er.
And e'en the blue-bird's voice is dumb, And bit - ter winds com-plain-ing,
The hap - py birds the long, long day Are car - ol - ing to - geth - er.

The rob - in sings in ev'r - y lane, And green the larch - es feath - er,
The pa - tient flow'rs in grief and pain Seem sad - ly ask - ing wheth - er,
No bit - ter wind or threat-'ning sky The gal - lant heart can teth - er,

cres.

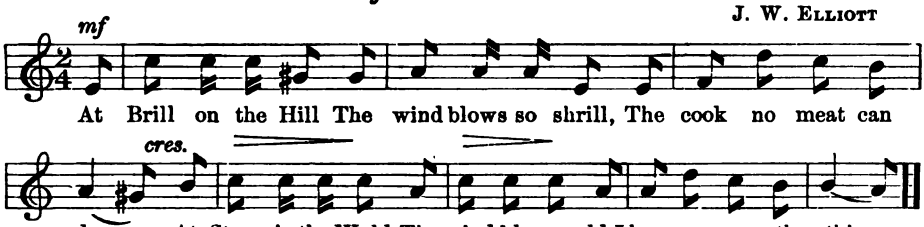
And all the world is blithe and gay In hap - py A - pril weath-er.
The win - ter's come so soon a - gain—If this is A - pril weath-er.
For spring has come and sum-mer's nigh, In hap - py A - pril weath-er.

cres.

* This stanza is sung more slowly, with appropriate expression.

A Rhyme of the Wind

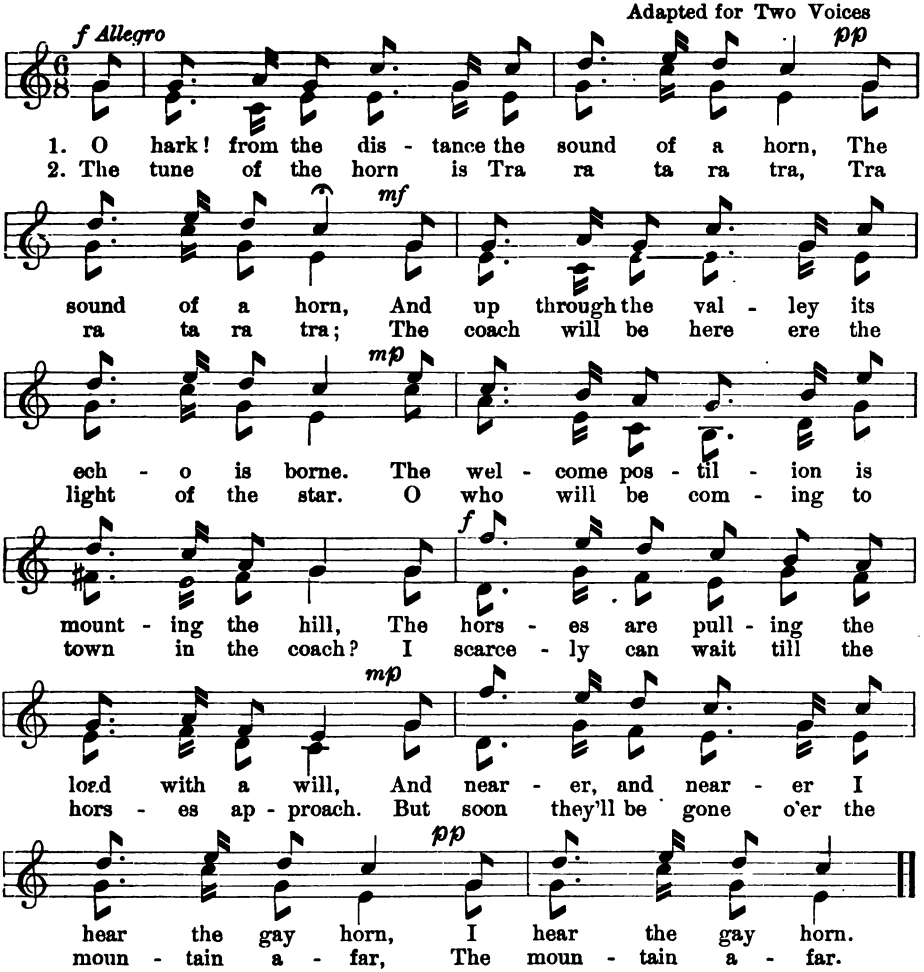
J. W. Elliott



The Postillion

Robert Graham

Carl Julius Schmidt
Adapted for Two Voices



As Slow Our Ship

THOMAS MOORE — Irish Tune

Moderato

1. As slow our ship her foam- y track A-gainst the wind was cleav-ing, Her
2. And when, in oth -er climes, we meet Some isle or vale en-chant - ing, When
3. As trav'-lers oft look back, at eve, When eastward dark-ly go - ing, To

trem -bling pen-nant still look'd back To that dear isle 'twas leav - ing. So
all looks flow-'ry, wild, and sweet, And nought but love is want - ing, We
gaze up - on that light they leave Still faint be- hind them glow- ing, So,

loath we part from all we love, From all the links that bind us; So
think how great had been our bliss If heav'n had but as- sign'd us To
when the close of pleasure's day To gloom hath near con-sign'd us, We

turn our hearts, wher-e'er we rove, To those we've left be - hind us!
live and die in scenes like this, With some we've left be - hind us!
turn to catch one fad - ing ray Of joy that's left be - hind us.

Parasols and Umbrellas

VICTOR N. PIERPONT — Russian Folk Tune

Allegretto

mf *mp*

1. Now, the A - pril clouds ap - pear, Now, the A - pril sun is here.
2. One is much in need of one Raised a - gainst that glar - ing sun;

mf *mp*

p *f*

How a - bout a par - a - sol? — Real- ly I'm not sure at all.
Still there comes that cloud a - gain, — Hoist um - brel - las, this means rain!

p *f*

Farewell to the Forest

KATE FORMAN — German

Allegro moderato

f

1. Fare - well, fare - well, O for - est dear, Your gen - tle birds are
2. Fare - well, fare - well, O for - est dear, Your state - ly pines are
3. Fare - well, fare - well, O for - est dear, The sol - emn night en -
4. Fare - well, fare - well, O for - est dear, Your peace shall nev - er

f

mf *cres.*

sing - ing, Your gen - tle birds are sing- ing Like chimes from heav - en
call - ing, Your state - ly pines are call - ing, In whis - pers soft - ly
folds you, The sol - emn night en - folds you, The hush of dark - ness
leave me, Your peace shall nev - er leave me, Nor care have pow'r to

mf *cres.*

f

ring - ing; Your shad - ed light, Your shad - ed light is
fall - ing, I hear them, O, I hear them mur - mur
holds you! So sleep and dream, O for - est deep and
grieve me; For though I leave you, wood- land home so

f

f

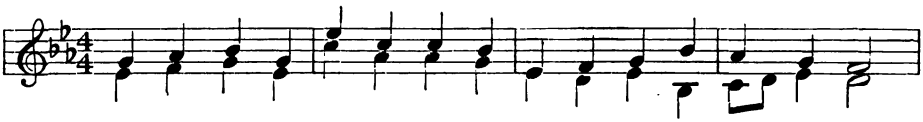
calm, Your fragrance, ho - ly balm! O for - est dear, fare - well!
Stay! And yet I must a - way, O for - est dear, fare - well!
true, A - mid your dreaming dew. O for - est dear, fare - well!
dear, My heart will still be here. O for - est dear, fare - well!

f

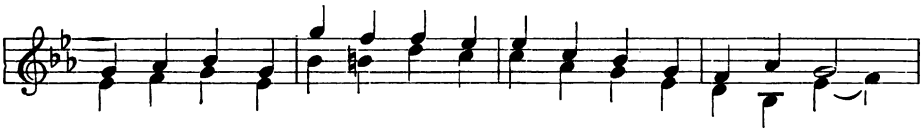
Country Life

ALFRED BEETSCHEN

CARL JULIUS SCHMIDT
Arr. for Two Voices

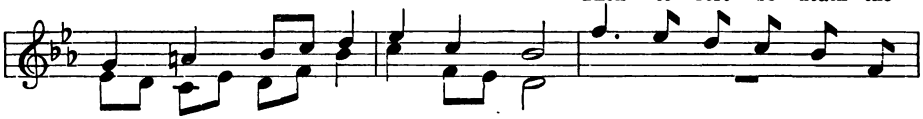


1. Who would know the best of liv - ing, Needs must in the coun- try dwell;
2. Ear - ly in the days of sum - mer Thro' the hay-fields mov - ing go—



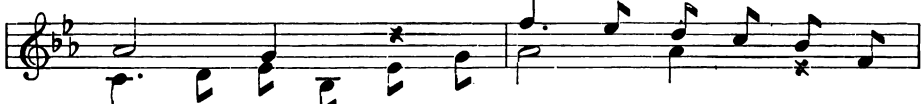
There the earth rich fruit is yield-ing, Fra-grant airs each care dis - pel.
How the blood starts up in fresh-ness, Tints the cheek with rud-dy glow!

There the life is ev - er
Then to rest be - neath the



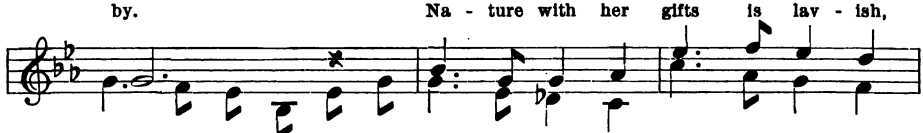
Fra - grant airs each care dis - pel.
Tints the cheek with rud - dy glow!

free - - er, Beau - ties lie on ev'r - y
branch - - es, Where the stream goes laugh - ing

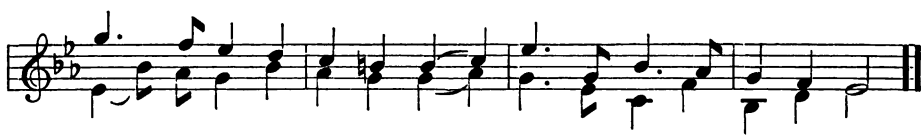


There the life is ev - er free - er,
Then to rest be - neath the branch - es,

hand; Flow - ered mead - ows, vales and moun - tains,
by. Na - ture with her gifts is lav - ish,



Beau - ties lie on ev'r - y hand; In mead - ows vales, and moun-tains,
Where the stream goes laughing by. Ah, Na - ture's gifts are lav - ish!



Joy prevails thro'-out the land, Joy pre-vails through-out the land.
What with country life can vie? What with coun-try life can vie?

Nutting Song

KATHERINE LEE BATES — CHARLES CORNISH

Allegro moderato

1. Come hith - er! come hith - er! O lad - dies and las - sies, The
2. We've dream'd of your com - ing at e - ven and mat - in; We've
3. Oh hith - er! come hith - er! for keen the stars glis - tened Last

dai - sies have fold - ed their frills; But the pur - ple-eyed as - ters still
dream'd of your com - ing at noon; In our snug lit - tle cra - dles all
night, and the woodlands were crossed By him for whose step the witch-

peep from the grass-es, And the gold - en - rod shines on the hills. Though the
cushioned with sat - in, While the wind sung our lul - la - by tune. While the
ha - zel bush lis - tened And the bar - ber-ries wait-ed,—Jack Frost. He

tu - lips have fad - ed, the ma - ples are glow - ing With
wind rocked our cra - dles, we longed for the show - ers And were
ri - fled our cas - kets, the pric - kle - set cas - kets, And

ma - ny a mar - vel - ous hue, And deep in the woods, where the
glad of the sun - shine and dew That rip - ened our hearts for the
earth-ward the jew - els he threw. The squir-rels are fill - ing their

brown leaves are blow - ing, The chest - nuts are wait - ing for you.
blithe au - tumn hours That sweet - ened our ker - nels for you.
queer lit - tle bas - kets, Oh, come! we are wait - ing for you.

By permission of the author

In the Woods

KATE FORMAN — German Folksong

Allegretto

mf

1. O come, the woods are shad - y; We'll has - ten now and run In
2. The branch-es cross their fin - gers, The sun looks down be-tween; And
3. The shy wood-blos-soms trem - ble—The wind has just be-gun— They
4. O sweet the spi - cy o - dors—We'll stay till day is done, To

cool - est, dark - est pla - ces— To hide us from the sun. La la
ev'r - y - where he lin - gers, The grass is eni - 'rald green. La la
gath - er in the shad - ows, To shield them from the sun. La la
breathe the wood-land fra-grance, And hide us from the sun. La la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

f

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

Praise

VICTOR N. PIERPONT — ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Slowly

mf

Praise the Lord God . a - bove, Rich in grace, rich

mf

Praise the Lord God . a - bove,

p rit. *Repeat softly*

. . in love! Spread Thy wings, Thou heav'n - ly Dove!

p rit.

Rich in grace, rich . in love! Heav'n - ly Dove!

Let Us Go A-Maying

NATALIA MACFARREN — Old English

1. See, gold - en daf - fo-dils All the meads ar- ray - ing, Down from the
2. Hark! how the tuneful thrush Spring's command obey - ing, Car - ols in

pur-ple hills Silver brooks are straying; Bright shines yon pearly blue, White gleams the
yon-der bush Car- ols with-out stay-ing. Come while the tender green Still wears its

hawthorn spray Thro' veils of sun - ny dew; Now let us go a-May - ing.
youth- ful sheen: Roam o'er the charming scene And let us go a-May - ing.

A Merry Round

Canon in the 4th below

VICTOR N. PIERPONT — ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Allegro *mf*

Lilt the rhyme, Sing in time, Mer - ry, and as tune-ful as a

mf

Lilt the rhyme, Sing in time, Mer - ry and as

pp

morn - ing chime. Dan - cing feet, Mu - sic sweet

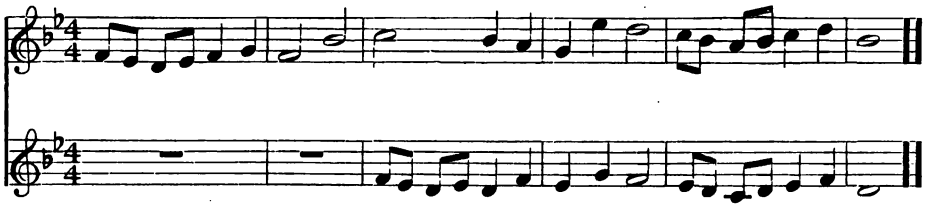
pp

tune-ful as a morn - ing chime. Dan - cing feet, Mu - sic

Make the meas-ured ca - dence of the round com - plete.

sweet, Make the meas-ured round com - plete.

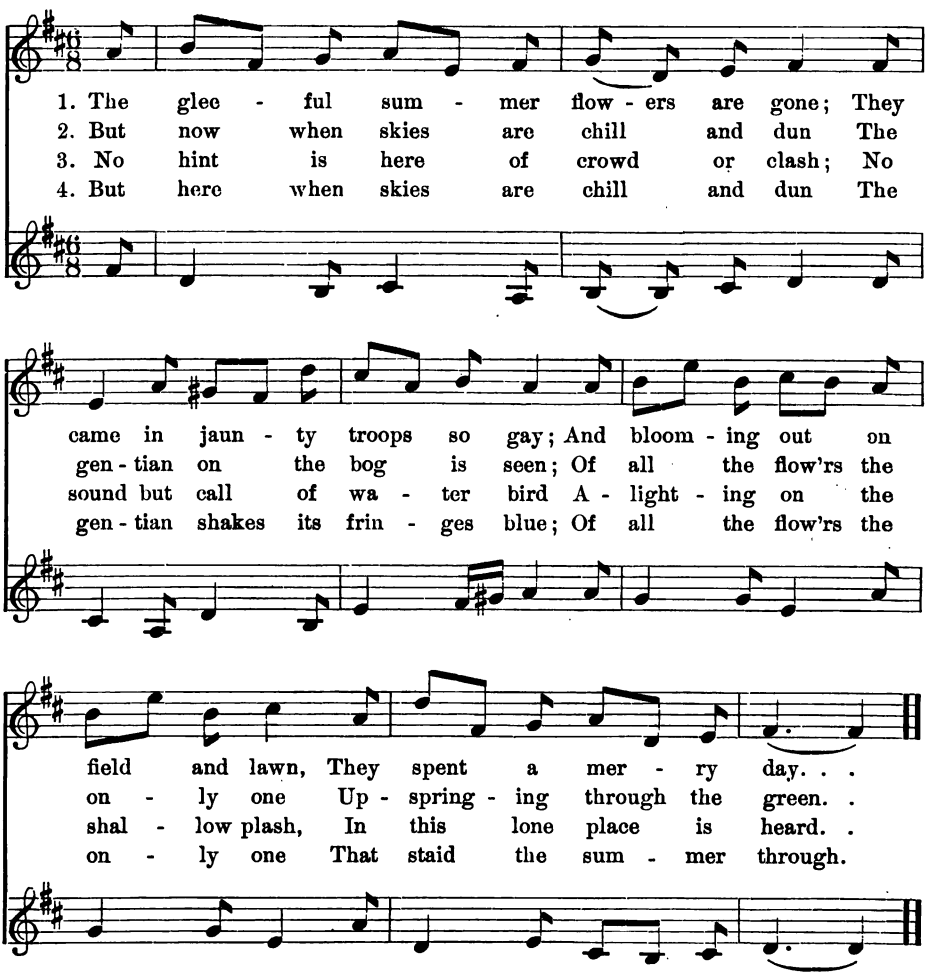
Study



The Fringed Gentian

MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN — W. W. GILCHRIST

1. The glee - ful sum - mer flow - ers are gone; They came in jaun - ty troops so gay; And bloom - ing out on field and lawn, They spent a mer - ry day. . .
2. But now when skies are chill and dun The gen - tian on the bog is seen; Of all the flow'rs the on - ly one Up - spring - ing through the green. .
3. No hint is here of crowd or clash; No sound but call of wa - ter bird A - light - ing on the shal - low plash, In this lone place is heard. .
4. But here when skies are chill and dun The gen - tian shakes its frin - ges blue; Of all the flow'rs the on - ly one That staid the sum - mer through.



April Days

MARGARET SANGSTER

G. W. CHADWICK

Cheerfully

With A

1. When A - pril days go dan- cing a - long the road to May,
2. Then spring the brave green grass-es on ev'r - y hill and plain,

here a flow'r, . . And there a show'r, . a show'r,
might - y host, . . . In field and coast, . . and coast,

With here a flow'r, And there a show'r, And
A might-y host, In field and coast, They

nev - er time to stay, And nev - er time to stay; Then
laugh in sun and rain, They laugh in sun and rain; Then

brooks are full of lit - tle waves That race and chase in glee, And
morn - ing wakes in mel - o - dy And mirth finds time to stay, When

all the flood - ing riv - ers Rush on to find the sea.
A - pril days go dan - cing A - long the road to May.

By kind permission of the author and of "Harper's Young People"

Fly, Birdling, Fly

EDWIN STAR BELKNAP — T. P. E. HARTMANN

Moderato

mf

1. Fly, bird - ling, fly; Your home - ward way now wing - ing,
2. Fly, bird - ling, fly; Your az - ure wing un - fold - ing,

Fly to the home of my youth; Tell lov - ing hearts a
Fly to my friends o'er the sea; Sing them the song that

mes - sage you are bring - ing, Breath - ing of joy and of truth.
my fond heart is hold - ing, Bear them a mes - sage from me.

dolce

p

Say, that a - far, of all my dear ones I'm sing - ing,
Tell them my thoughts ev - er toward them are turn - ing,

Long - ing to see them a - gain. Fly, bird - ling, fly; your
Long - ing to see them each day. Fly, bird - ling, fly; your

f *ritard.*

home-ward way now wing - ing, Fly to my home in the glen.
az - ure wings un - fold - ing, Fly to my friends, far a - way.

A Study

Italian Melody

In the Forest

Trans. from the German of
HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN

Folksong

f Lively

1. I wan- der thro' the wild - wood In gold - en sum-mer time, Re -
2. The woodland birds are sing - ing In sun-shine warm and bright; The

f

p

call - ing joys of child - hood, When youth was at its prime. Be -
hart and roe - buck spring-ing, Flash thro' the morn - ing light. From

neath the shad-owy branch-es Up - on the fra-grant earth I rest; The
ev'r - y bough and stream-let, I hear the call of na-ture's voice That

mead - ow flow - ers beck - on, And bid me be their guest.
sings with lur - ing sweet-ness, "In for - est ways re - joice."

Evening Song

E. H. SCHWABE

AUGUST MÜHLING

Andante

p

1. The sun in the west now is sink - ing, In
2. The bells in the vil - lage are ring - ing; At
3. Calm night o'er the earth is a - bend - ing With

glo - ry of pur - ple and gold; A star in the az - ure is
peace sit the young and the old. The shep- herd is ten - der - ly
prom-ise of sleep and soft rest. Dear Lord, this we pray: "May our

wink - ing, And still grow the field and the wold.
bring - ing His flock to the shel - ter - ing fold.
end - - ing Be hap - py as this, and as blest."

Woodland Song

EDWIN STAR BELKNAP

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Tempo di valse

p

Tra - la, tra - la! tra - la, In the wild - wood,

Tempo di valse

p

O, tra - la - la, tra- la - la! O, tra - la - la, tra - la - la! O, tra - la -

in the wild - wood! There's a charm and a joy in the

p *mf*

la, tra - la- la! O, tra - la - la, tra- la - la! Charm and a joy in the

f

cool shad - y grove, In- our child - hood in the wild - wood,

p

cool shad - y grove,— O, tra - la - la, tra - la - la! O tra - la -

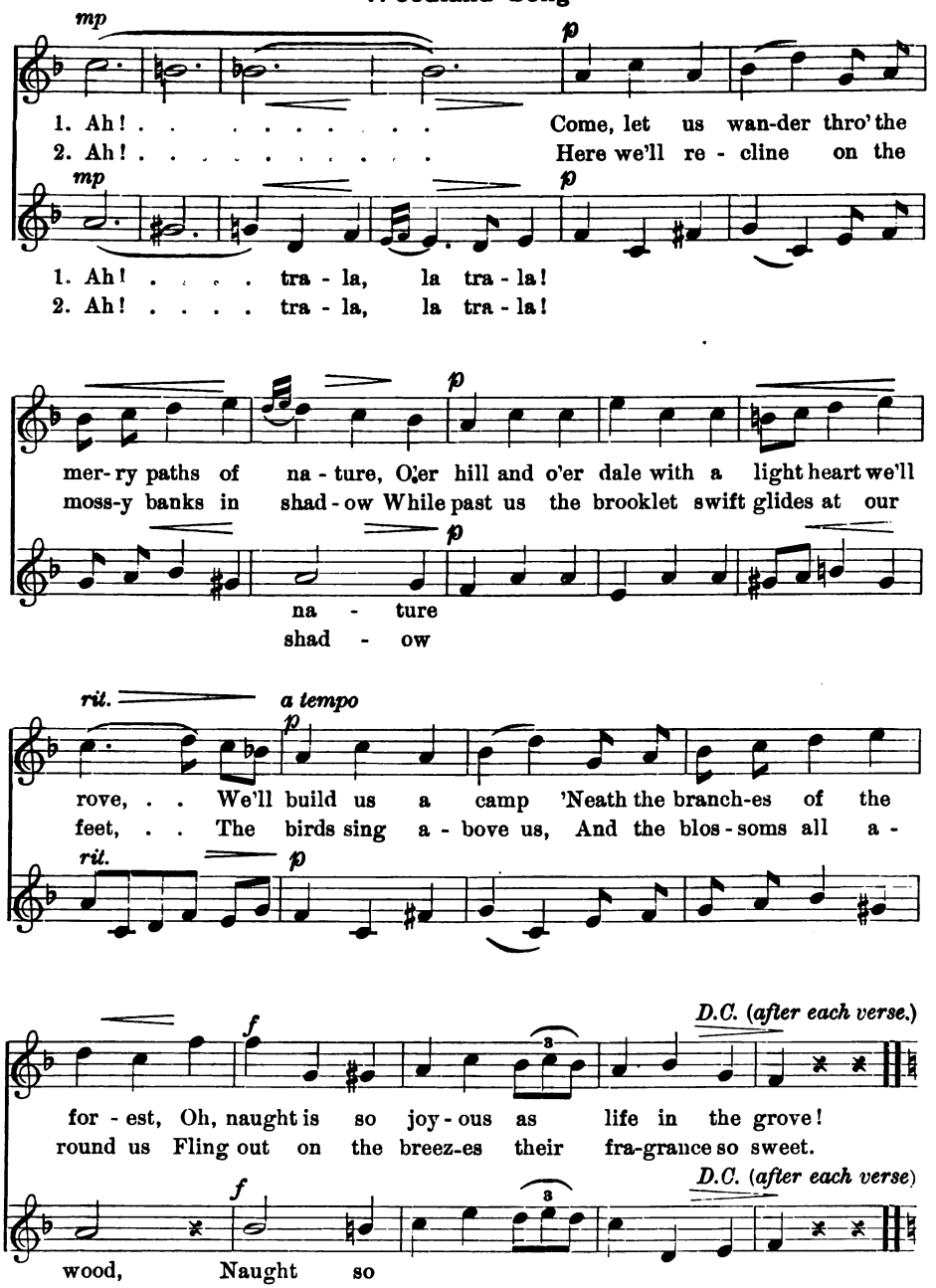
f

FINE.

There we has - ten and mer - ry we rove. Tra - la!

mf

la, Tra- la - la! haste and mer - ry we rove. Tra-la - la - la!


mp
p
1. Ah! . . . . . Come, let us wan-der thro' the
2. Ah! . . . . . Here we'll re - cline on the
mp
p
1. Ah! . . . . tra - la, la tra - la!
2. Ah! . . . . tra - la, la tra - la!
p
mer-ry paths of na - ture, O'er hill and o'er dale with a light heart we'll
moss-y banks in shad - ow While past us the brooklet swift glides at our
p
na - ture
shad - ow
rit.
a tempo
p
rove, . . We'll build us a camp 'Neath the branch-es of the
feet, . . The birds sing a - bove us, And the blos - soms all a -
rit.
p
f
D.C. (after each verse.)
for - est, Oh, naught is so joy - ous as life in the grove!
round us Fling out on the breez-es their fra-grance so sweet.
f
D.C. (after each verse)
wood, Naught so
glow, Fling on

Like the Lark

J. Oxenford — Franz Abt

Allegretto

1. Like the lark would I were sing - ing Through the
2. Like the lark would I were drink - ing Draughts of
3. Like the lark 'twixt earth and heav - en Could I

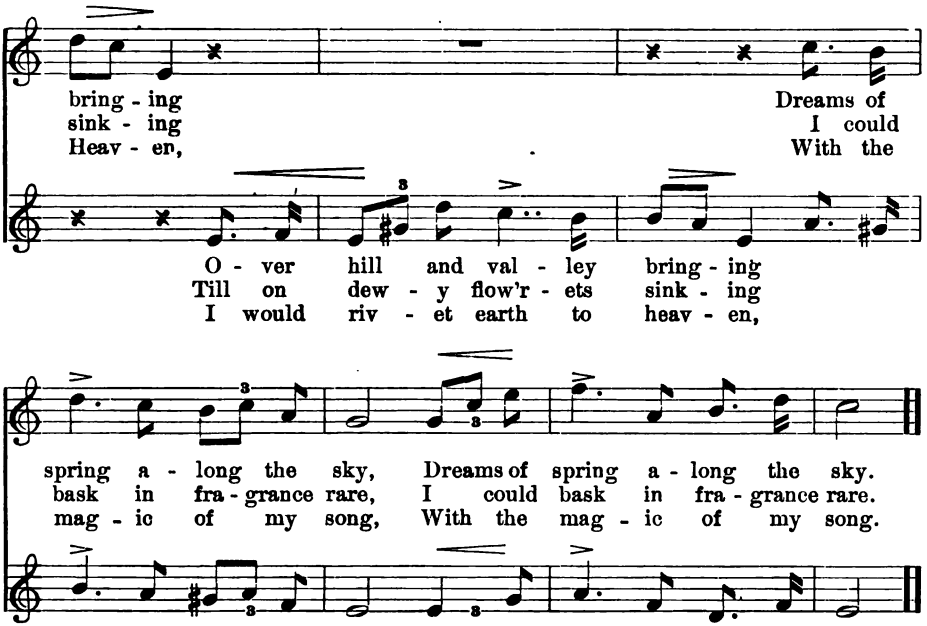
az - ure plains on high, O - ver hill and val - ley bring- ing,
pur - est morn-ing air, Till on dew - y flow'r - ets sink - ing,
free - ly float a - long, I would riv - et earth to heav - en,

O - ver
Till on
I would

Dreams of spring a - long the
I could bask in fra - grance
With the mag - ic of my

hill and val - ley bring - ing,
dew - y flow'r - ets sink - ing.
riv - et earth to heav - en,

sky, Dreams of spring a - long the sky, O - ver hill and val - ley
rare, I could bask in fra-grance rare, Till on dew - y flow'r - ets
song, With the mag - ic of my song, I would riv - et earth to

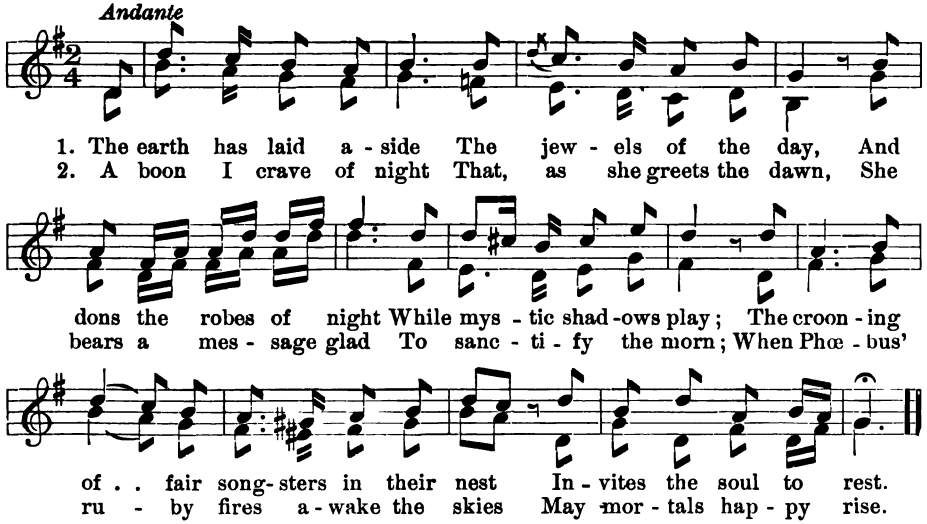


A Night Thought

From the German by
JAMES MASSON

K. M. VON WEBER

Andante



The Lark in the Morn

English Folksong

Andantino *cres.*

1. The lark in the morn, as she ris - es from her nest, Mounts
2. One morn - ing she mount - ed so cheer - i - ly on high, She
3. When day's work is end - ed, and o - ver he'll go To

dim.

thro' the white air with the dew on her breast; 'Long
look'd round a - bout her and at the dark sky, And
fair or to mar - ket to buy him a bow, And

with the pret - ty plough-boy she'll whis - tle and she'll sing, And re -
loud - ly she was sing - ing and twit - ter - ing her lay. There's no
whis - tle as he walks, O! and shril - ly too will sing, There's no

turn to her nest in the cool e - ven - ing, And re -
life like the ploughboy's in the sweet month of May, There's no
life like the plough - boy's all in mer - ry spring, There's no

rall.

turn to her nest in the cool e - ven - ing.
life like the ploughboy's in the sweet month of May.
life like the plough - boy's all in mer - ry spring.

Norwegian Song

Song of Praise

Translated from the German — JOH. FRIEDRICH REICHARDT

f Moderato — *p*

1. Praise ye the Lord a - bove, each that hath breath; Wor - ship in
2. Taste ye and see the rich grace He be - stows, Pit - y and
3. Let us all cheer - ful - ly serve the dear Lord, Him that the

f — *p*

cres. — *f*

ho - li-ness, Kneel at the al - tar, Souls of mor - tals know no death.
love are the gifts of His mer - cy; Bless - ed truth from heav - en flows.
ser - a-phim, an- gels and spir - its Through the a - ges have a - dored.

cres. — *f*

God, My King, Thy Might Confessing

Psalm cxlv — NAUMANN

Rather slow, with dignity

1. God, my King, Thy might con - fess - ing, Ev - er will I bless Thy Name;
2. Hon - or great, our God be - fit - teth; Who His maj - es - ty can reach?
3. Nor shall fail from mem-'ry's treas - ure, Works by love and mer - cy wrought;

Day by day Thy throne addressing, Still would I Thy praise proclaim.
Age to age His works transmitteth, Age to age His pow'r shall teach.
Works of love sur - passing meas-ure, Works of mer - cy pass-ing thought. A - MEN.

In the Snow

M. L. Franke — C. Braun

mp

1. In the snow, in the snow, Cro- cus buds be - gin to blow; Fol - low soon the
2. Aft - er night, aft - er night, Sul-len clouds grow rosy bright; Tho' the night bro't
3. Still, my heart! still, my heart! Joy will come and grief depart; Win- ter's fly - ing,

mp

spring's blue flow- ers, Ap - ple trees make love- ly bow- ers; Bus - y brook-lets
fear and sor - row, Joy, and cheer will dawn to - mor-row; Spring will heal the
spring is wak - ing, Birds their hap - py mu - sic mak-ing; See the ear - ly

f *mp*

ra-cing go. In the snow, in the snow, Cro- cus buds be- gin to blow.
winter's blight. Aft-er night, aft-er night, Sul-len clouds grow ros - y bright.
swallows dart. Still, my heart! still, my heart! Joy will come and grief de - part.

f *mp*

Goodby to Summer

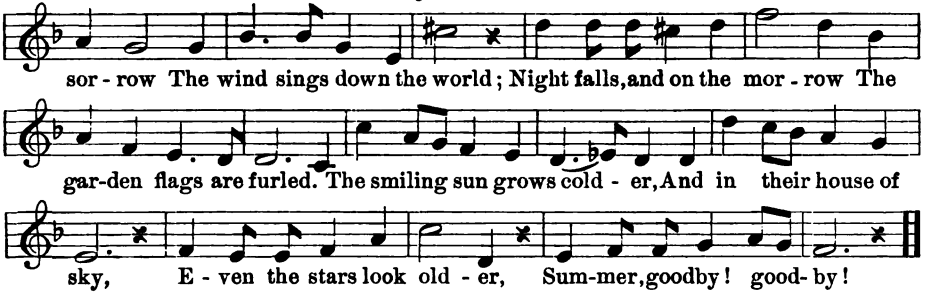
Frank Dempster Sherman — Eleanor Smith

Andante espressivo

Song - less the birds as - sem - ble, Keen for the south - ern flight; The

gold and red leaves trem-ble, In won-der at the sight. A mu - sic all of

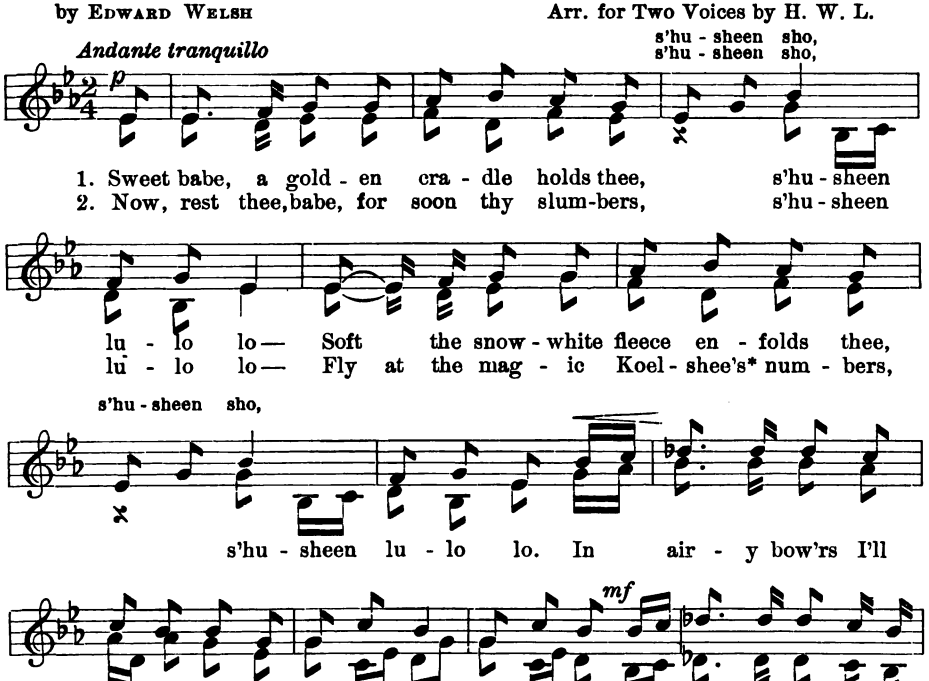
By permission of the Youth's Companion and the author



Sweet Babe, a Golden Cradle Holds Thee

From the Irish
by Edward Welsh

Ancient Irish Tune
Arr. for Two Voices by H. W. L.



* Fairy music

Spring and Autumn

LAURA E. POULSSON — AUG. WINDING

Con moto

mf

1. Blos - soms of spring, Mod - est - ly peep - ing from cov - erts of grass,
2. Au-tumn's rich blooms, Stur - dy, a - bun - dant, how ra - diant their hue!
3. Chil - dren are we! Gay is our pleas - ure and live - ly our hope.
4. Life still a - waits! Stern are its du - ties, but no - ble its joy.

Proph - e - cies bring: "Stronger sun! Blu - er sky! Flow'rs that sur - pass!"
Na - ture as - sumes Pow - er and beau - ty un-guessed hith - er - to.
Naught can we see Now of that fu - ture with which we must cope.
On - ward, then, mates! Let us with vig - or our tal - ents em - ploy,

dol.

Thus they, re - joi - cing, Prom - is - es ma - ny are voi - cing.
Fain would she tell us Au - tumn has naught to re - pel us.
Bright spring is ours! Spring with its sun - shine and flow - ers.
In our youth gain - ing Strength for the years yet re - main - ing.

In the Spring

LAURENCE HARPER — JOH. ANDRE

mp Allegretto

1. The blue sky smiles glad - ly On streams as they flow, The birds car - ol
2. Their boats on the riv - er, The fish - er - men row O'er rip - ples a -

mf

mad - ly, The meads are a - glow; The fruit-trees are ros - y, All
quiv - er, And sing as they go. "Come out!" call the breez - es, "Come

per-fume the hedge, And bright-er the po - sy And green-er the sedge.
out!" says the sun, Then come, who - so pleas - es, And frol - ic and run.

Evening Song

KATE FORMAN — JOSEPH PELZ

p — *mf*

1. Rose of the twi - light, fad - ing and dy - ing, Sof - tened to
2. Wave of the twi - light, foam-ing and fleet - ing Out of the
3. Joy of the twi - light, sparkling a - bove us, Shin - ing with

p — *mf*

p

pur - ple, lost in gray. On - ly a lone bird, calling and cry - ing,
dark and mys - tic sea, Nev-er a word your plain - tive greet - ing
am-ber and am - e - thyst, First of the eyes of night that love us,

p

mf — *p*

Flees to his nest ere close of day. Rose of twi - light,
Tells of your life so brave and free. Wave of twi - light,
Seek-ing us out in dark and mist. Star of twi - light,

mf — *p*

rose of twi - light, Lost in even - ing's som - ber gray.
wave of twi - light, Call - ing brave - ly out of the sea.
star of twi - light, Look up - on us through the mist.

Twilight

VICTOR N. PIERPONT

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Slowly

mp

Day is grow-ing wea - ry, Shad-ows creep and crouch; The

mp

Day is grow-ing wea - ry, Shad- ows creep and

dim.

mead - ow- land is drear - y For the sun has sought his couch.

mp *dim.*

crouch; The mead- ow- land is drear - y For the sun has sought his

mp *mp*

Now, the flocks be- night - ed Homeward wend their way; The

mp

couch. Now, the flocks be - night - ed Homeward wend their

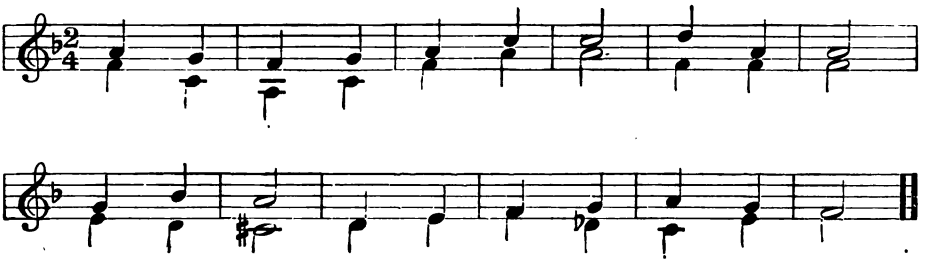
rall. *pp*

stars are ta - pers light - ed For the pass - ing of the day.

rall. *pp*

way; The stars are ta - pers light - ed; Dead the day.

Study



Run, Little Rivulet, Run

MARY HOWITT — CHARLES CORNISH

Run, lit - tle riv - u - let, run!

Run, lit - tle riv - u - let,

1. Sum - mer is fair - ly be - gun.
2. Sing of the flow'rs ev'r - y one,
3. Stay not till sum - mer is done,

run! 1. Sum - mer is fair - ly be - gun. Bear, O
2. Sing of the flow'rs ev'r - y one, Of the
3. Stay not till sum - mer is done, Has - ten,

bear to the mead - ows the hymns of the pines, And the
del - i - cate hare - bell and vi - o - let blue; Of the
car - ry the cit - y the moun - tain bird's glee; Has - ten,

ech - o that rings where the wa - ter-fall shines; Run, lit - tle riv - u - let, run!
red mountain rose-bud, all drip - ping with dew; Run, lit - tle riv - u - let, run!
car - ry the joy of the hills to the sea; Run, lit - tle riv - u - let, run!

Merrily Rings the Bell

EDWIN STAR BELKNAP

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN
Arr. for Three Voices by H. W. L.

Fast

p Ting - a - ling, ting ling, ting ting ting, *mf* Ting - a - ling, ting ting,

p Clong, ... *mf* Clong, ...

f ting ting ting, With a la la la la la la la! *ritard.* Mer-ri - ly rings the
ting ting ting, With a la la la la la la la! Cheer-i - ly sounds the
ting ting ting, With a la la la la la la la! Mer-ri - ly rings a

a tempo *mp*

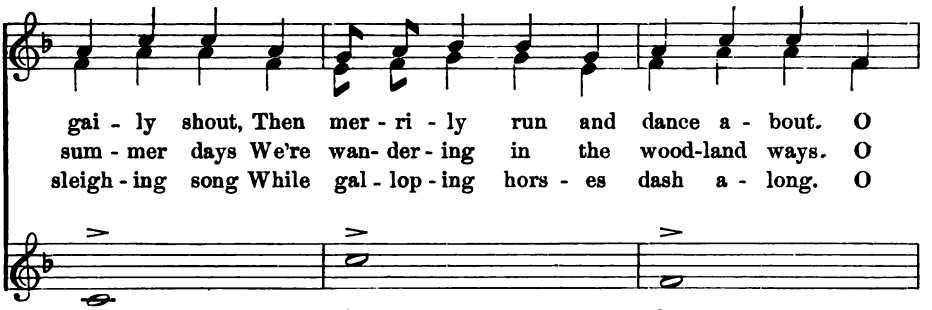
f . . *ritard.* la,

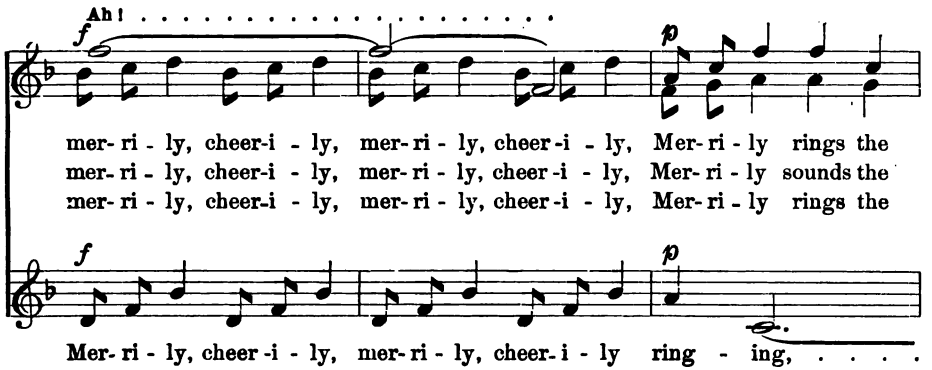
mf play-time bell; Les-sons of school-time fin-ished well. Now we've time for our
pas- ture bell O - ver the mead-ow, field and fell, Herds of cat - tle are
sil - ver bell Tell-ing a tale of win- ter's spell; O'er the man - tle of

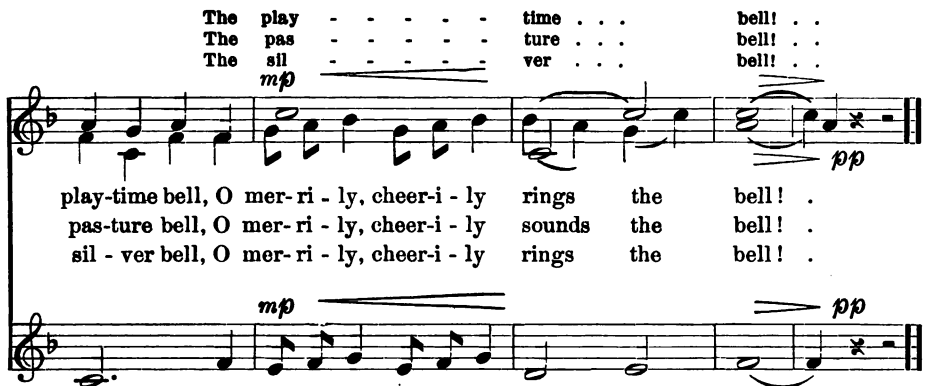
mf Clong, ...

mp play, and then Back we go to our work a - gain. Cheer-i - ly sing and
graz - ing there In the spar - kle of sun-shine air. Mer - ri - ly all the
glis - t'ning snow Joy - ful, laugh-ing, a - way we go. Cheer-i - ly sounds the

mp . . Clong, ... Clong,


gai - ly shout, Then mer - ri - ly run and dance a - bout. O
sum - mer days We're wan- der - ing in the wood-land ways. O
sleigh - ing song While gal - lop - ing hors - es dash a - long. O
clong, clong, clong,


Ah! . . . . . .
f
p
mer- ri - ly, cheer-i - ly, mer- ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, Mer- ri - ly rings the
mer- ri - ly, cheer-i - ly, mer- ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, Mer- ri - ly sounds the
mer- ri - ly, cheer-i - ly, mer- ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, Mer- ri - ly rings the
f
p
Mer- ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, mer- ri - ly, cheer- i - ly ring - ing, ...


The play - - - - - - time . . . bell! . .
The pas - - - - - - ture . . . bell! . .
The sil - - - - - - ver . . . bell! . .
mp
pp
play-time bell, O mer- ri - ly, cheer-i - ly rings the bell! .
pas-ture bell, O mer- ri - ly, cheer-i - ly sounds the bell! .
sil - ver bell, O mer- ri - ly, cheer-i - ly rings the bell! .
mp
pp
. . O mer-ri - ly,cheer-i - ly rings the bell! .

Drifting

From the German
by E. S. B.

N. von Wilm

Andantino

p

1. Bathed in mys - tic sil - ver moonlight, Full of youth, with hearts a-glow,
2. So in life the joy that's tru - est Brings us nei - ther fame nor gold;

Rock-ing on the flow - ing riv - er, We are drift - ing to and fro.
Yet it brings a sweet con-tent-ment, Bet - ter far than wealth untold.

Naught is here to mar our pleas - ure, Gen - tly as we glide a - long
Let us spread the sails of kind - ness Drift - ing fleet on life's deep tide,

mf *p*

O'er the wa-ters, through the still-ness Sounds the ca - dence of a song.
Like the boat on moon - lit riv - er, Soon to ha - vens fair we'll glide.

night,
strife,

Join the sing - ing through the night, through the night, the sum - mer night,
Ban - ish ev'r - y thought of strife, ev'r - y thought, each thought of strife,

Hours of mu - sic and pure de - light!
Peace - ful drift on the tide of life.

Sea Song

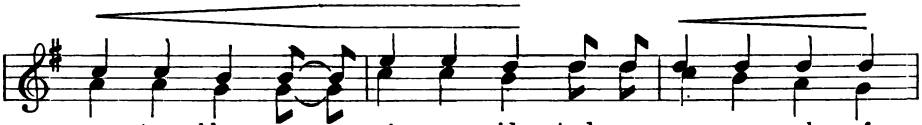
Kate Forman

Old English Tune

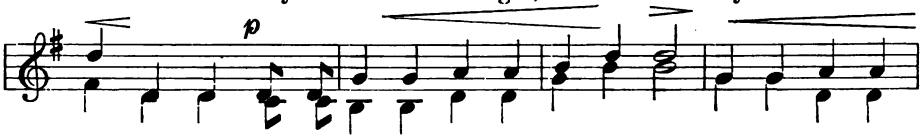
Moderato

mf

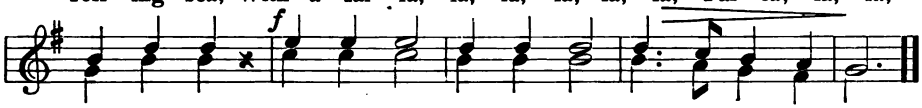
1. O let me live up - on the wave, With a good ship for my home, The
2. A - mid a howl-ing storm at sea, A thousand leagues from shore, The
3. And when with-out a guid-ing star, 'Tis dark as dark can be, I



wa - ters blue on . . ev'r - y side And a snow - y wake of
good ship's deck is the place for me, While the might - y bil - lows
rest so sweet - ly . . all the night, For there's safe - ty on the



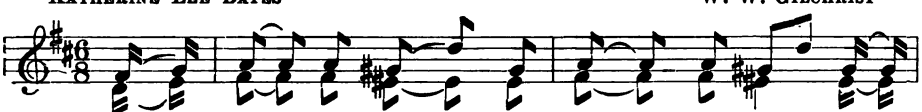
air - y foam, With a fal - la, la, la, la, la, la, Fal - la, la, la,
dash and roar, With a fal - la, la, la, la, la, la, Fal - la, la, la,
roll - ing sea, With a fal - la, la, la, la, la, la, Fal - la, la, la,



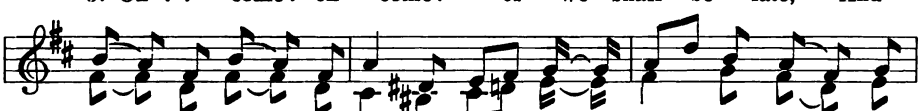
la, la, la, Fal - la, la, Fal - la, la, Fal - la la - la, la.

Vacation Song

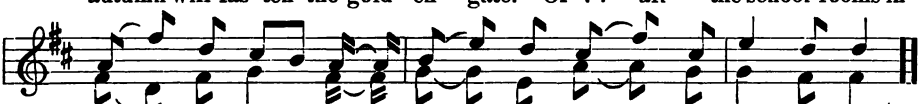
KATHERINE LEE BATES W. W. GILCHRIST



1. I have shut my books and hid - den my slate, And
2. My . . school-room lies on the mead - ow wide, Where
3. My . . les-sons are writ - ten in clouds and trees, And
4. My . . school-mates there are the birds and bees, And the
5. Oh . . come! oh come! or we shall be late, And



tossed my satch-el a -cross the gate; My . . school is out for a
un- der the clo - ver the sun- beams hide, Where the long vines cling to the
no . . one whispers ex -cept the breeze That some-time blows from a
sau - cy squir-rel, more dull than these; For he on - ly learns in
autumn will fas -ten the gold - en gate. Of . . all the school-rooms in



sea - son of rest, And now for the school-room I love the best.
moss - y bars And the dai - sies twin - kle like fall - en stars.
se - cret place, A . . stray, sweet blos - som a - gainst my face.
all . . the weeks How ma - ny chest - nuts will fill his cheeks.
east . or west, The school of na - ture, I love the best.

By kind permission of the author.

May Song

Translated by Marie Vance

Ländler *

Swabian Dance Song

1. The morn- ing is dew- y, The sweet world is gay, Then come, hap-py
2. There's joy in the heavens And joy on the earth, The thros-tles in -

The blos - soms are fra - grant, On
The morn - ing is dew - y, The

maid- ens, We'll gath-er the May. La, la, la, la,
vite us To join in their mirth. La, la, la, la,

bush and on thorn,
sweet world is gay,

la, la, la, la, Come, wan-der with me Thro' the flow'r-scented morn.
la, la, la, la, Then come, hap - py maid- ens, We'll gath-er the May.

* The Ländler is a slow waltz-like dance, common in Tyrol.

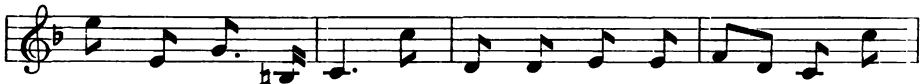
Spring Song

Translated from the German
by James Geddes

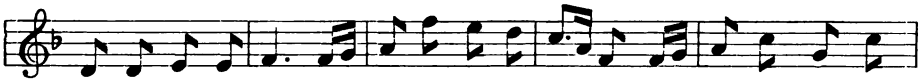
Carl Attenhofer

1. We clap our hands to - geth - er And shout a - loud for glee, For
2. The smil - ing flow'rs are peep - ing From out the growing grass, Near
3. The trees will soon be wear - ing New garb of soft - est green, And

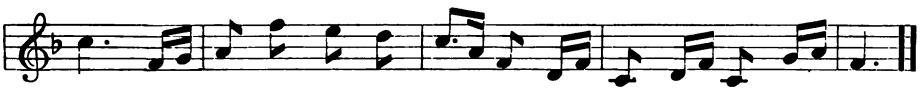
gone is win - ter weath - er, And spring-time makes us free, And
by the brooks are leap - ing And foam - ing as they pass, And
throngs of birds be far - ing Where not a one was seen, Where



spring now makes us free. The snows have left the hill - side, The
foam - ing as they pass. The fields are filled with laugh - ter, The
not a one was seen. The boughs that late were swing - ing Their



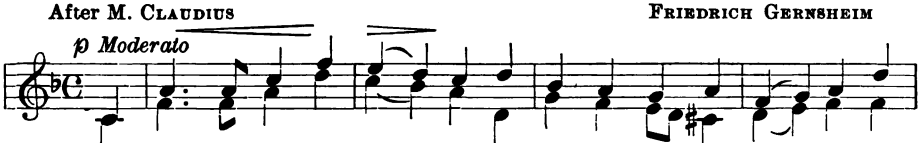
ice melts quite a - way; There's babbling by the rill-side, The buds wax green each
air is glad with song; How sweet are vio-lets aft - er The win - ter cold and
na - ked arms on high Shall shel-ter mothers sing-ing The nest-ling's lul - la -



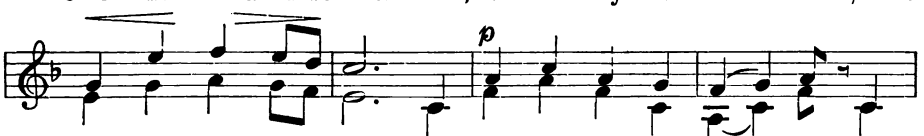
day; There's bab-bling by the rill - side, The buds wax green each day.
long! How sweet are vio - lets aft - er The win - ter cold and long!
by, Shall shel - ter moth- ers sing- ing The nest - ling's lul - la - by.

Moon and Stars

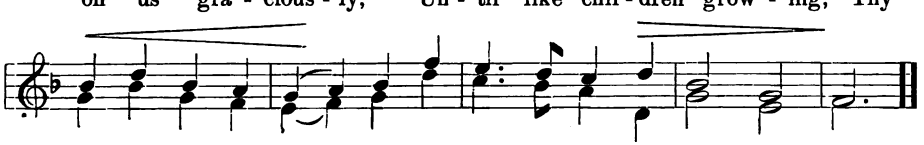
After M. Claudius — Friedrich Gernsheim



1. The moon is gen - tly glid - ing O'er heav-en's floor, and rid - ing A -
2. The world so still is grow - ing, Enwrapp'd in moonlight glow - ing, So
3. O God! do Thou be near us, And send Thy love to cheer us; Shine



loft where stars a - bide. The wood's a - sleep in shad - ow, The
ten - der, calm, and blest, As 'twere a cham-ber ho - ly Where
on us gra - cious - ly, Un - til like chil - dren grow - ing, Thy



mists rise from the mead - ow, And wan - der by the wa - ter - side.
sick, and sad, and low - ly For - get their tears in qui - et rest.
truth and mer - cy know - ing, We all may come, dear Lord, to Thee.

Winter Frolic

KATE FORMAN — Folksong

Allegro

mp

1. Snow - spar - kles light - en the air, Snow - spar - kles
2. On - ly the breez - es we meet, Fly - ing so
3. Safe in the smooth - glid - ing sleigh, Gai - ly a -

mf

gleam - ing and fair, Dan - cing, they float ev'r - y- where,
soft - ly and fleet; Bells jin - gling loud - ly and sweet
gain speed a - way; Twi - light is ros - y and gray

p

Spright - ly or slow. Come, chase them far and a - way, Swift - ly as
Mer - ri - ly call. Light - ly then, o - ver we go, O - ver and
O - ver the snow. Hark! as we has - ten a - long Bells jin - gling

mf

fair - ies at play, Speed with the north- wind a-way, Come, let us go.
far down be-low! Deep in the feath - er - y snow Laughing - ly fall.
sweet - ly and long, Sing we our glad win - ter song, Sing as we go.

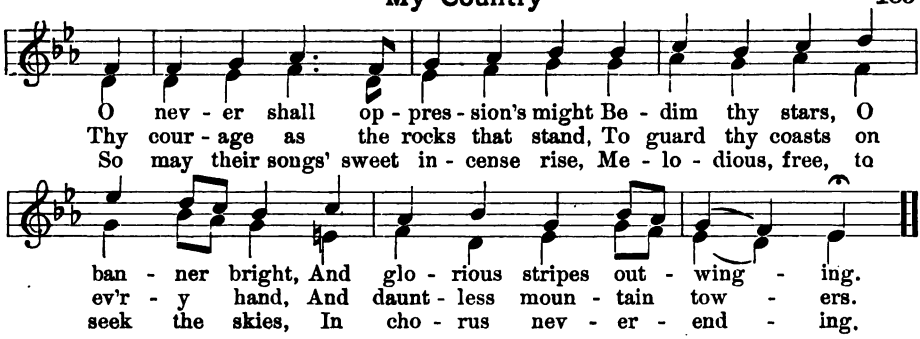
My Country

LAURENCE HARPER — BERNHARD KLEIN

With spirit

1. My youth-ful heart I gave to thee; My life I'd give with sing-ing,
2. Thy strength is of the might- y hills, Thy beau- ty of the flow-ers,
3. Now sing thy chil-dren ev'r - y one, Thy praise, glad voi-ces blend-ing;

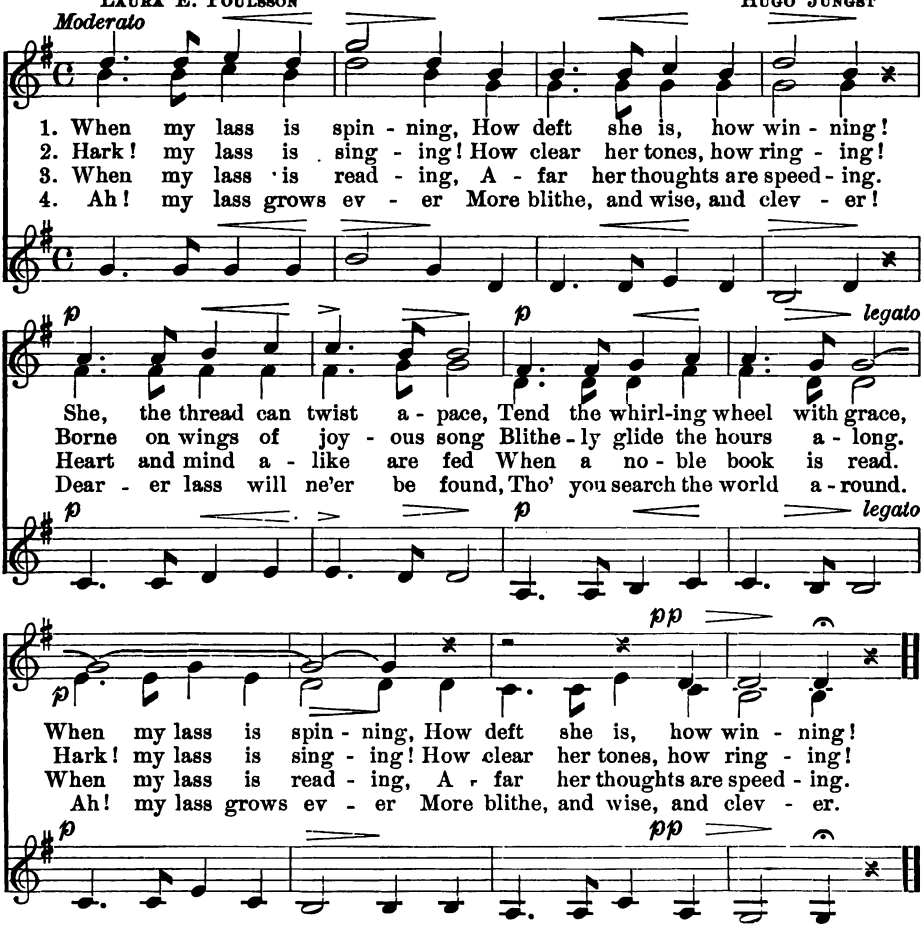
Dear coun-try, no- ble, strong and brave, With praise thy hills are ring-ing.
Thy fruit - ful - ness of ver- dant plains And blooming gar-den bow - ers.
While horn and flute and or - gan-tone Me - lo - dious strains are lend-ing.



My Lass

Adapted from the German by
LAURA E. POULSSON

HUGO JÜNGST



Twilight Music

Translated from the Russian

From Cesar Cui
Arr. Three Voices, H. W. L.

mp With gentle motion

1. We bid fare - well, with sing - ing, To thee, O hap - py day, . . While
2. The even-ing star is flash - ing A greeting from on high; . She

mp

ves - per bells are ring - ing A - mid the shad-ows gray. The
guards the hour of twi - light, A watch - er in the sky. A

mf p *mp*

p *mf* *p* *mp*

day has known no sor - row, It seeks its qui - et rest, . . And
ho - ly peace is brood - ing O'er mead-ow, grove and vale, . . While

p

soft un - til the mor - row It bides with-in the west.
wak - ing sil - ver ech - oes, There speaks the night - in - gale.

mp *pp* *ritard.*

p *mp* *pp* *ritard.*

Christmas Bells

W. Kritzinger — Folksong

p

1. Sweet - ly the church-bells a - ring - ing Tell of the Christ-child born;
2. Bless-ings the day of His com - ing Brings to us each and all,
3. Chil-dren and fa - ther and moth - er, Heed the an - gel - ic sweet voice.

p

Nev - er so sil - v'ry their sing-ing As on the Christ - mas morn.
Flow'rs of af - fec - tion are bloom-ing, Voi - ces of mem - 'ry call.
Long part - ed sis - ter and broth-er Meet once a - gain and re - joice.

p

Ring then, ye bells, as the An - gels spoke, Ring then, ye bells, as the An - gels spoke

p

Sol - emn and glad to the shep-herds, Ere Christ-mas joy a - woke.

Prayer

JOSEPH HAYDN

Moderato

mf *f* *mf*

1. O Mak - er of the moon and sun And ev'r - y cir - cling sphere, The
2. Our striv-ings, Lord, are man - i - fold, Our deeds are poor and weak; Our

mf *f* *mf*

f *p*

pray'rs Thy chil - dren pray, each one, Wilt Thou in pit - y hear? Thy
hearts are proud, and vain, and cold, O make them trust - ful, meek; Then

f

p *mf*

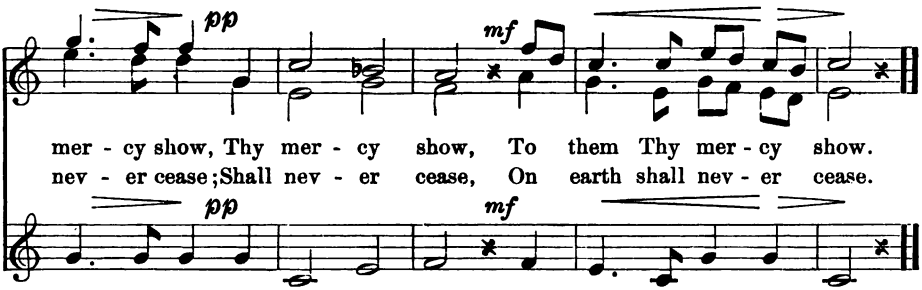
might, Thy goodness, Lord, are great, The in - cense ris - es ear - ly, late, Of
ev'r - y dawn that gilds the skies Shall show new blessings to our eyes, Thy

p *mf*

mf

pray'rs and praise from men be - low, O Lord, to them Thy
reign of love and heav'n - ly peace, On earth shall nev - er,

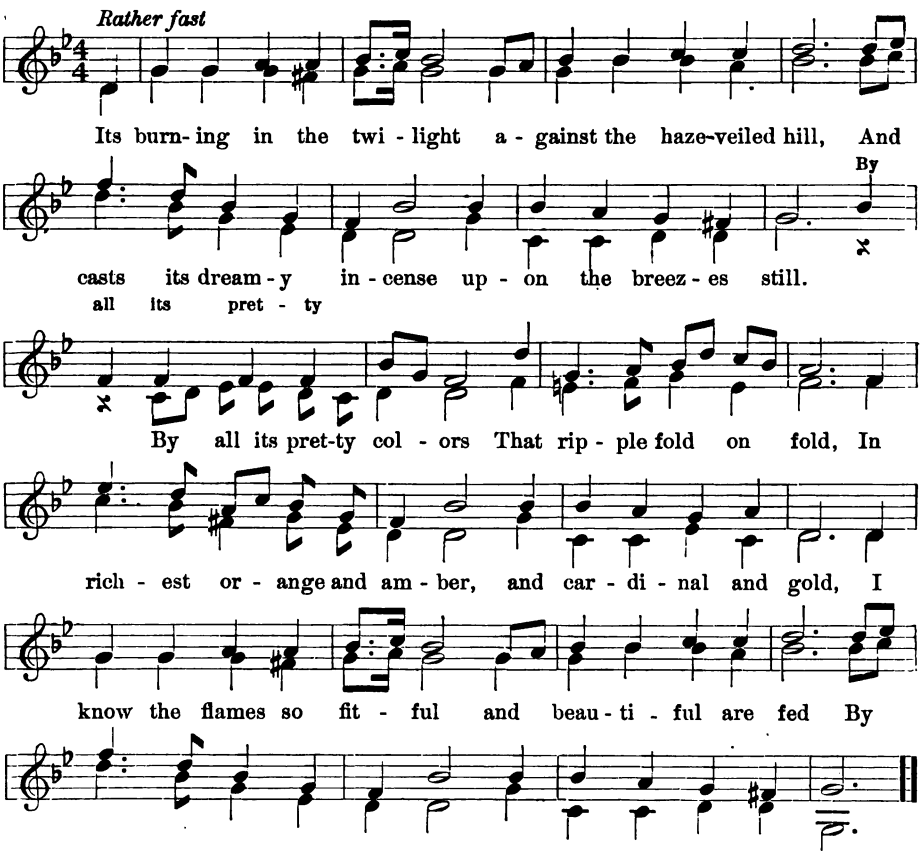
mf



An Autumn Bonfire

M. K. Munkittrick — G. W. Chadwick

Rather fast



From "Harper's Young People" by permission

Dancing Song

JAMES GEDDES — FRANZ LACHNER

mf

1. The Phœ - be - birds are sway - ing And dan - cing in the tree, And
2. When A - pril frowns and low - ers, The whirl - ing clouds go by, And
3. At night the stars come peep - ing, O - be - dient to the sun; Al -

mf

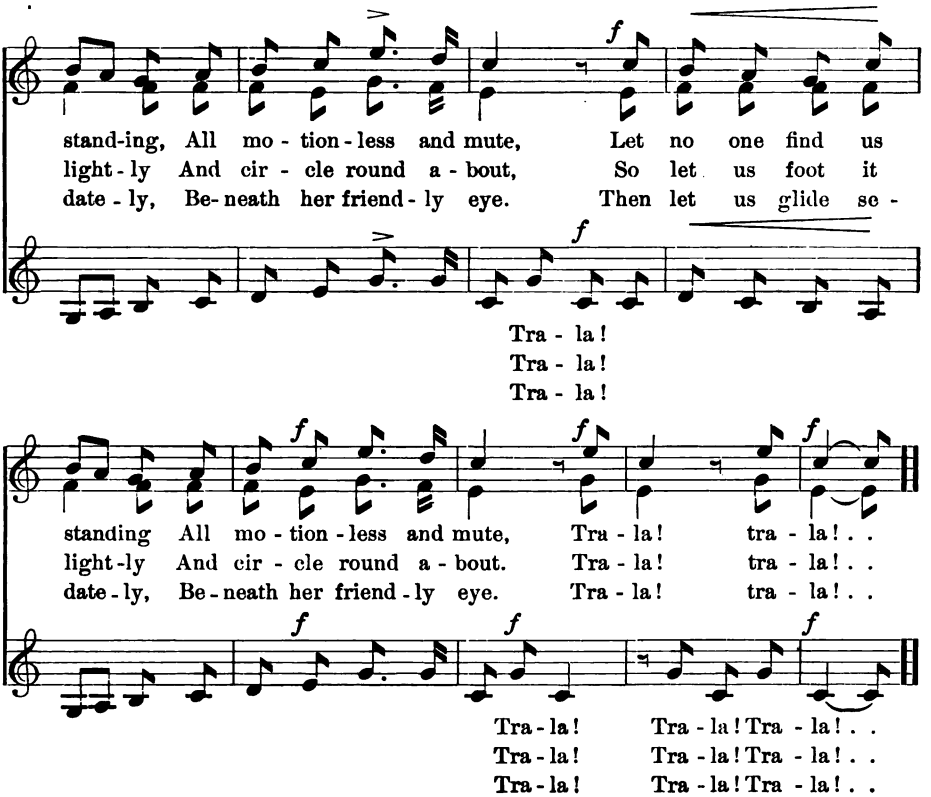
mf

through the or-chard play-ing, I see the bum - ble - bee. With cher -ry- buds ex -
then in sud- den show- ers The rain-drops dan- cing fly. They glint and glit- ter
though when he is sleep -ing Their dance has just be - gun. And thro' the heav-ens,

pand - ing, While rob - in plays the flute, Let no one find us
bright - ly, When-e'er the sun comes out, So let us foot it
state - ly, The La - dy - Moon sails by; Then let us glide se -

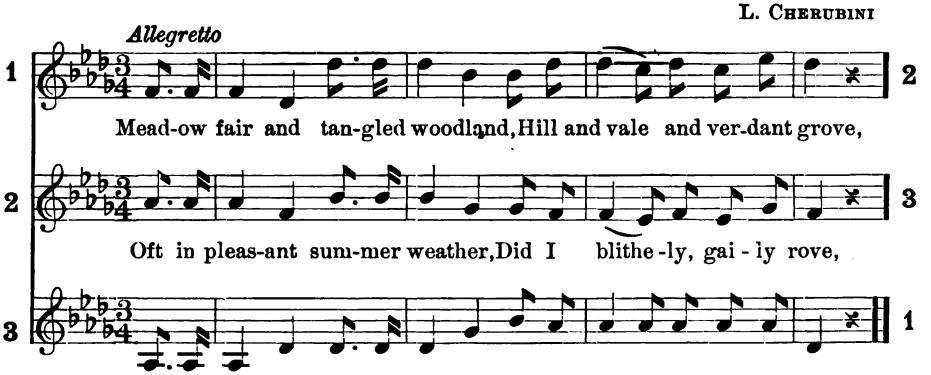
mf

Tra - la! tra - la!
Tra - la! tra - la!
Tra - la! tra - la!



Round

L. Cherubini



The Shepherd's Pipe

From the Hungarian — CARL HERING

Allegro vivace

mf

1. Once a clev - er shep - herd lad Made a pipe en - chant - ing,
2. Then like sum - mer wind he played, O'er the rush - es sigh - ing,
3. When he played, like this - tle down On a zeph - yr sleep - ing,

mf

When the fish in spark-ling sea Heard its li - quid mel - o - dy,
When each light-ly tilt - ing bird All the sil - ver lilt - ing heard,
All the hares with star - ry eyes Ga - zing in a bright sur-prise,

Ev'r - y one came pant - ing, Ha, ha, ha, a - long the shore,
Down they came a - fly - ing, Ha, ha, ha, as light as air,
Swift-ly came a - leap - ing, Ha, ha, ha, from dew - y fern,

Ha, ha, ha, and ev - er - more, Ev'r - y fish came pant - ing.
Ha, ha, ha, to lis - ten there, All the birds came fly - ing.
Ha, ha, ha, from flow - ing burn, All the hares came leap - ing.

The Tower

L. v. Beethoven

p

1. Lone - ly tow'r, lone - ly tow'r, In the ghost-ly moon-light
2. Old - en tow'r, old - en tow'r, You have had your gold - en
3. Faith - ful tow'r, faith - ful tow'r, In your si - lent, lone - ly

p dolce

hour, Far a - bove, your tur-rets frowning, Still the rock - y sum-mit
hour. I can read your treasured sto - ries, Beau-ty's pride and bat - tle's
hour; Al- ways still, with high en-deav - or, You would keep your watch for -

mf *p*

crowning, Tell us of your old - en pow'r, Lone- ly tow'r, lone- ly tow'r.
glo - ries. You have had your gold-en hour, Old - en tow'r, old - en tow'r.
ev - er, In your si - lent, lone - ly hour; Faith- ful tow'r, faithful tow'r.

f *p*

Robin Redbreast

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM — M. MELVILLE

Lively

1. Good-bye, good-bye to sum - mer, For sum-mer's near- ly done; The gar - den smil - ing faint - ly, Cool breez - es in the sun. . Our thrush- es now are
2. Bright yel-low, red and or - ange, The leaves come down in hosts; The trees are In - dian prin - ces But soon they'll turn to ghosts. The scant - y pears and
3. The fire -side for the crick - et, The wheat-stack for the mouse, When trem-bling night-winds whis - tle And moan all round the house. The frost - y way's like

mf *p* *p*

si - lent, Our swal-lows flown a way, But Rob - in's here in
ap - ples Hang rus - set on the bough, It's au - tumn, au - tumn,
i - ron, The branch-es plumed with snow, A - las, in win - ter

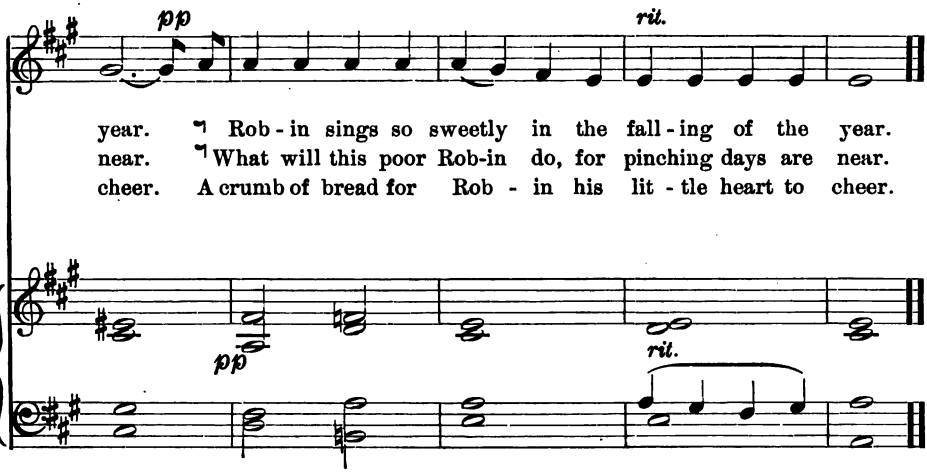
accel.

p

coat of brown, And rud-dy breast-knot gay. Rob - in, Rob - in Red-breast, O
au-tumn late, 'Twill soon be win-ter now. Rob - in, Rob - in Red-breast, O
dead and dark, Where can poor Rob-in go? Rob - in, Rob - in Red-breast, O

rit. *p*

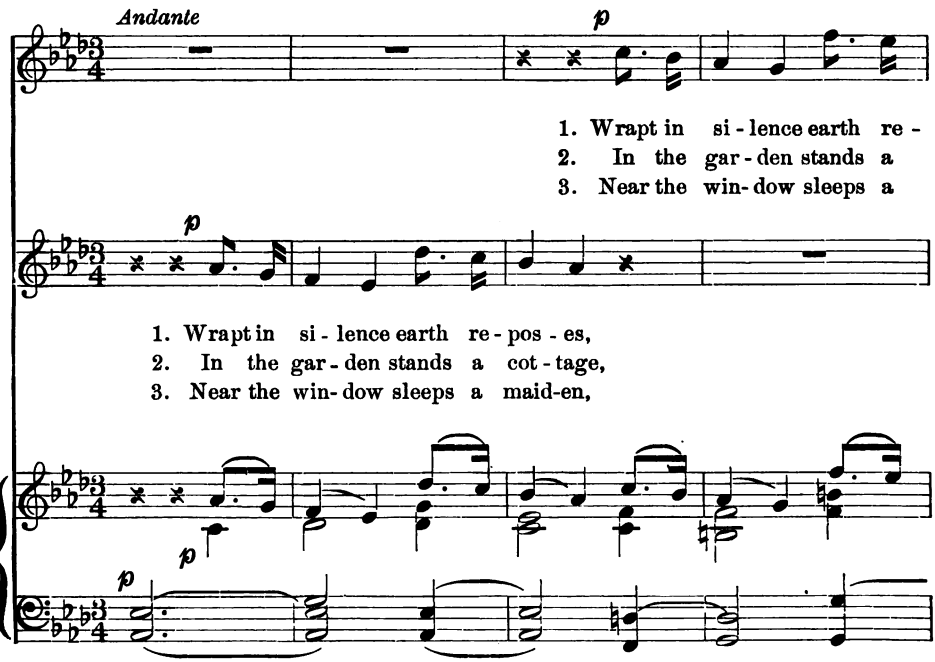
Rob - in dear! Rob- in sings so sweet-ly in the fall-ing of the
Rob - in dear! And what will this poor Rob-in do, for pinch-ing days are
Rob - in dear! And a crumb of bread for Rob - in, his lit -tle heart to

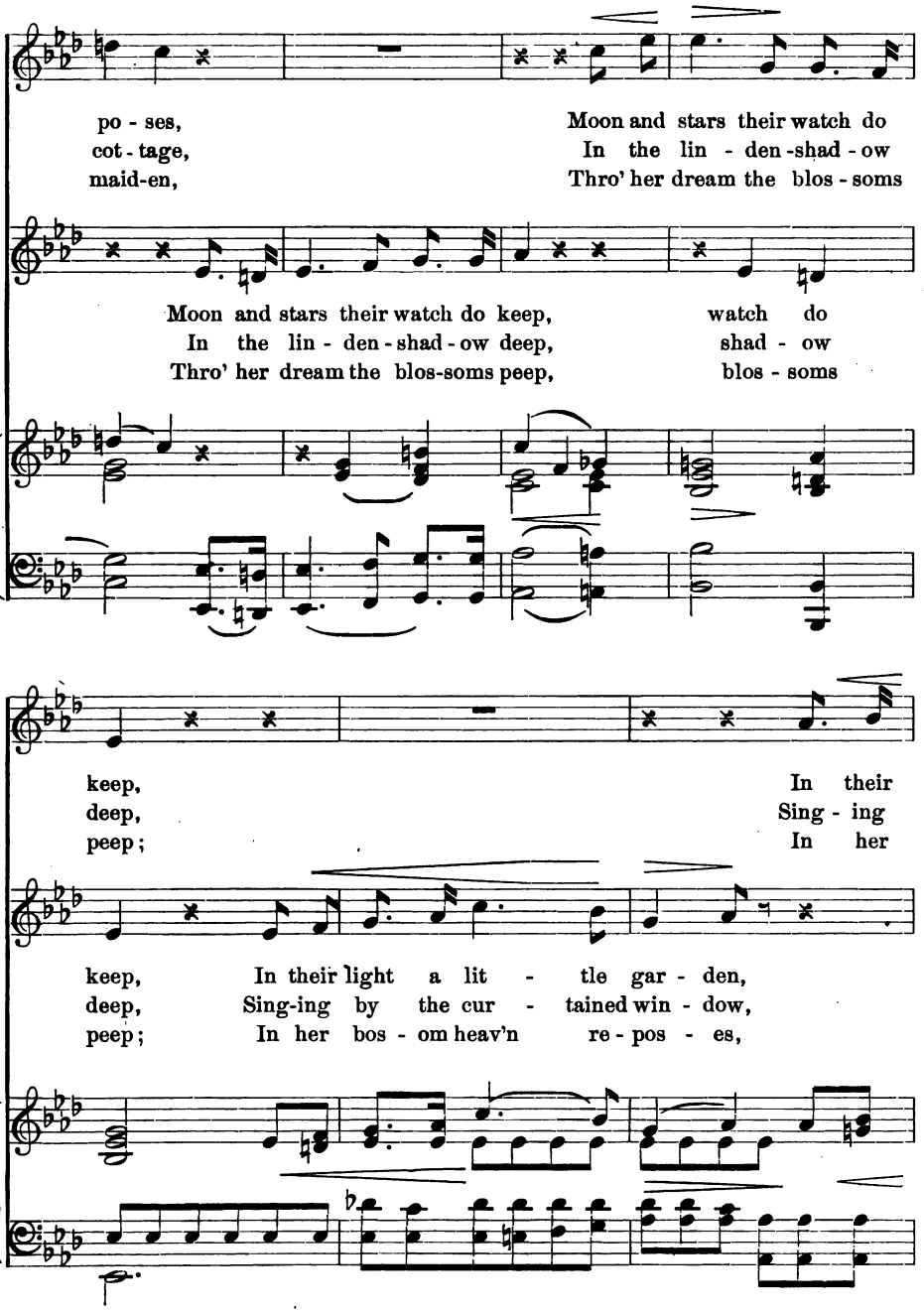


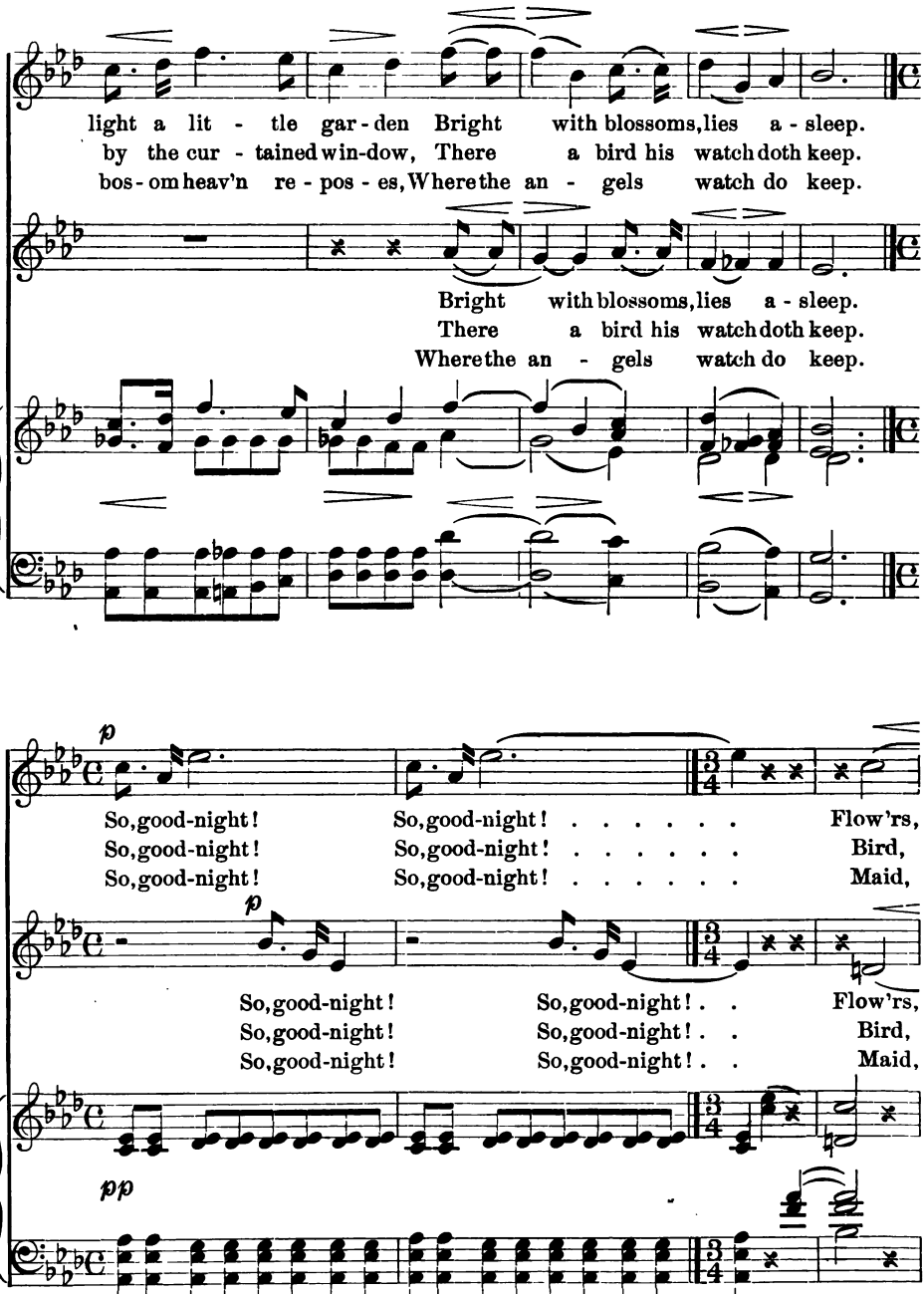
Good-Night

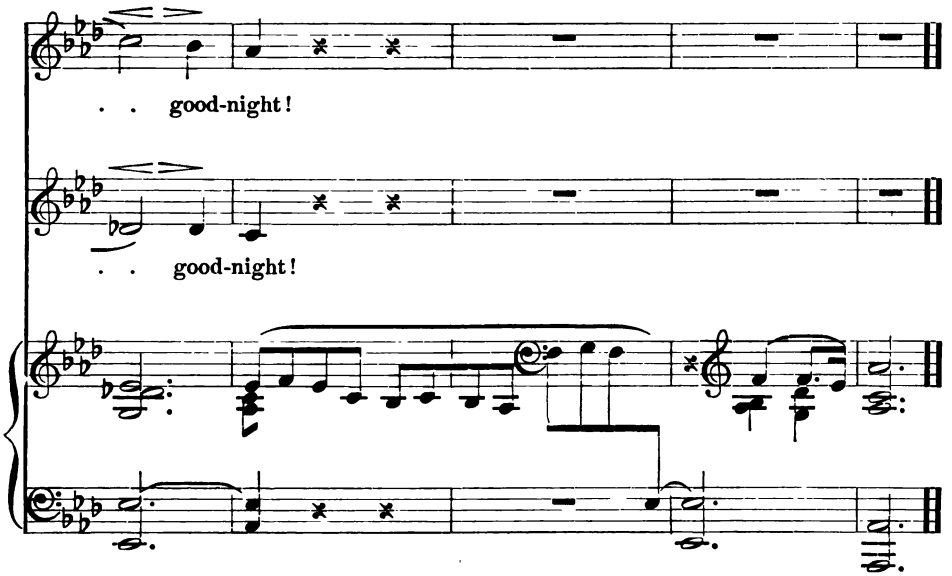
Translated from R. Reinick by Mrs. Byron

J. Raff



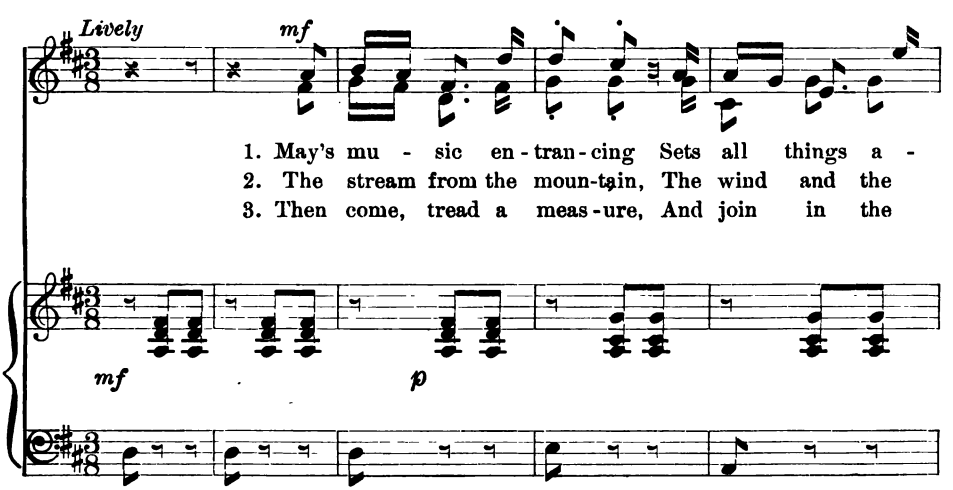

po - ses, Moon and stars their watch do
cot - tage, In the lin - den - shad - ow
maid-en, Thro' her dream the blos - soms
Moon and stars their watch do keep, watch do
In the lin - den - shad - ow deep, shad - ow
Thro' her dream the blos-soms peep, blos - soms
keep, In their
deep, Sing - ing
peep; In her
keep, In their light a lit - tle gar - den,
deep, Sing-ing by the cur - tained win - dow,
peep; In her bos - om heav'n re - pos - es,


light a lit - tle gar - den Bright with blossoms, lies a - sleep.
by the cur - tained win-dow, There a bird his watch doth keep.
bos - om heav'n re - pos - es, Where the an - gels watch do keep.
Bright with blossoms, lies a - sleep.
There a bird his watch doth keep.
Where the an - gels watch do keep.
p
So, good-night! So, good-night! . . . . . Flow'rs,
So, good-night! So, good-night! . . . . . Bird,
So, good-night! So, good-night! . . . . . Maid,
p
So, good-night! So, good-night! . . Flow'rs,
So, good-night! So, good-night! . . Bird,
So, good-night! So, good-night! . . Maid,
pp

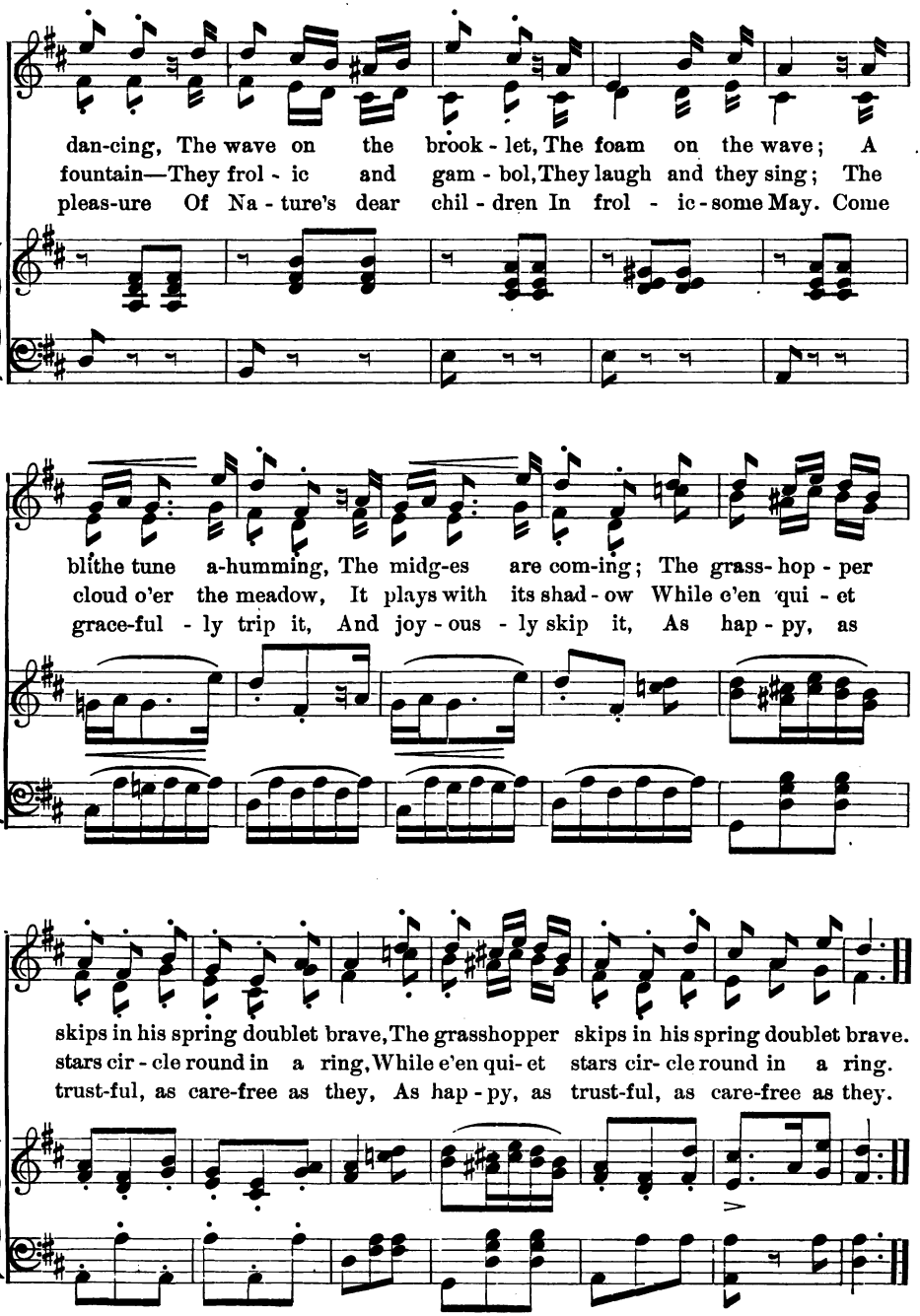


Dancing Song

After Julius Sturm — Franz Abt



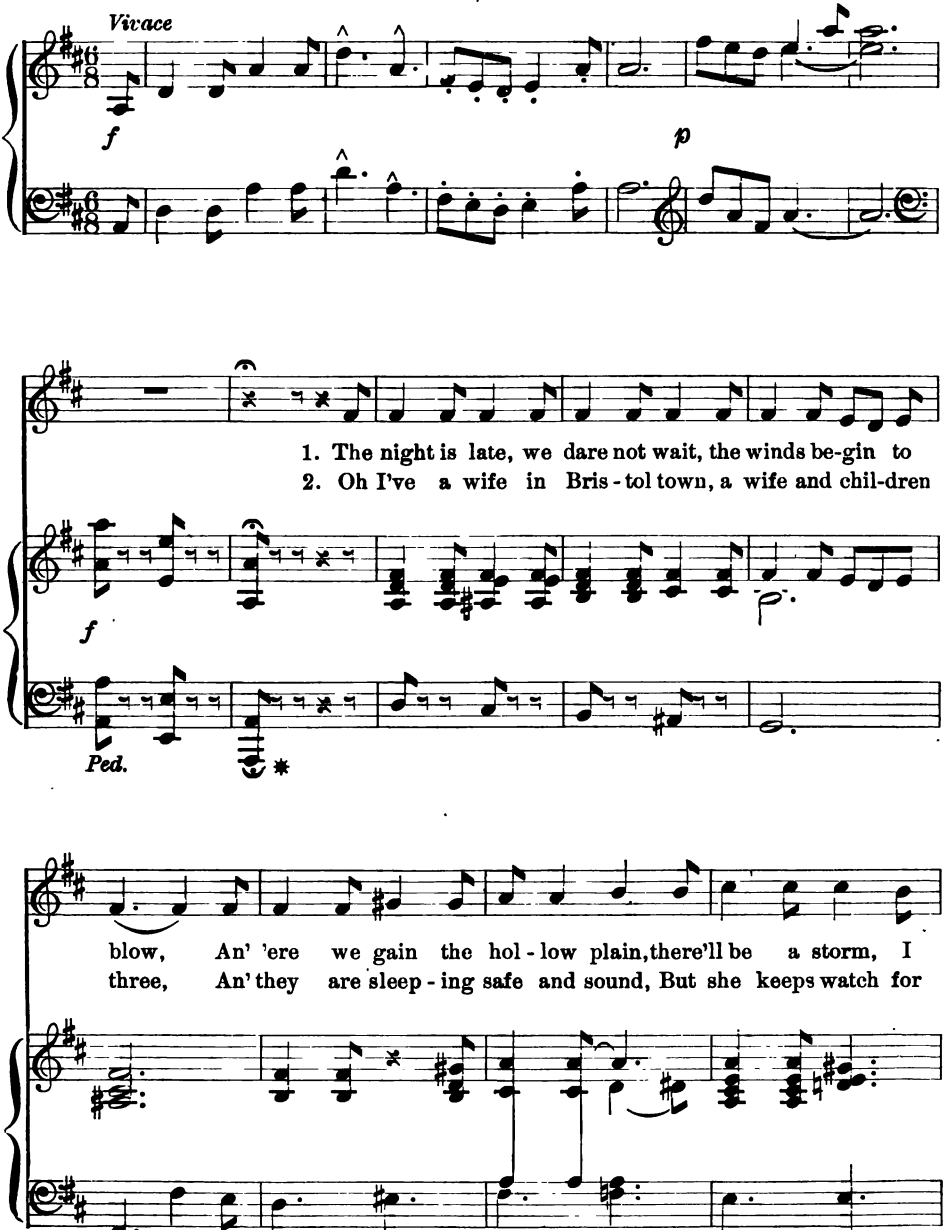
Dancing Song

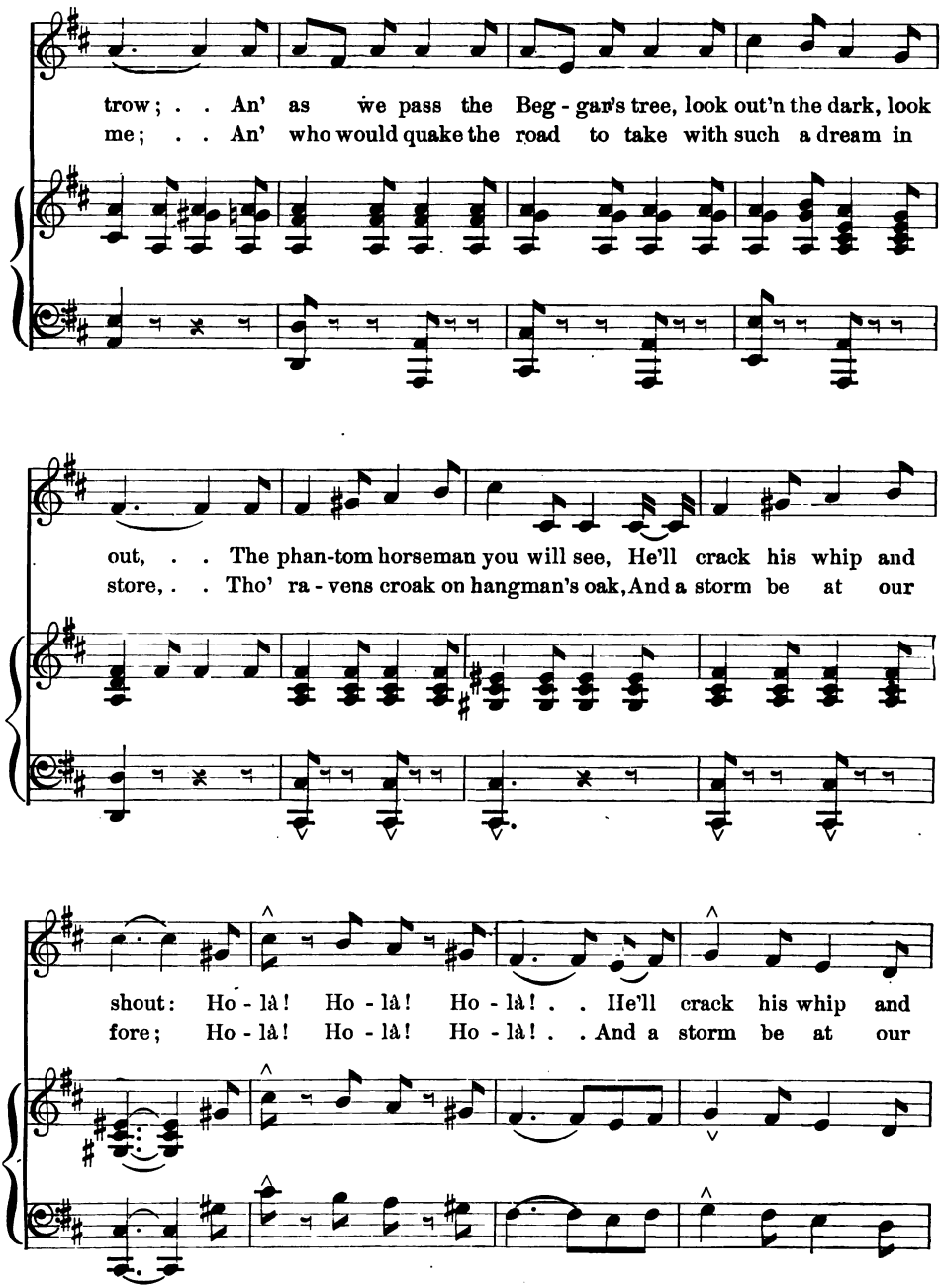


The Postillion

F. E. Weatherly

J. L. Molloy




trow; . . An' as we pass the Beg - gar's tree, look out'n the dark, look
me; . . An' who would quake the road to take with such a dream in
out, . . The phan-tom horseman you will see, He'll crack his whip and
store, . . Tho' ra - vens croak on hangman's oak, And a storm be at our
shout: Ho - là! Ho - là! Ho - là! . . He'll crack his whip and
fore; Ho - là! Ho - là! Ho - là! . . And a storm be at our

shout, Ho - là! Ho - là! Ho - là! . . Who's for the coach to -
fore; Ho - là! Ho - là! Ho - là! . . Who's for the coach to -

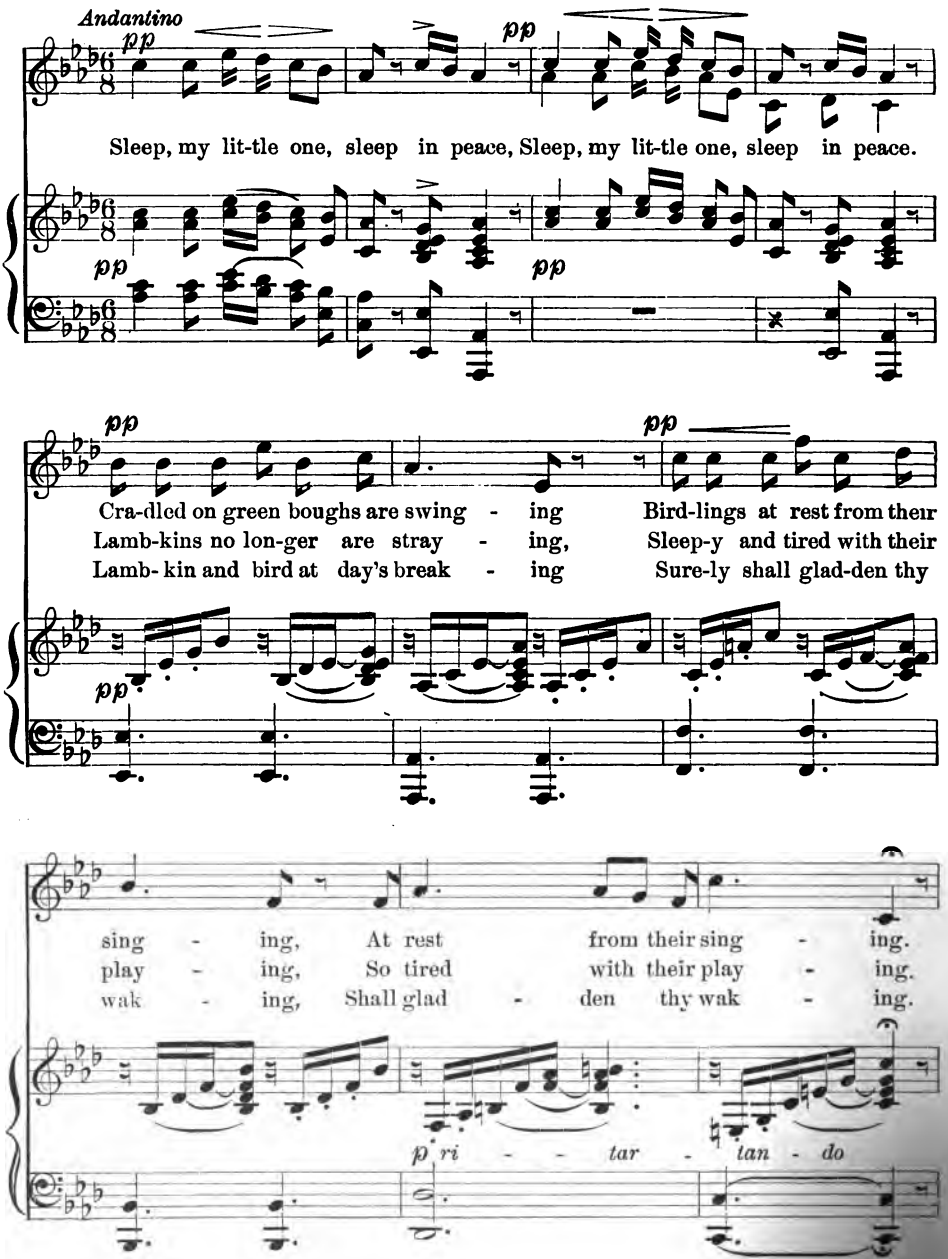
night, . . For we are boun' for Bris - tol town be - fore the morn-ing

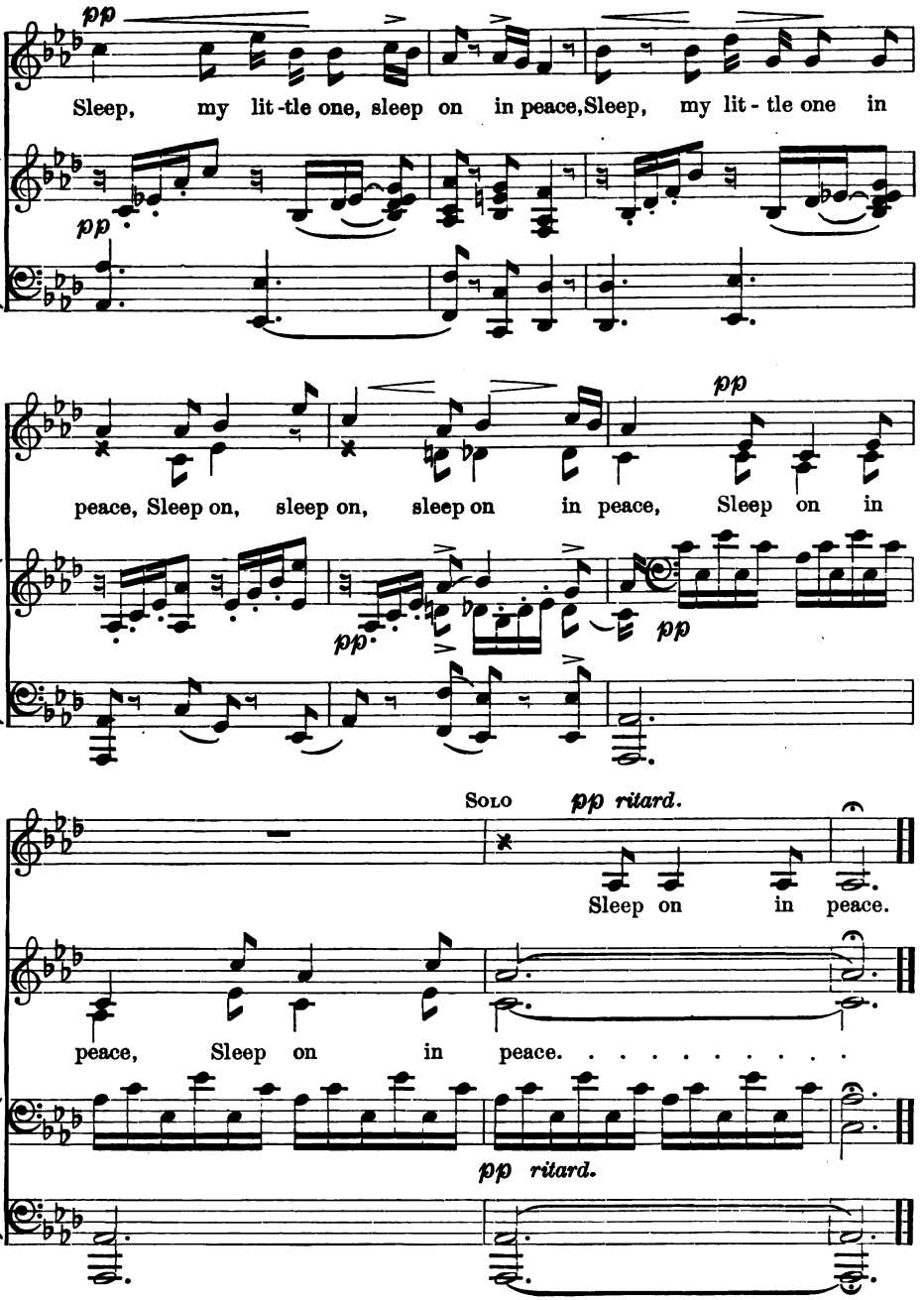
light: Ho - là! . . . . . Ho - là! Ho - là! . .

Slumber Song

Translated from the German

A. André




pp
Sleep, my lit-tle one, sleep on in peace, Sleep, my lit-tle one in
pp
peace, Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on in peace, Sleep on in
pp
pp
pp
Solo
pp ritard.
Sleep on in peace.
peace, Sleep on in peace.
pp ritard.

Serenade

Elizabeth Noxon

C. M. von Weber

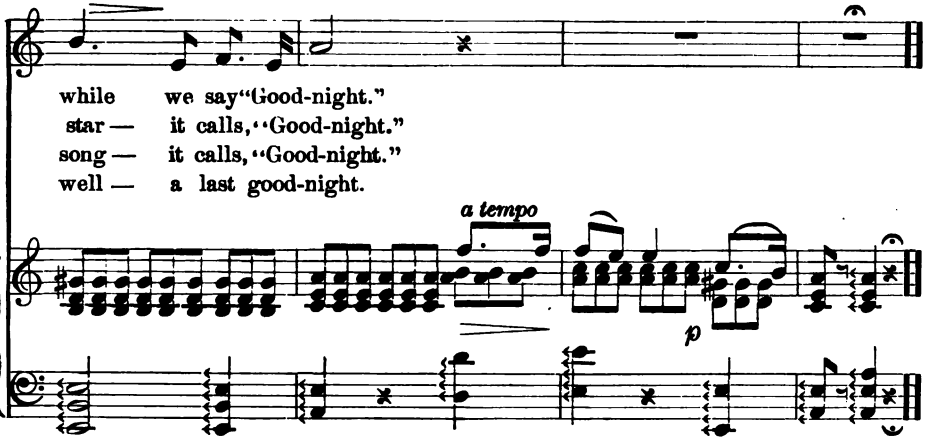
Allegretto *p*

1. In the dark - ness swift - ly fall - ing, Ev'r - y
2. All is dark - ness on the riv - er, Save a
3. Hear the voice of soft en- treat - ing, From the
4. Must I leave the hap - py gleam - ing Of the

flow'r is lost to sight, But the ros - es all are
gleam of sil - ver bright; 'Tis a star whose glan - ces
grove on yon - der height; 'Tis the night - in - gale re-
riv - er's on - ward flight — Shin - ing star and ros - es

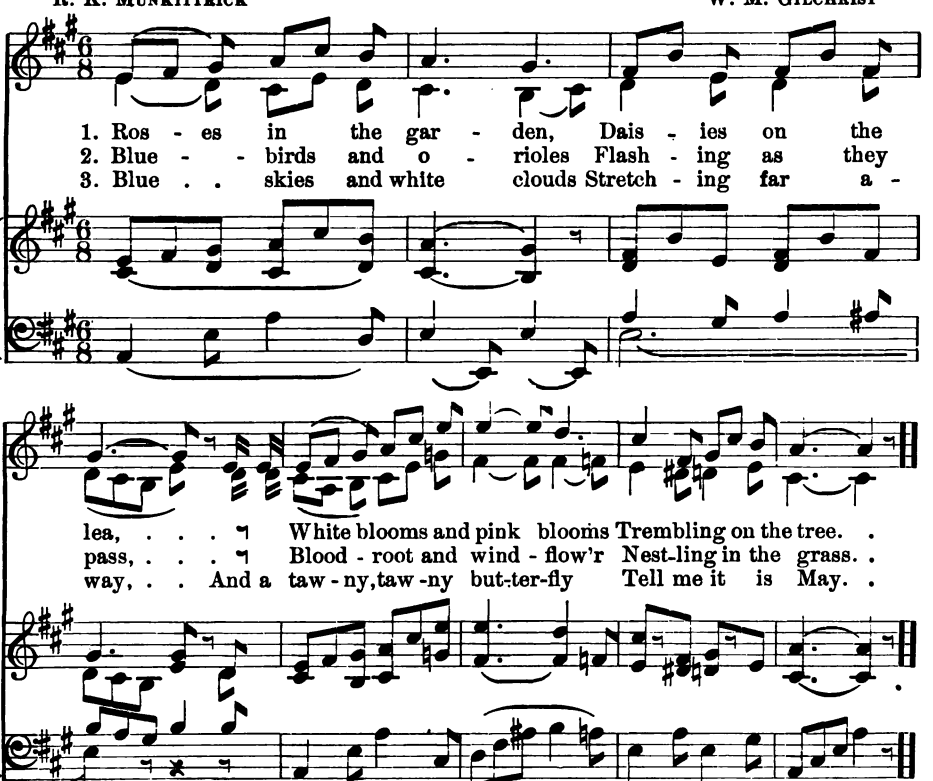
call - ing — "We will wake with morn-ing light, Lis - ten
quiv - er On the waves with smil - ing light, Laugh - ing
peat - ing Ten - der strains of deep de - light, Sweet - est
dream - ing, Till the dawn of morn-ing light! O fare -

ril.



May

R. K. Munkittrick W. M. Gilchrist



From "Harper's Young People" by permission

Dancing out of Doors

KATE FORMAN — MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG

Lightly, and not fast

mf

1. The white blossomed cher - ry Is ro - guish and mer - ry, She spreads her gay gar - lands and bids us come in. "It's ear - ly for fruit - ing, But
2. So light as a feath - er We all move to - geth - er, With soft trip - ping meas - ure up - on the new grass; Now step - ping and twirl - ing, Now
3. O white - blossomed cher - ry, So ro - guish and mer - ry, Your prom - ise is bro - ken, your thrush - es are flown! And now they are wing - ing, We'll

mf

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱

hear my birds flut - ing, The mu - sic is per - fect, O
turn - ing and whirl - ing, With ra - di - ant smiles as we
do our own sing - ing, And dance in the show - ers of

rit. *a tempo*

won't you be - gin?" So wel - come the chance, And
curt - sy and pass! So spring - y our feet, So
flow - ers you've blown. So un - der your dome As

rit. *f a tempo*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

mf *rit.* *a tempo*

gai - ly ad - vance: Thrush-es and swal - lows sing for our dance.
nim - ble and fleet, White blos-somed cher - ry laughs as we meet.
snow - y as foam, Sweet scent - ed blos - soms make us at home.

mf *ril.* *a tempo*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

O Happy Snow

Clifton Bingham

Robert Schumann
Op. 37, No. 11

Andante

p

1. Soft - ly falls the hap - py snow From the si - lent win - ter
2. Soft - ly fall, O hap - py snow, On the dear earth light - ly

p

1. Soft - ly falls the hap - py snow From the si - lent win - ter
2. Soft - ly fall, O hap - py snow, On the dear earth light - ly

p

cres. *1 ritard.*

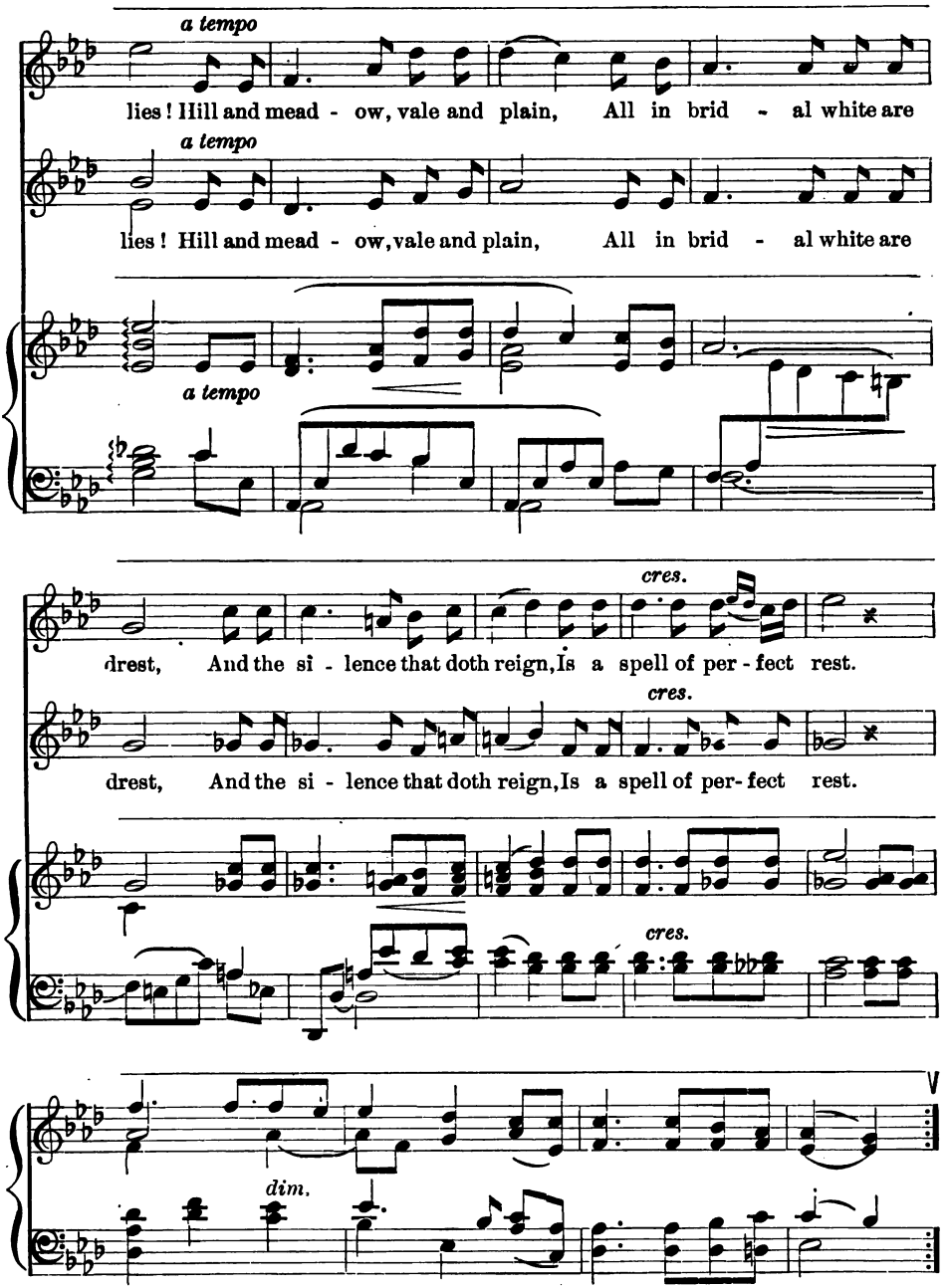
skies; On the qui - et world be - low, Like a ho - ly veil it
lie; Sleep, O tran - quil world, be - low Slumber (*Omit* . . . . .

cres. *ritard.*

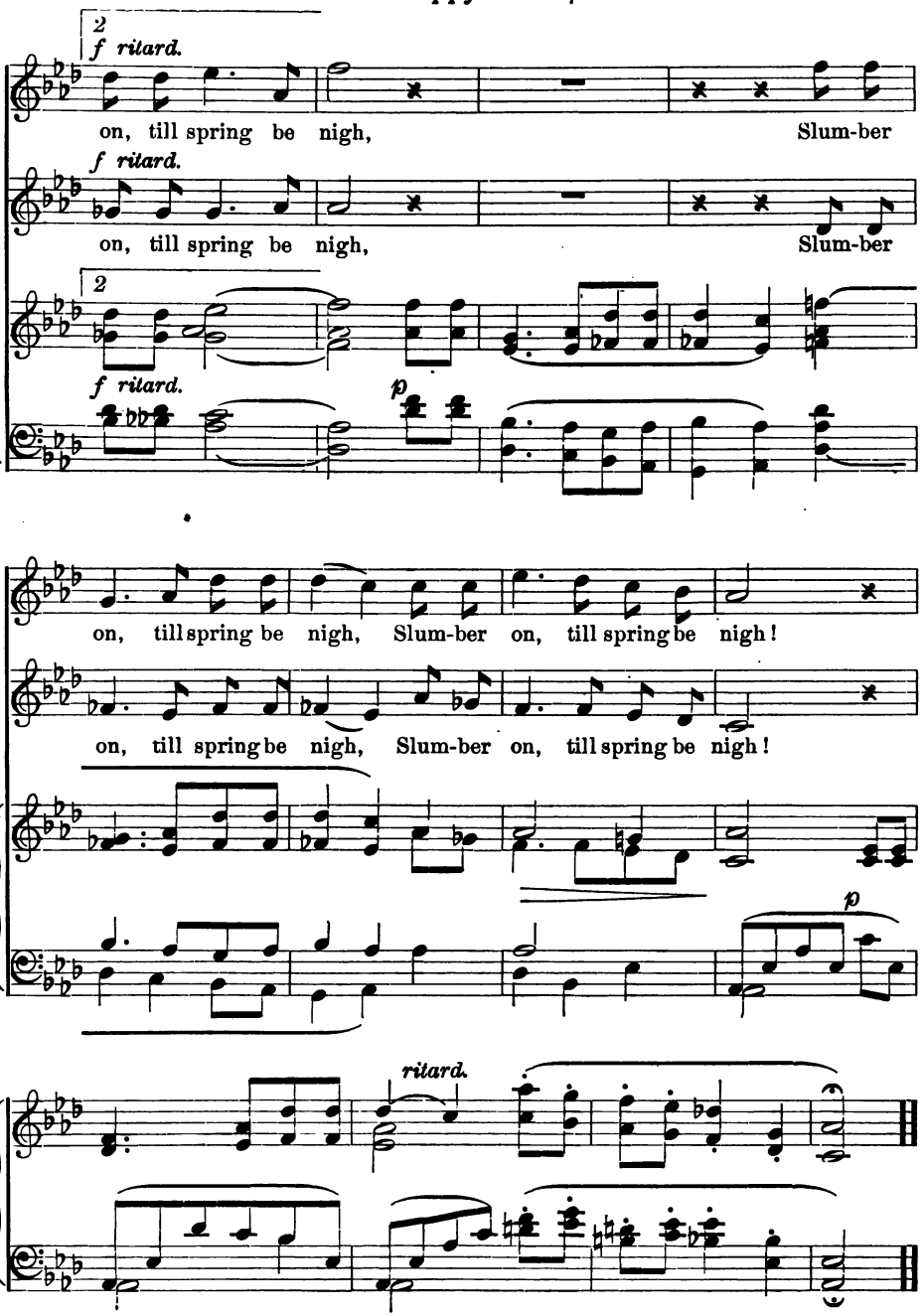
skies; On the qui - et world be - low, Like a ho - ly veil it
lie; Sleep, O tran - quil world, be - low Slumber (*Omit* . . . . .

1

cres. *ritard.*


a tempo
lies! Hill and mead - ow, vale and plain, All in brid - al white are
a tempo
lies! Hill and mead - ow, vale and plain, All in brid - al white are
a tempo
cres.
drest, And the si - lence that doth reign, Is a spell of per - fect rest.
cres.
drest, And the si - lence that doth reign, Is a spell of per - fect rest.
cres.
dim.

O Happy Snow.


2
f ritard.
on, till spring be nigh, Slum-ber
f ritard.
on, till spring be nigh, Slum-ber
2
f ritard.
p
on, till spring be nigh, Slum-ber on, till spring be nigh!
on, till spring be nigh, Slum-ber on, till spring be nigh!
p
ritard.

Lullaby

LAURENCE HARPER — C. HEYMANN-RHEINECK

Andante cantabile

1. When . . my child at rest is ly - - ing,
2. Zeph - yrs light their wings are fold - - ing,
3. Not . . . a leaf - let of the wil - - low,

1. When . . my child at rest is
2. Zeph - yrs light their wings are
3. Not . . . a leaf - let of the

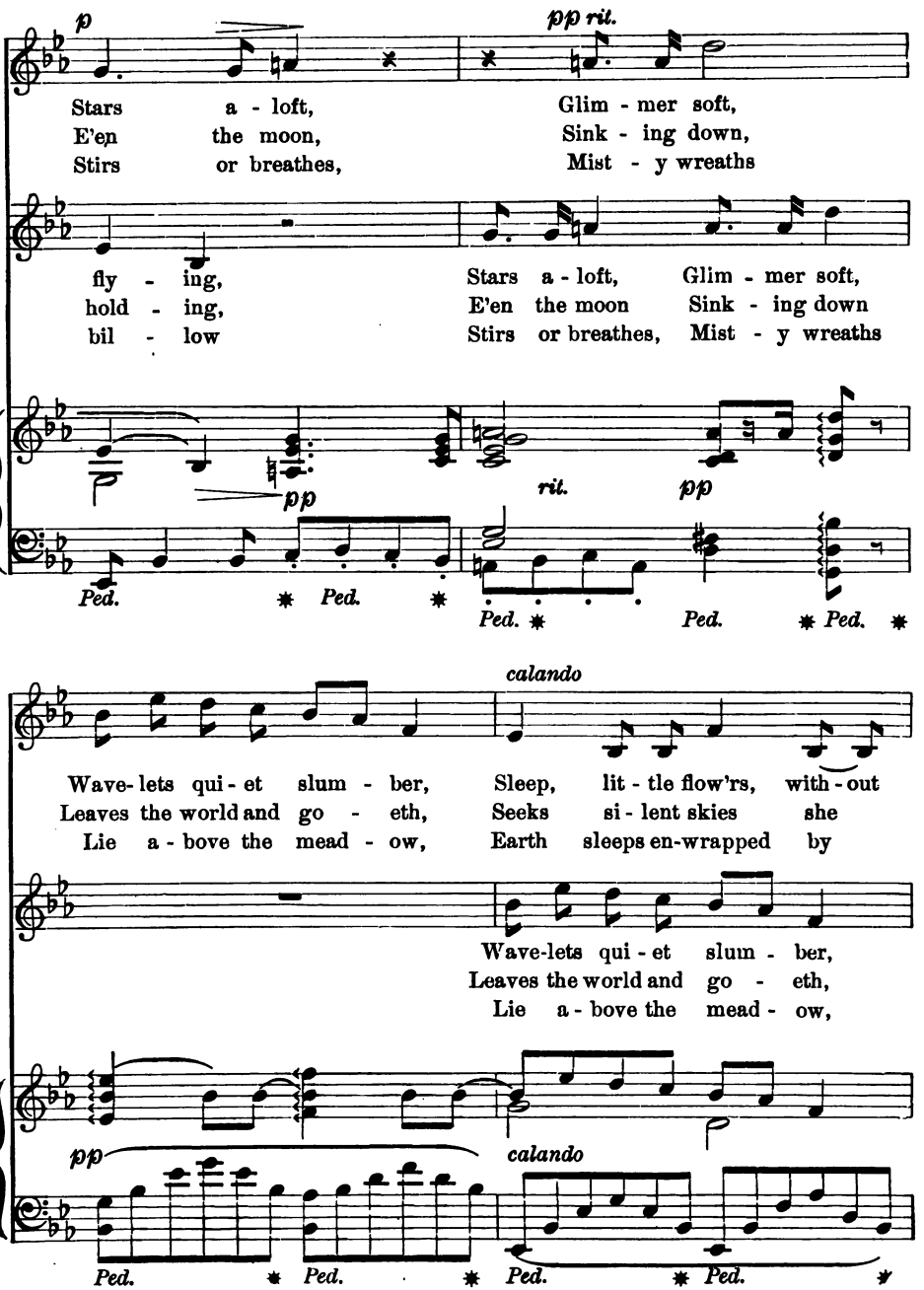
p *dolce espr.*

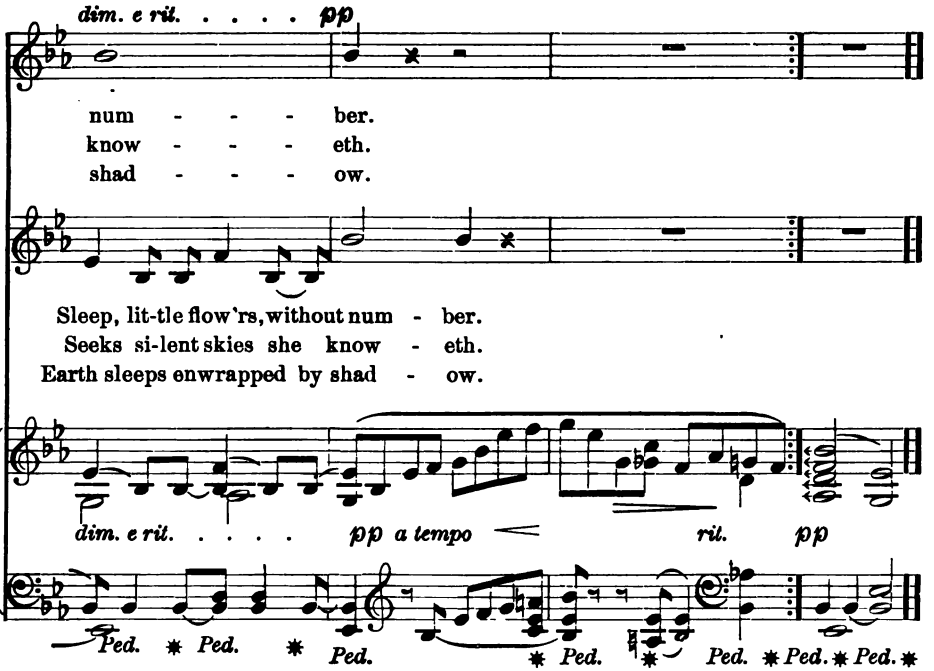
Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

Wea - ry birds no more are fly - ing,
Sleep - y spells the winds are hold - ing,
On the o - cean, not a bil - low

ly - - ing, Wea - ry birds no more are
fold - - ing, Sleep - y spells the winds are
wil - - low, On the o - cean, not a

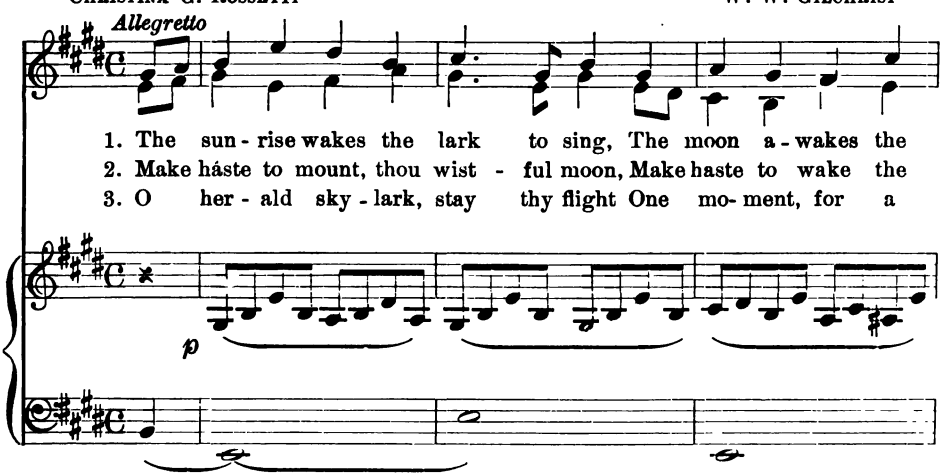
Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱


p
pp rit.
Stars a - loft, Glim - mer soft,
E'en the moon, Sink - ing down,
Stirs or breathes, Mist - y wreaths
fly - ing, Stars a - loft, Glim - mer soft,
hold - ing, E'en the moon Sink - ing down
bil - low Stirs or breathes, Mist - y wreaths
pp
rit.
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
calando
Wave- lets qui - et slum - ber, Sleep, lit - tle flow'rs, with - out
Leaves the world and go - eth, Seeks si - lent skies she
Lie a - bove the mead - ow, Earth sleeps en-wrapped by
Wave-lets qui - et slum - ber,
Leaves the world and go - eth,
Lie a - bove the mead - ow,
pp
calando
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.



The Nightingale

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI W. W. GILCHRIST



night - in-gale ; Come, darkness, moonrise, ev'r - y-thing That is so si - lent,
night - in-gale ; Let si- lence set the world in tune, To hearken to that
night - in-gale Floods us with sor- row then delight, To-morrow thou shalt

Come,
Hark,
Leave,

sweet and pale, ... Come,
word - less tale, ... Hark,
hoist the sail; . . . . . Leave,

pp

Come, so ye wake the night - in - gale. . . . . .
Hark! which warbles from the nightin - gale. . . . . .
Leave us to - night the night - in - gale. . . . . .

Come, so ye wake the nightin - gale. . . . . .
Hark! which warbles from the nightingale. . . . . .
Leave us to-night the nightin - gale. . . . . .

pp

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

Pussy Willow

Rebecca B. Foresman

Harvey Worthington Loomis

Rapidly and with grace

mf *p* *p* *rit.*

mf *p* *mp*

1. Who will tell the birds and flowers That the spring is near? Who will
2. Yes, I know that Puss-y Wil-low will, be-cause she knows, Yes, she

a tempo
mf p

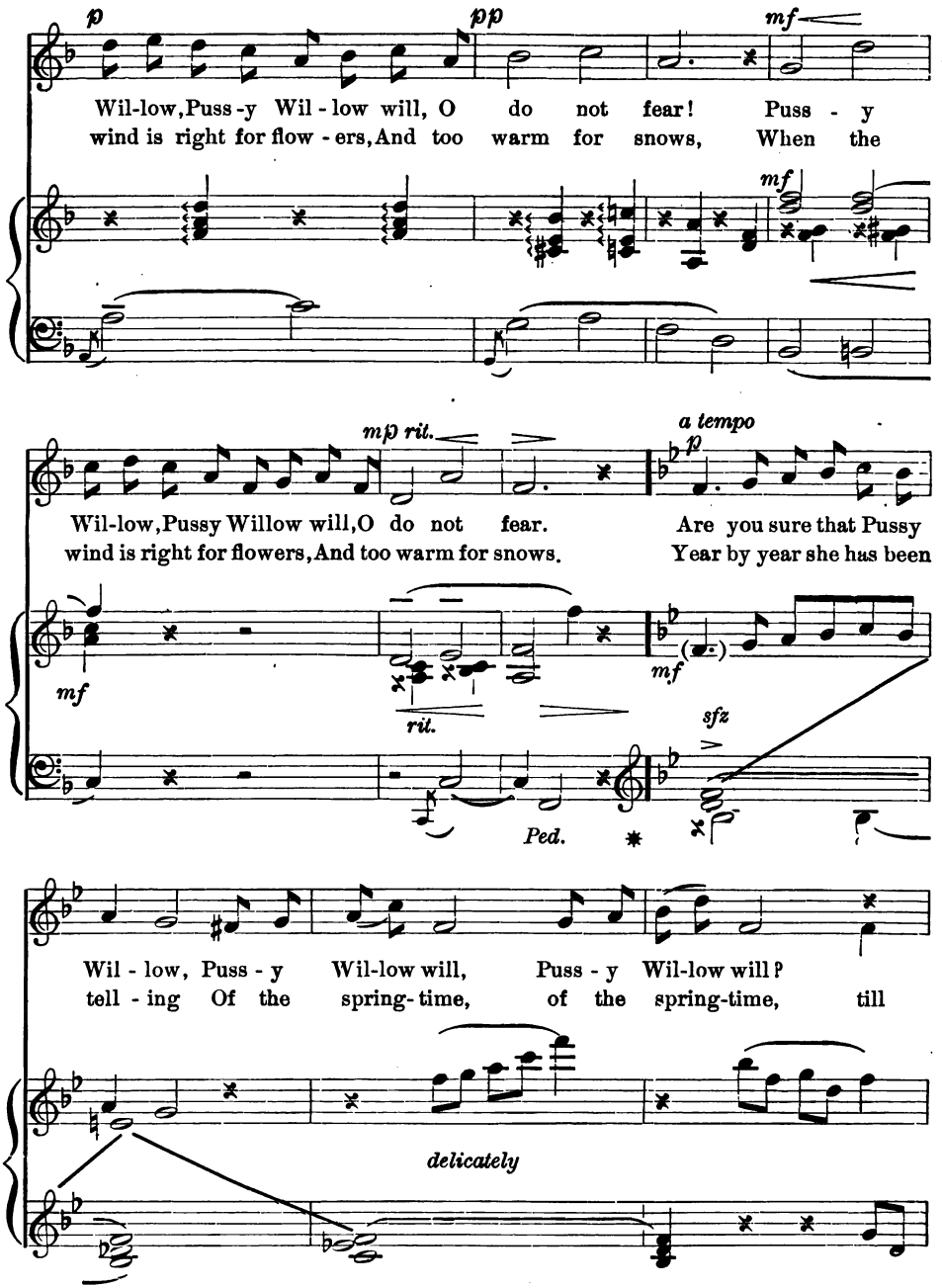
mp

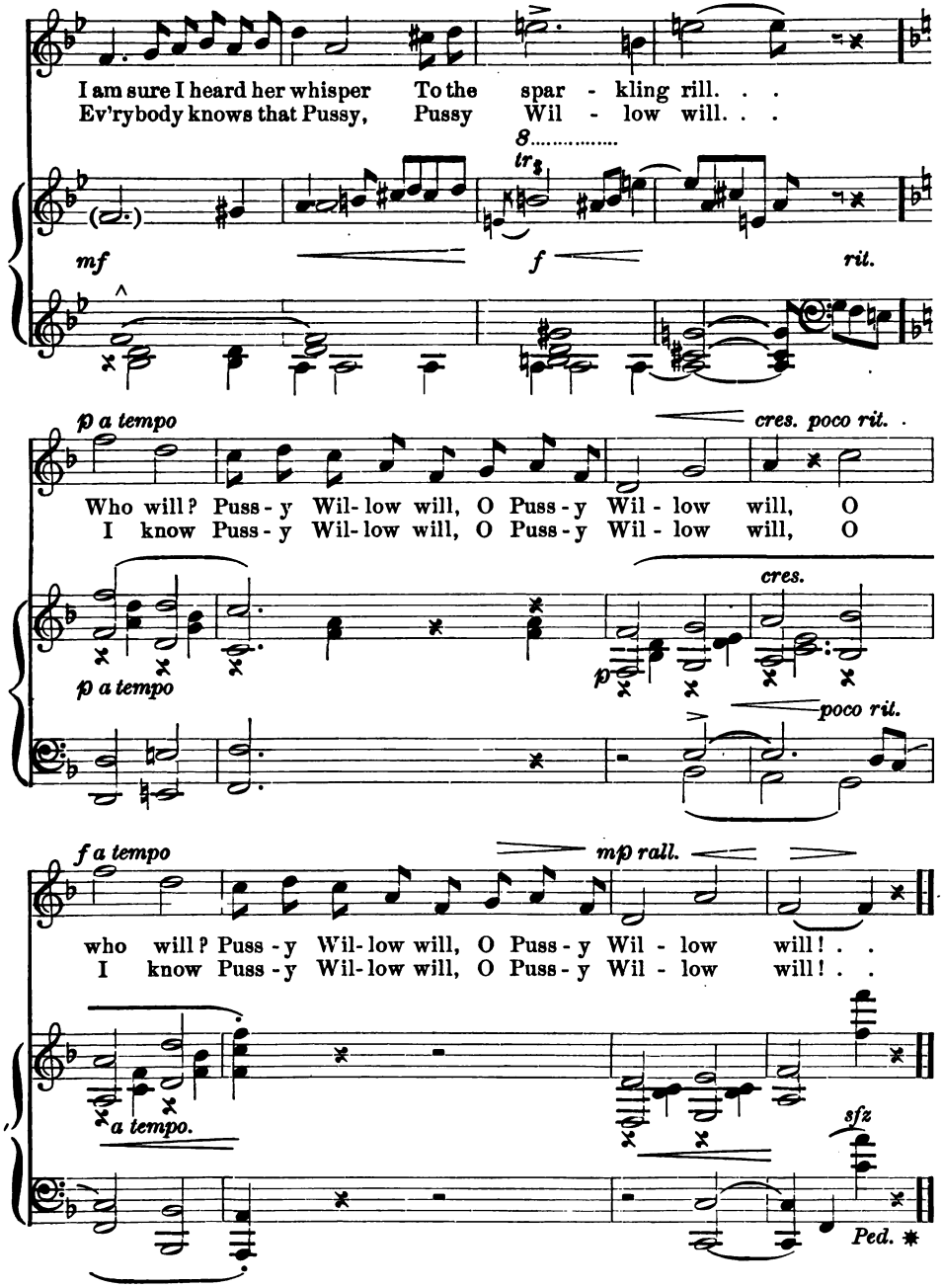
mf *mp*

tell? Who will tell? Puss - y
knows. Yes, she knows When the

with expression

Ped. ✱


p
pp
mf
Wil-low, Puss-y Wil-low will, O do not fear! Puss-y
wind is right for flow-ers, And too warm for snows, When the
mf
mp rit.
a tempo
p
Wil-low, Pussy Willow will, O do not fear. Are you sure that Pussy
wind is right for flowers, And too warm for snows. Year by year she has been
mf
rit.
mf
sfz
Ped.
Wil-low, Puss-y Wil-low will, Puss-y Wil-low will?
tell-ing Of the spring-time, of the spring-time, till
delicately


I am sure I heard her whisper To the spar - kling rill. . .
Ev'rybody knows that Pussy, Pussy Wil - low will. . .
8
tr
mf
f
rit.
p a tempo
cres. poco rit.
Who will? Puss - y Wil - low will, O Puss - y Wil - low will, O
I know Puss - y Wil - low will, O Puss - y Wil - low will, O
p a tempo
p
cres.
poco rit.
f a tempo
mp rall.
who will? Puss - y Wil - low will, O Puss - y Wil - low will! . .
I know Puss - y Wil - low will, O Puss - y Wil - low will! . .
a tempo.
sfz
Ped. *

Easter Bells

KATE FORMAN

CARL REINECKE

Moderato

1. The Eas - ter bells are gay and sweet, A hap - py prom - ise bring - ing, "No more of ice or snow or sleet!" Their voi - ces all are singing. O

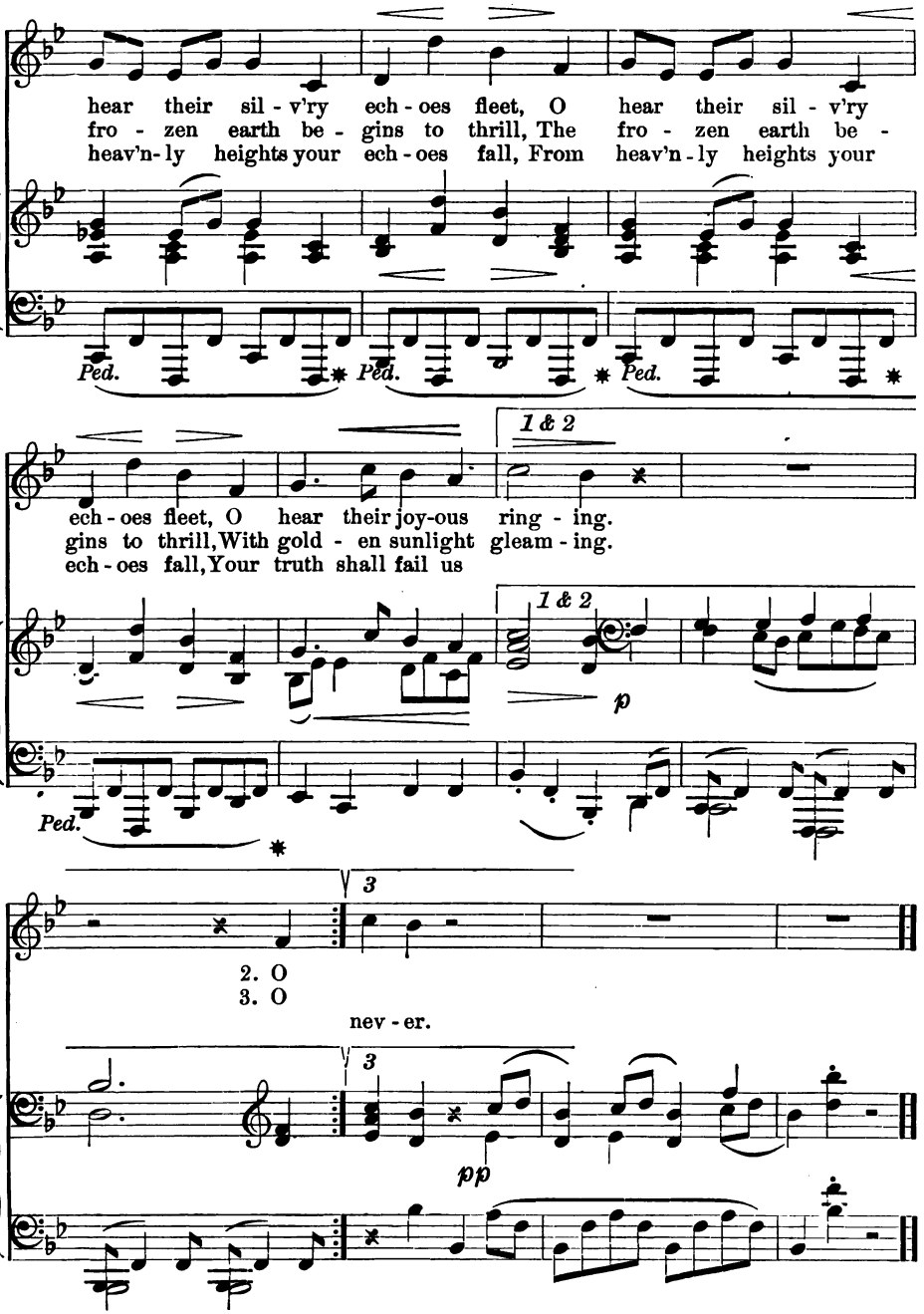
fold - ed flow - ers cold and still, Your slum - ber is but seem - ing. O, hy - a - cinth and daf - fo - dil, A - wak - en from your dreaming. The

ring, sweet bells and wake us all, To lives of high en - deav - or, From i - dle dreams our days re - call To life and light for - ev - er. From

p

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

dolce


hear their sil - v'ry ech - oes fleet, O hear their sil - v'ry
fro - zen earth be - gins to thrill, The fro - zen earth be -
heav'n - ly heights your ech - oes fall, From heav'n - ly heights your
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
1 & 2
ech - oes fleet, O hear their joy-ous ring - ing.
gins to thrill, With gold - en sunlight gleam - ing.
ech - oes fall, Your truth shall fail us
1 & 2
p
Ped.
3
2. O
3. O
nev - er.
3
pp

Spring Joy

From the German
by Margaret van Dyke

M. Hauptmann
Arranged by Moritz Vogel

Allegretto

mf *p*

mf

1. When the spring re-turn-ing on the hills is seen, When the
2. When the cher - ry tree has strewn her pet - tal - snow, When the
3. When the li - lac's blooming, and the ros - es teem, When the

mf *mf*

grass is springing and the vale is green, When the brook is
cuck - oos come and all the snow - birds go, When the dove is
sky's deep blue is lent to ev'r - y stream, Then my heart is

p *mf*

well - ing and the buds are swell-ing, When the wild - dove's
coo - ing and the swal - lows woo-ing, Then the time of
wing- ing with the birds and sing-ing, "Life is glad and

rit. *dim.*

breast has donned its sheen, The wild - dove's breast has donned its
joy is come, we know, The time of joy is come we
sor - row's but a dream; Yes, life is glad and sor-row's a

rit. *cres.* *dim.*

p

1 & 2 3

sheen, has donned, has donned its sheen.
know, is come, is come we know.
dream, and sor- row's a dream, a dream."

p

1 & 2 3

sf

Who Can I Be

HENRY JOHNSTONE — M. MELVILLE

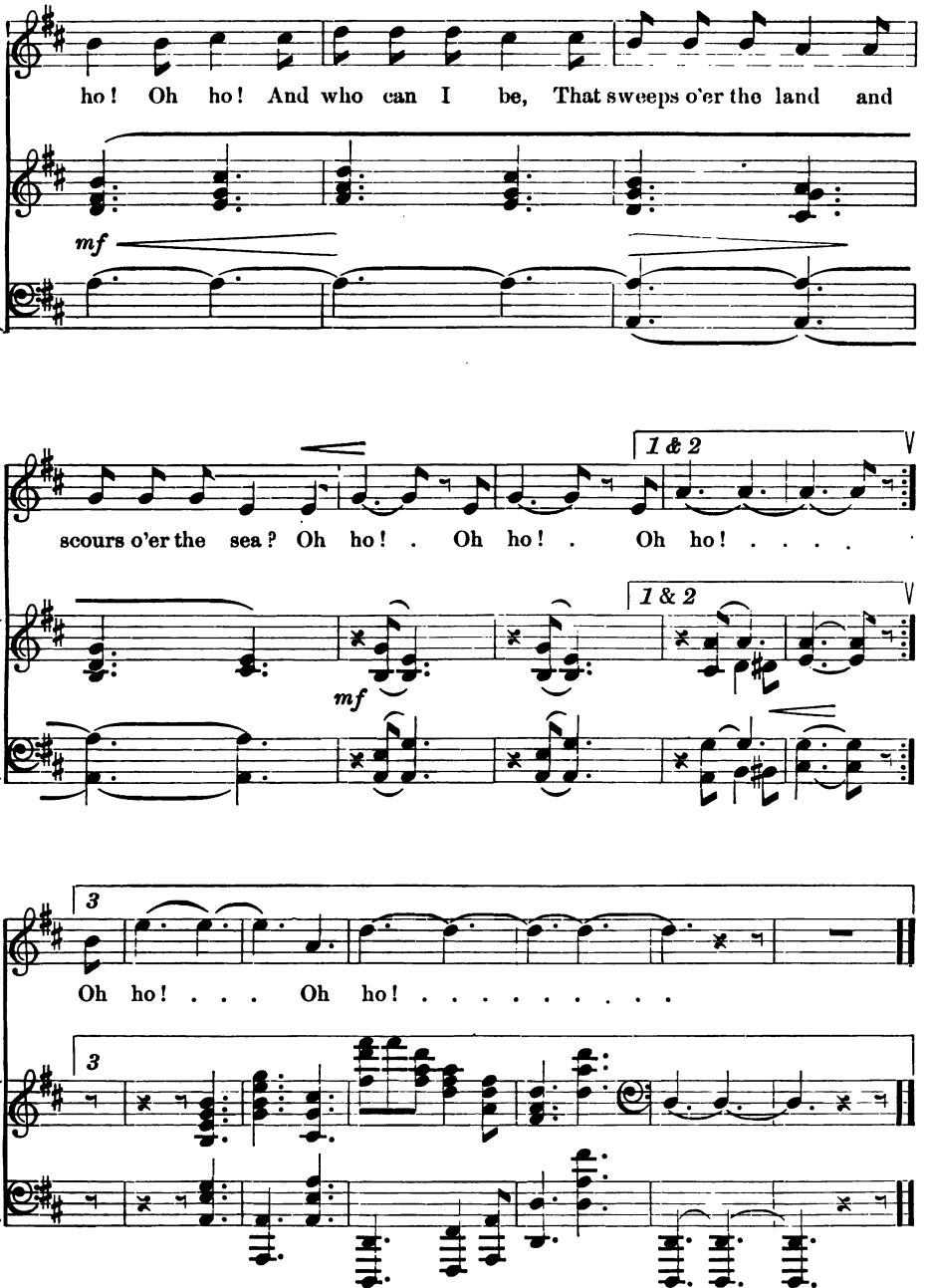
Lively

1. Oh ho! Oh ho! Pray who can I be? I
2. I swing all the weathercocks this way and that, I
3. I skim o'er the heather, I dance up the street, I've

f

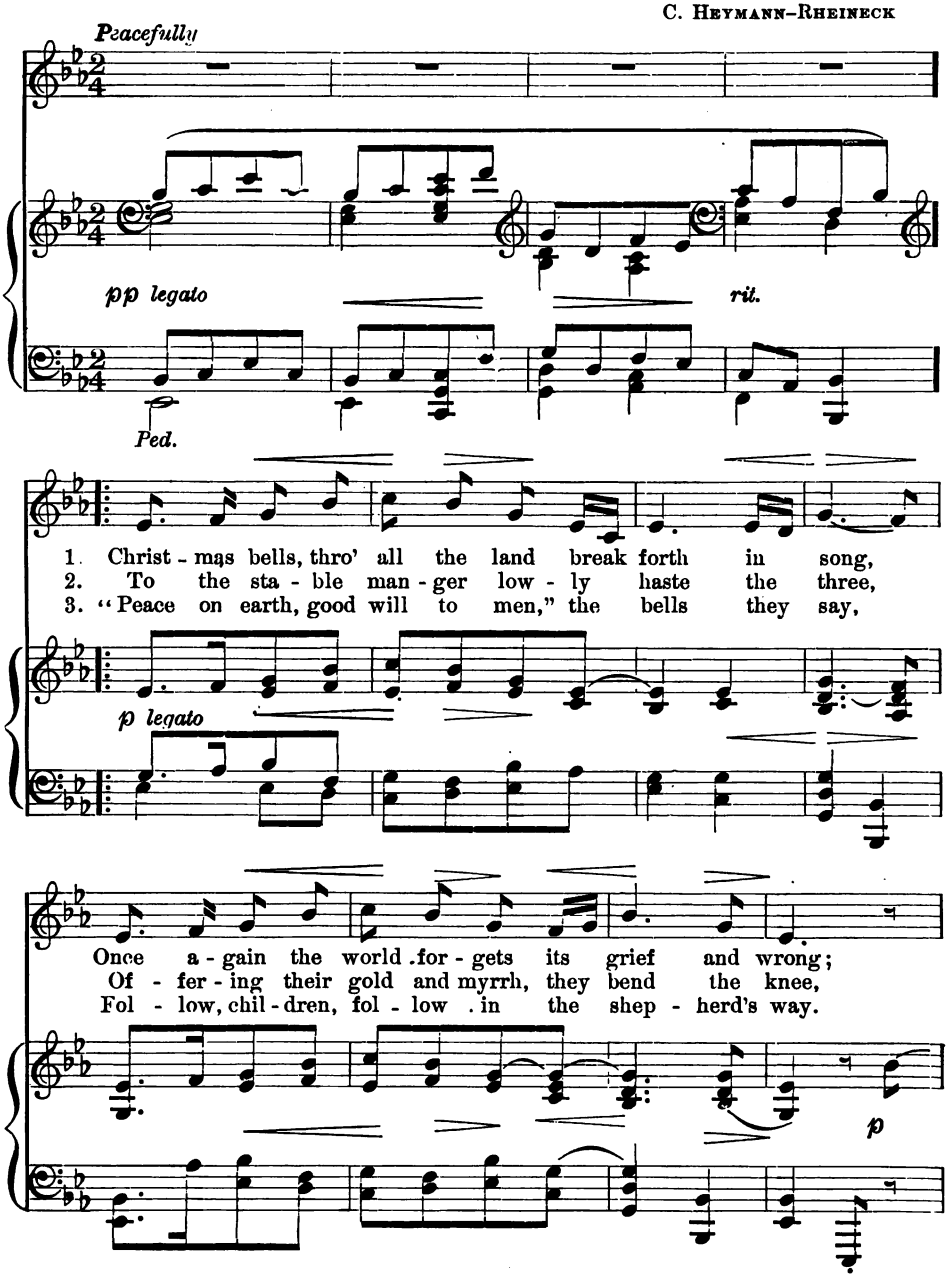
sweep o'er the land, I scour o'er the sea, I cuff the tall trees till they
play hare and hounds with a run-a-way hat; But how-ev-er I wan-der, I
foes that I laugh at, and friends that I greet; I'm known in the coun-try, I'm

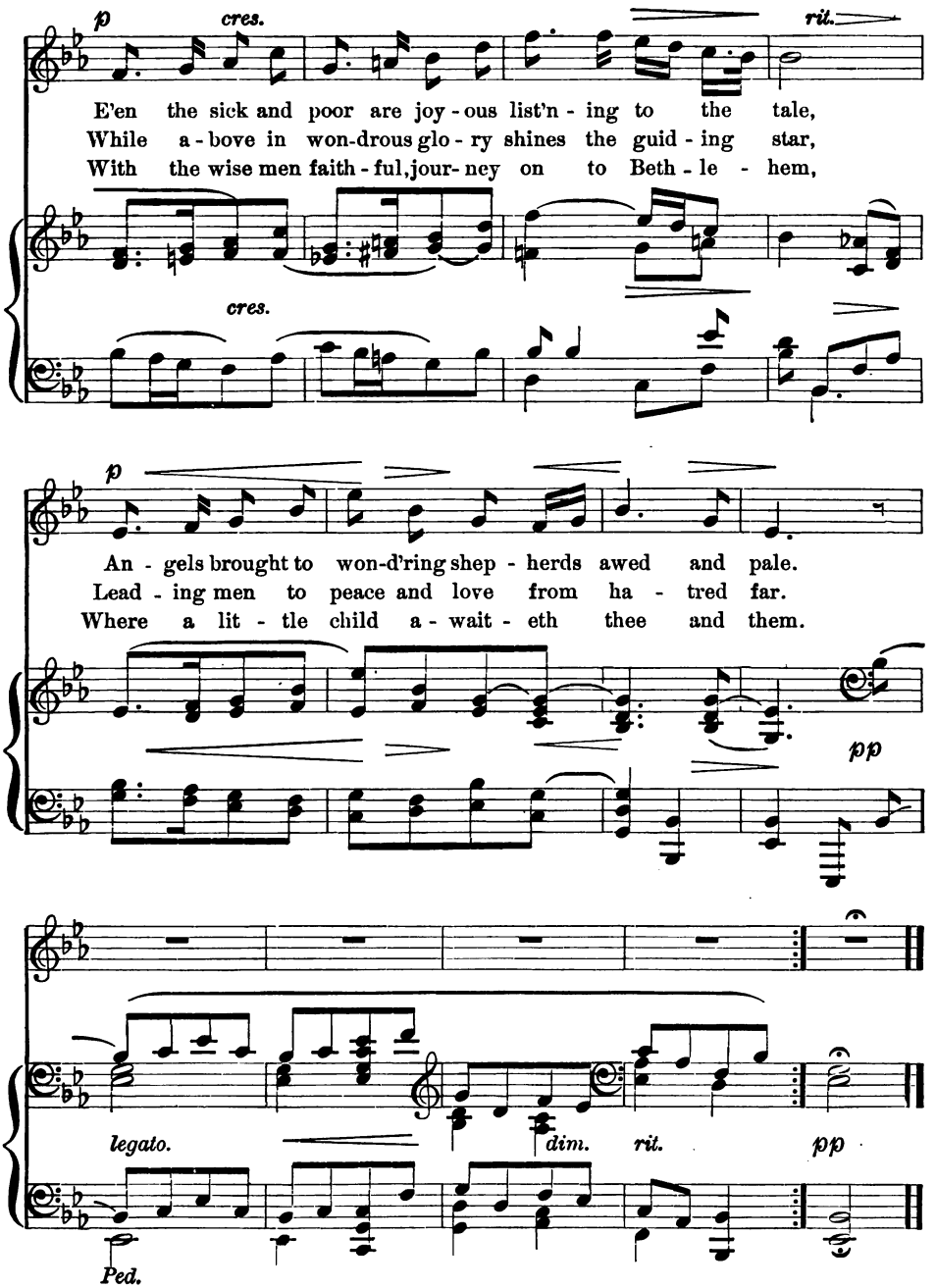
bow down their heads, And I rock the young birds fast a-sleep in their beds. Oh
nev-er can stray, For go where I will, I've a free right of way! Oh
named in the town, For all the world o-ver ex-tends my re-nown. Oh


ho! Oh ho! And who can I be, That sweeps o'er the land and
mf
1 & 2
scours o'er the sea? Oh ho! . Oh ho! . Oh ho! . . . .
1 & 2
mf
3
Oh ho! . . . Oh ho! . . . . . .
3

Christmas Song

C. Heymann-Rheineck




p
cres.
rit.
E'en the sick and poor are joy - ous list'n - ing to the tale,
While a - bove in won-drous glo - ry shines the guid - ing star,
With the wise men faith - ful, jour- ney on to Beth - le - hem,
cres.
p
An - gels brought to won-d'ring shep - herds awed and pale.
Lead - ing men to peace and love from ha - tred far.
Where a lit - tle child a - wait - eth thee and them.
pp
legato.
dim.
rit.
pp
Ped.

Sweet Spring is Near

FRANZ ABT

Joyfully *p* *f*

1. Sweet spring is near, sweet spring is near! All gloom he'll quick - ly
2. Sweet spring is near, sweet spring is near! Re-stor'd he bring - eth
3. Sweet spring is near, sweet spring is near! The joy - ous lark is

p *f*

mf

ban - ish; With ten - der green he decks each tree, Fair
hith - er The bird - ling's songs, the sun's bright smile, The
sing - ing Of life new-born, of earth so fair; In

mf

flow'rs he calls to vale and lea, And win - ter drear shall van - ish, And
bloom, that win - ter's hand a while So ruth - less-ly did with - er, So
thrill-ing praise he mounts the air, His bright course heav'n-ward wing-ing, His

cres. *f*

win - ter drear shall van - ish! Sweet spring . . is near, . . Sweet
ruth - less - ly did with - er. Sweet spring . . is near, . . Sweet
bright course heav'n-ward wing - ing Sweet spring . . is near, . . Sweet

cres. *f*

f *f*

spring . . is near! . Sweet spring, Glad spring is here!

f *p* *f*

Wake, 'tis Morning

LEWIS NOVRA H. HOFMANN

Animato

mf

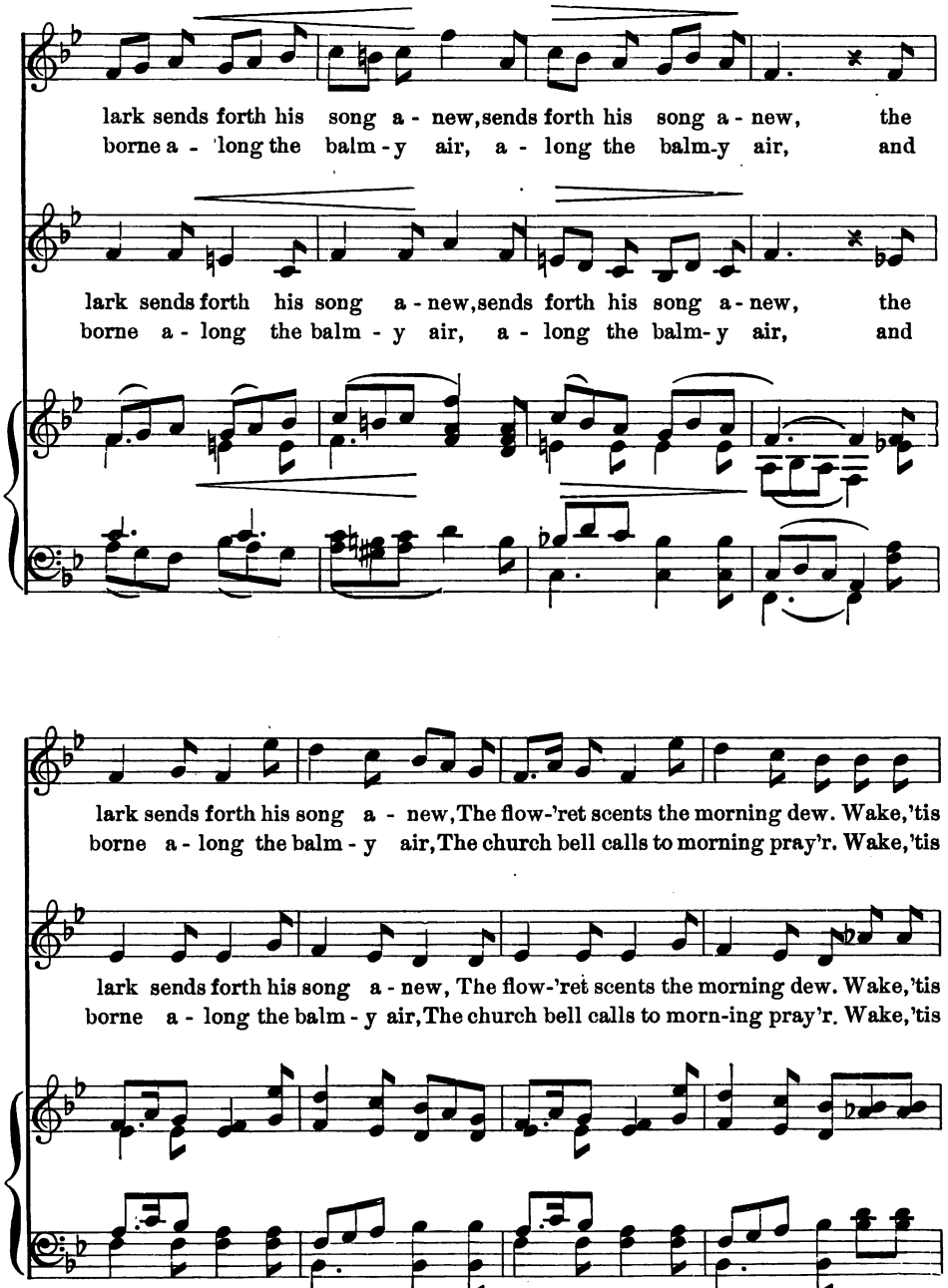
1. A - wake and ope thy drow-sy eyes, The sun in splendor mounts the skies, The
2. The bleat-ing herds in grass- y dells Give forth sweet sounds from silv'ry bells, And

mf

1. A - wake and ope thy drow- sy eyes, The sun in splendor mounts the skies, The
2. The bleat-ing herds in grass- y dells Give forth sweet sounds from silv'ry bells, And

Animato

mf


lark sends forth his song a - new, sends forth his song a - new, the
borne a - long the balm - y air, a - long the balm - y air, and
lark sends forth his song a - new, sends forth his song a - new, the
borne a - long the balm - y air, a - long the balm - y air, and
lark sends forth his song a - new, The flow-'ret scents the morning dew. Wake, 'tis
borne a - long the balm - y air, The church bell calls to morning pray'r. Wake, 'tis
lark sends forth his song a - new, The flow-'ret scents the morning dew. Wake, 'tis
borne a - long the balm - y air, The church bell calls to morn-ing pray'r. Wake, 'tis

morn - ing, wake, 'tis morn - ing, wake, 'tis morn - - - - - -

morn - ing, wake, 'tis morn - ing, wake, 'tis morn-ing, wake, 'tis morn - -

p leggiero *p rit.*

ing, wake, 'tis morn - ing, wake, 'tis morn - ing!

p leggiero *p rit.*

ing, wake, 'tis morn - ing, wake, 'tis morn - ing!

p *leggiero* *rit.*

Ped. *pp*

Flowers and Birds and Baby, Sleep

KATE FORMAN — W. TAUBERT

Andantino tranquillo

1. O
2. O
3. And

p

bring a show'r of dew - drops To wash the ba - by flow'rs, Then
breez-es, sing so gen - tly A - round the bird-lings dear, And
now in lit - tle cra - dle Here lies my dar-ling one, I'll

p

leave them soft - ly sleep - ing With - in their star - lit bow'rs. O
rock their nest so light - ly They can-not know a fear. O
sing him in - to Dream - land; He'll sleep till night is done. And

bring a show'r of dew - drops To wash the ba - by flow'rs, With -
breez - es, sing so gen - tly A - round the bird-lings dear, They
now in lit - tle cra - dle Here lies my dar - ling one He'll

p

pp

in their star - lit bow'rs, With - in their star - lit bow'rs The
can - not know . . . a fear, They can-not know . . a fear, The
sleep till night . . is done, He'll sleep till night . . is done, My

dim. *pp*

ritenuto *pp*

lit - tle sleep-ing flow'rs.
lit - tle bird-lings dear.
lit - tle dar - ling one. sleep well!

rit.

colla voce *p* *pp*

Cradle Song

W. Wackernagel — Wilhelm Taubert

Allegretto

p

1. Come a - fly - ing, lit - tle swal - low, Come a -
2. Send your fra - grance, bloom - ing lin - den! Send your

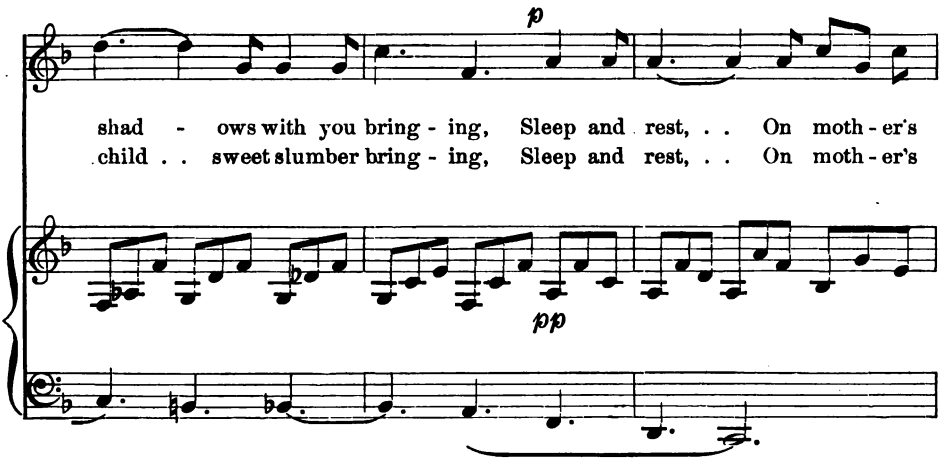
p

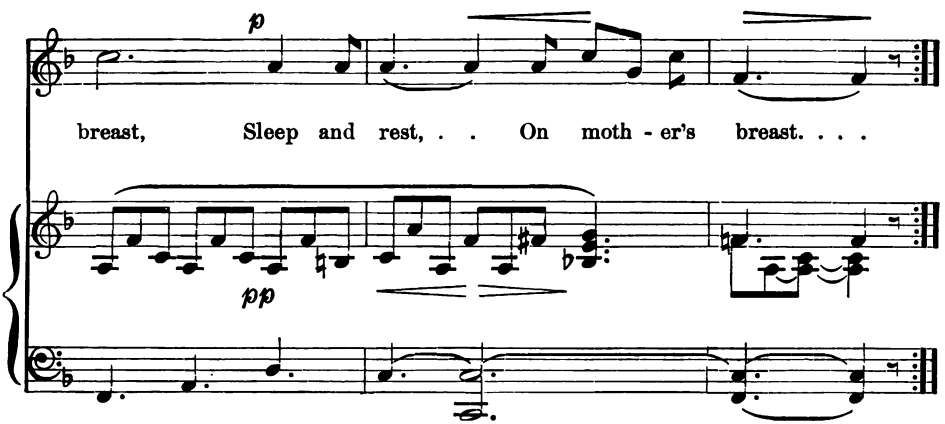
fly - ing! Cov - er soft my ba - by's sleep-y eye-lids, With your gen- tle
fra - grance; With your drowsy, drow-sy sweetness, Breathe upon my ba - by's

mp

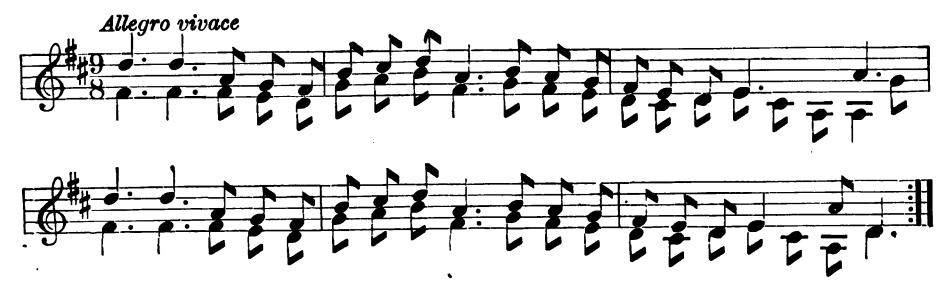
wing; Help my sing - ing, Help my sing - ing, Pleas - ant
eyes; Help my sing - ing, Help my sing - ing, To my

p





English Country Dance



Wind Ye Roses

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Not too fast

p *fp*

1. Wind ye ros - es in a wreath, Ros - es red and glow-ing,
2. Laugh and sing ere yet the May Grows and wanes and pass- es;

p *fp*

p

Then to dance up - on the heath, Ere the flow'rs be go - ing.
Sport and frol - ic blithe and gay, Lads and bloom- ing lass - es.

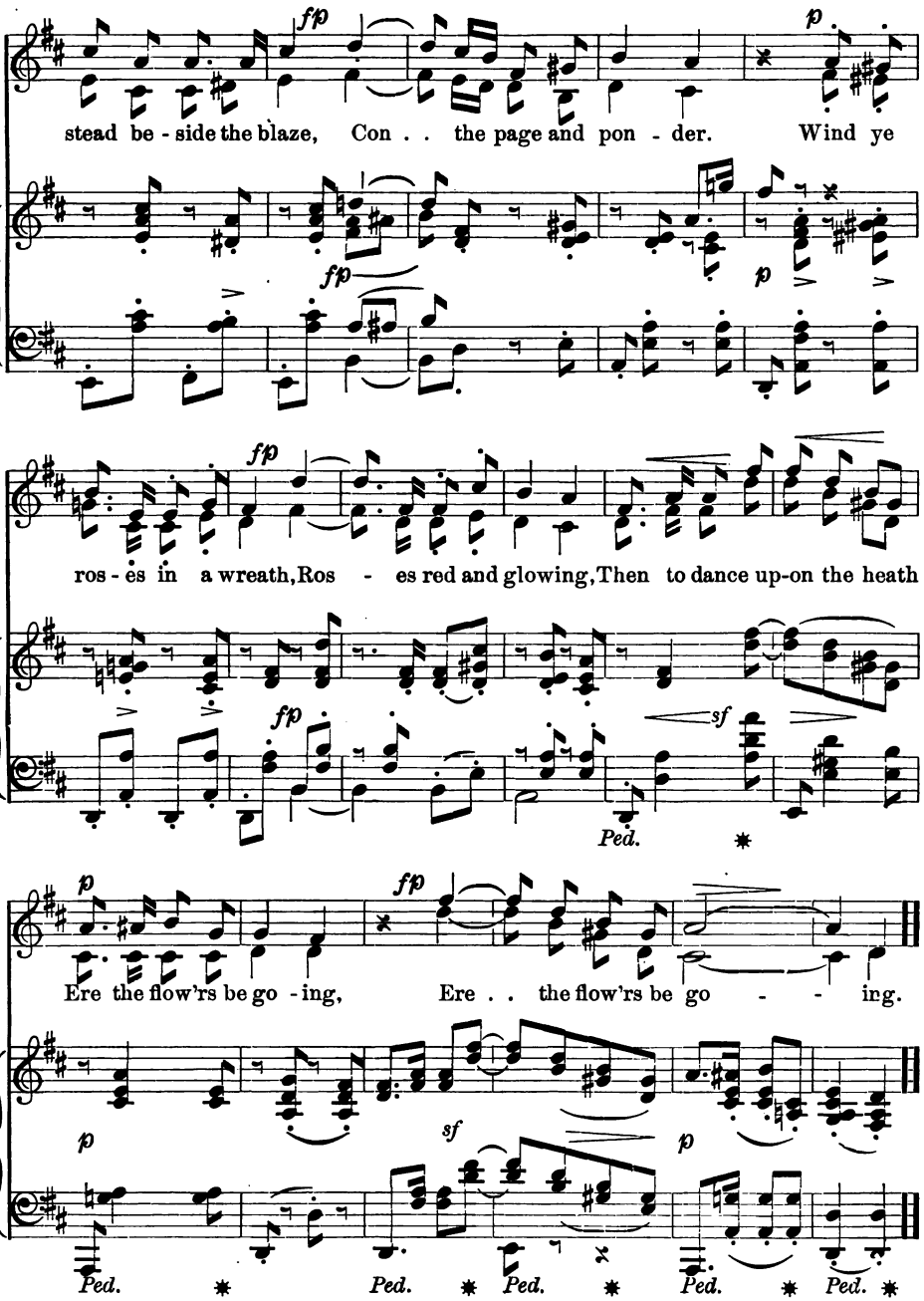
sf

Ped. ✱

p

Soon will come the win-ter days; Then no more you'll wan-der; Toil in -

p


fp
p
stead be - side the blaze, Con . . the page and pon - der. Wind ye
fp
p
fp
ros - es in a wreath, Ros - es red and glowing, Then to dance up-on the heath
fp
sf
Ped.
p
fp
Ere the flow'rs be go - ing, Ere . . the flow'rs be go - - ing.
p
sf
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

Snowdrops

From the German of
JOHANNES TROJAN

EUGEN HILDACH

Allegretto grazioso

p

1. Soon as the birds are mat - ing, Here in the gar - den
2. Shine, dear-est sun, shine o'er us, Long stretch the days be -

p grazioso

With use of the pedals

wait - ing Till oth - er flow'rs ar - rive,
fore us And cold our small white feet;

p

Chill - y we snowdrops clus - ter, The first that the spring can mus - ter Ere
Shine or we'll soon be sneez - ing, Our nos - es and ears a - freez - ing Ere

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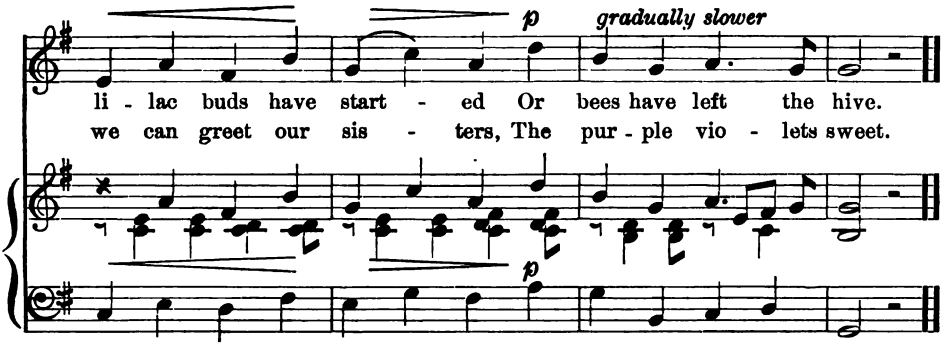
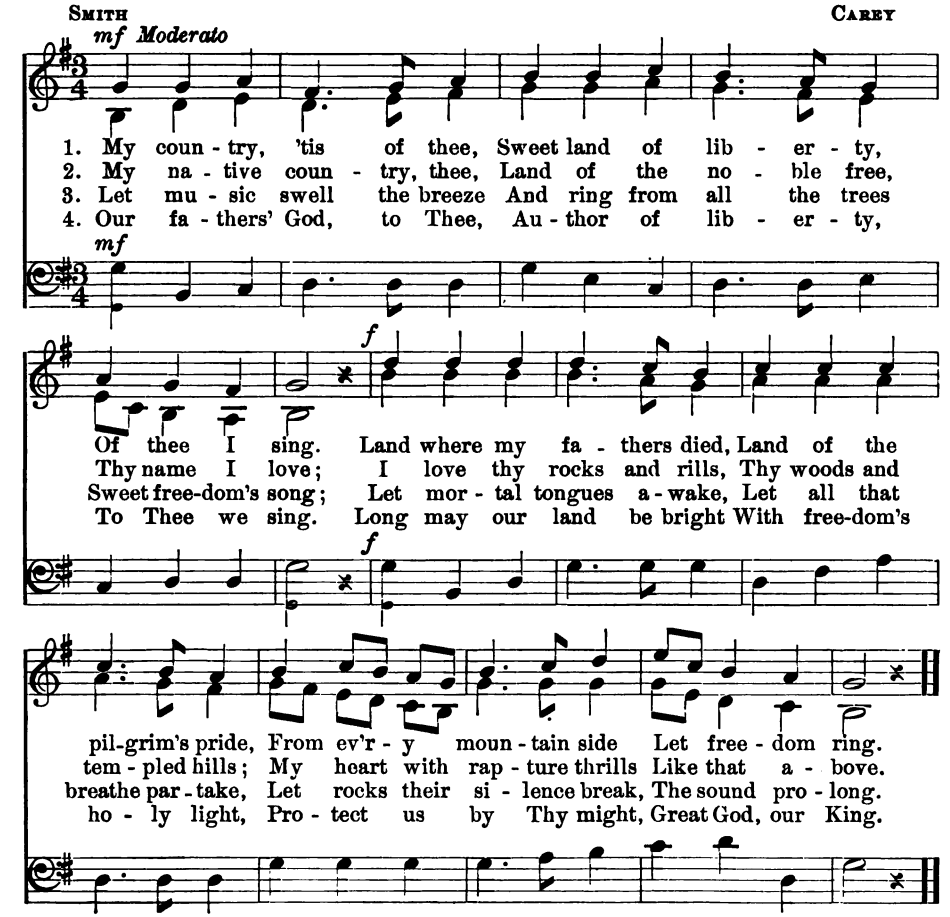
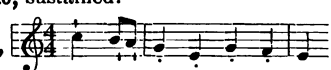


America

SMITH CAREY



COMMON TERMS AND SIGNS USED IN MUSIC

A, in, by or at.
Adagio, at ease; a very slow tempo.
Ad Lib. = **Ad Libitum,** at pleasure.
Alla, like; in the manner of.
Allegretto, merrily, cheerfully; moderately quick degree of speed.
Allegro, merrily, cheerfully, but somewhat quicker tempo than allegretto.
Andante, going; a moderate degree of speed; slower than allegretto.
Andantino, a slightly quicker tempo than andante.
Animato, with spirit, with animation.
Assai, very.
A tempo, in the original speed.
Cantabile, in a singing, melodious manner.
Con, with.
Con moto, with motion; usually signifies an acceleration of speed.
Cres. = **Crescendo** (<), increase in tone power.
D. C. = **da capo,** from the beginning.
D. S. = **dal segno,** (or) :S:, from the sign.
Decres. = **Decrescendo** (>), decrease in tone power.
Dim. = **Diminuendo,** decrease the tone power.
Dolce, sweetly.
E, and.
Espress. = **Espressione,** in an expressive manner.
Fine, the end.
f = **Forte,** strong.
ff = **Fortissimo,** very strong.
Grazioso, gracefully.
Grave, the slowest tempo; in a solemn, impressive manner.
Larghetto, somewhat broad and slow.
Largo, broadly and in very slow tempo.
Legato, evenly; smoothly; flowing; literally tied or connected.
Lento, slowly.
Ma, but.
Maestoso, with majesty.
Marcato, in a marked, decisive manner.
Marcia, a march; **alla marcia,** marchlike.
Meno, less; **meno mosso,** slower.
mf = **mezzo forte,** moderately strong.
mp = **mezzo piano,** moderately soft.
Moderato, moderately.
Molto, much.
Mosso, motion.
Non, not.
p = **piano,** softly.
pp = **pianissimo,** very softly.
Più, a little, more; **Più forte,** louder; **Più mosso,** more rapid tempo.
Poco, a little; **poco a poco,** little by little; gradually.
Presto, very quick tempo.
Primo, first; **Tempo Primo,** in the original time (after an acceleration or retard).
Quasi, in the manner of.
Rall. = **rallentando,** becoming slower and softer.
Rit. = **ritardando,** becoming slower.
sf = **sforzando,** suddenly loud.
Solo, (pl. **soli**) sung or played by one voice or instrument.
Sostenuto, sustained.
Staccato, 
signifying that the notes are to be sung (or played) in a short, distinct and pointed manner.
Tempo, speed, time, movement.
Tranquillo, with tranquility.
Tutti, all, in contrast to **solo** or **soli.**
Un poco, a little.
Vivace, lively; with vivacity.
𝄐, pause or hold.
>, accent.
‖: :‖, a repeat.
..... continue.

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